FORTUNES LOST BY HOLLYWOOD STARS *by* **Nat Ferber**

JAN. 30,
1937

Liberty

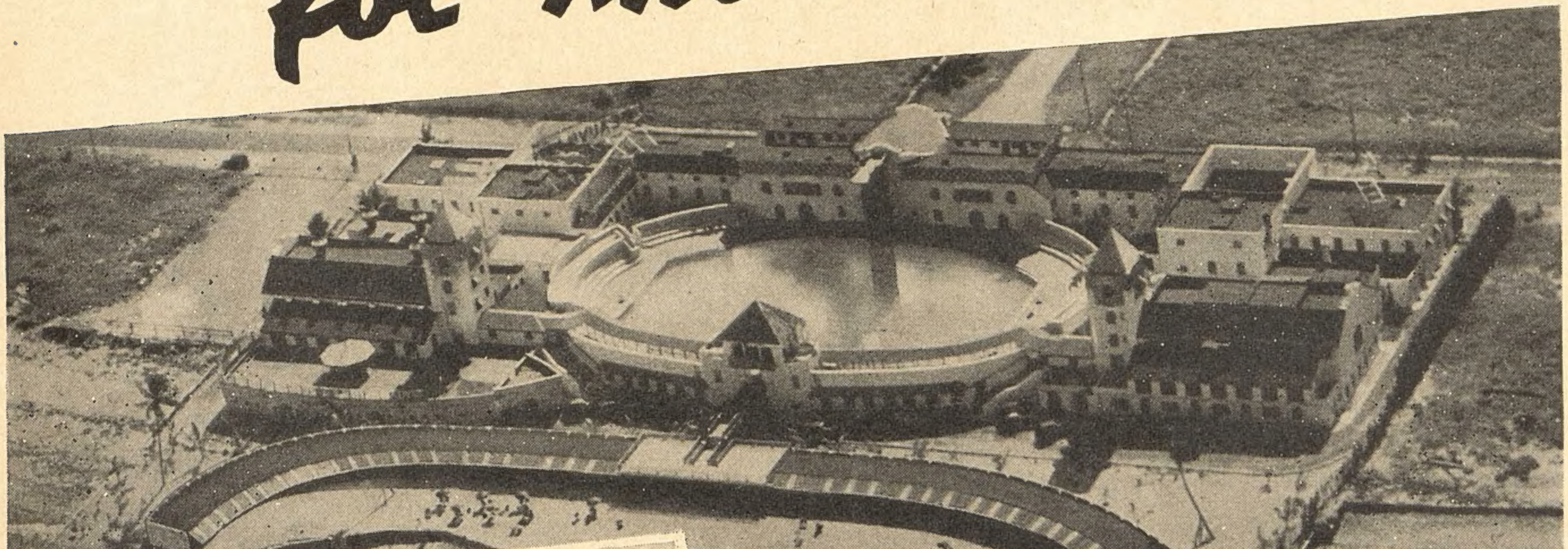
5¢

R. C. KAUFMANN

BUCHMANISM: Is a Religious Revival Sweeping America? *by* **Will Irwin**

The U. S. Can Lick the World, IF— *by* **General Bullard**

Why Go To German Spas for 'The Cure'?



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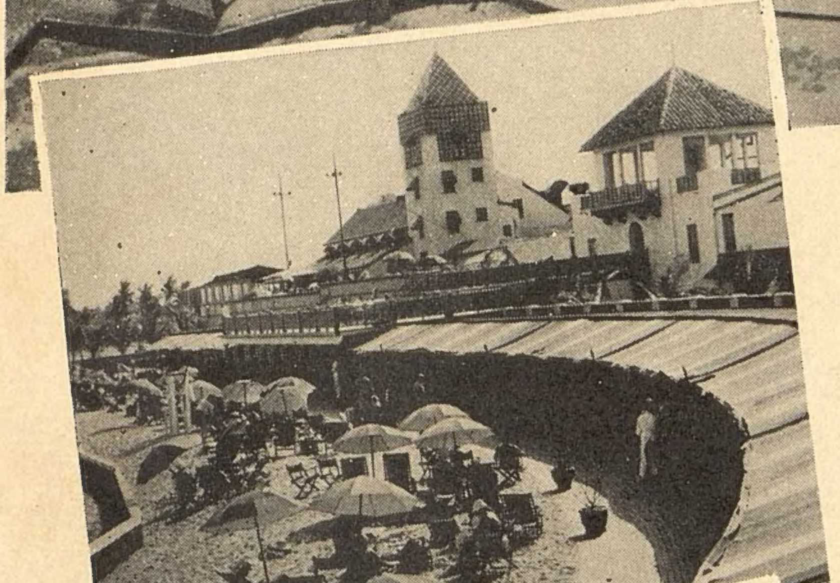

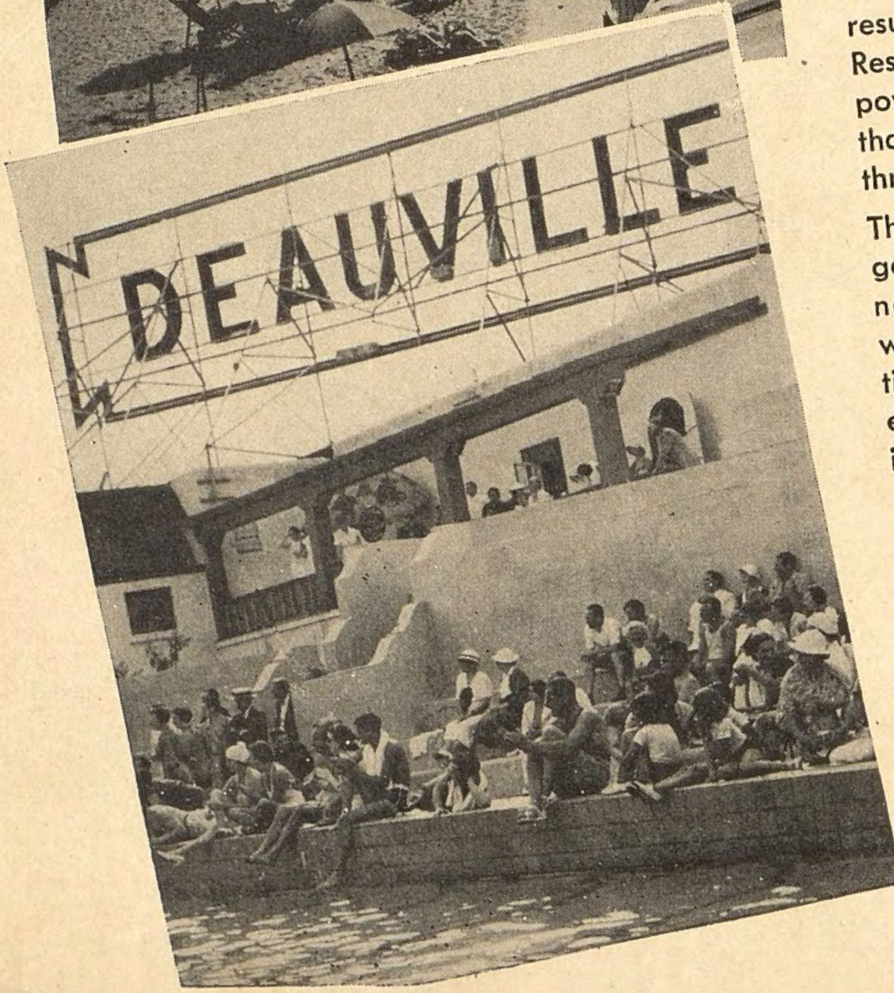

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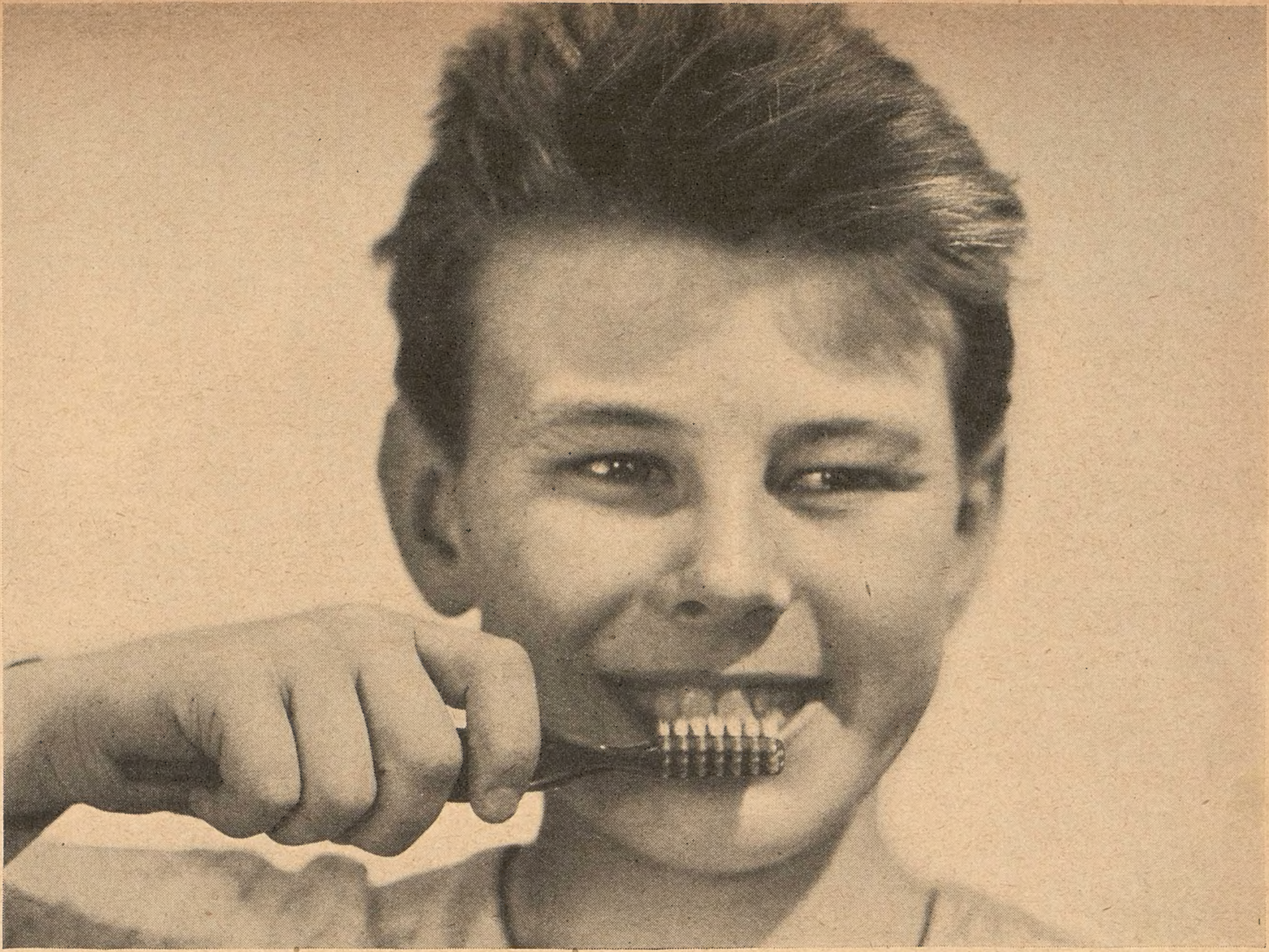

He wants to stroke a Navy Crew –so he's starting early to combat "Pink Tooth Brush"

IPANA AND MASSAGE HELP YOUR DENTIST KEEP GUMS FIRM AND TEETH SOUND

PROMPT ATTENDANCE at school and faithful application to his homework is excellent training for a young man of 10 summers. But he has been taught another splendid habit...an important health routine...by his teacher in school—*regular massage of the gums to help keep teeth sparkling white and gums firmer and healthier.*

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At the first sign of "pink tooth brush" —*see your dentist!* It may not mean serious trouble, but let him be the one to decide. The chances are he'll just blame it on lazy gums—gums flabby because they're robbed of stimulation. Then he may say, "Give them work, tone them up"—and, as many dentists recommend, the helpful assistance of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana not only cleans the teeth but helps to stimulate the gums. When you brush your teeth, rub a little *extra* Ipana on your gums. Massage them well and you can feel them reawaken. Circulation strengthens flabby tissues. Gums become firmer. They show a healthy response that tells in their *looks*—in their *feel.*

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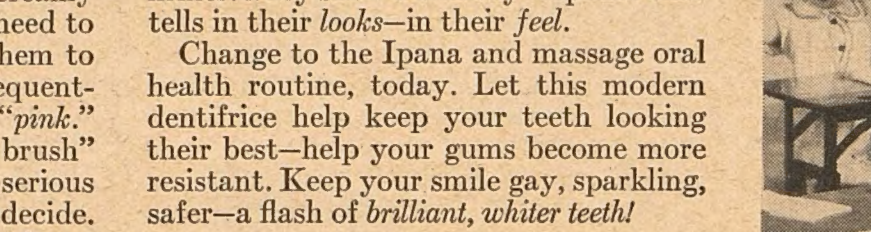
• With classroom instructions in gum massage, thousands of teachers are contributing to the future soundness of their children's teeth and gums.



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

JANUARY 30, 1937 **Liberty** VOL. 14, NO. 5

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

The Shipping Strike—Who Loses?

AT this writing we are having a strike on both the Pacific Coast and the Atlantic Coast. On the Atlantic end it is not nearly so severe as it is on the Pacific.

Strikes are always costly and usually the loss is divided up between employer and employees.

But there is one phase of strikes that is rarely given any consideration. When an organization supplies a certain kind of merchandise and there is a strike which lasts for several weeks or months, it is not merely the loss of the business for the time being, but many customers are diverted to other organizations and business is lost that is never recovered, which means, therefore, the permanent loss of jobs to employees.

And referring this same reasoning to the shipping strikes on our coasts, the loss of customers in this instance will undoubtedly be far greater than a strike against a business organization.

Our export trade has diminished at an alarming rate the last three or four years. We are often competing with countries in which the cost of labor is far below our standards. And in many instances the merchandise they produce is as good as ours. They can sell at our cost price and still make a profit.

Therefore the workers involved in a strike which has continued for a long enough period will lose not only their wages during the strike but the merchandise that they handle will doubtless be greatly reduced in the future because of the loss of foreign trade. Foreign buyers will not purchase in this country if they cannot be certain of a reasonably prompt delivery, especially when there are plenty of competitors who often can supply them at a cheaper price.

With the quantity of shipping greatly lessened a number of the workers will automatically lose their jobs. We had this situation illustrated very forcibly in the coal strikes that we have had on various occasions. The bitter controversy between employers and employees in this line of business in the past was so severe that the price of coal in some instances climbed to dizzy heights. And what was the result? Crude oil was introduced as a source of heat and power. And the substitution of oil for coal threw thousands of miners out of work permanently. They had to search for another occupation.

Some means should be discovered, governmentally or otherwise, that would give the workers a square deal that they must have and force a just settlement of strikes. The NRA, which was annulled, was supposed to accomplish this object, but it failed miserably. Perhaps the substitute which is supposed to be placed before Congress next session may be useful. The Wagner Bill is also expected to help solve this problem.

When labor and capital lock horns we frequently encounter difficulties that time only will cure. But workers should realize that they are often losing more than the employer, and that the employer's business is their business. They have an employee's interest in it, and if they substantially reduce the output many of their jobs will be lost permanently.

Some way should be found to avoid the calamitous loss that results from strikes. A conference, with both sides properly represented, held by an unprejudiced committee, ought to bring decisions that both sides could respect.

Wars are costly to both winners and losers, and the appalling costs of the shipping strike, now running into hundreds of millions of dollars, will have to be assumed by winners as well as losers.

Bernarr Macfadden

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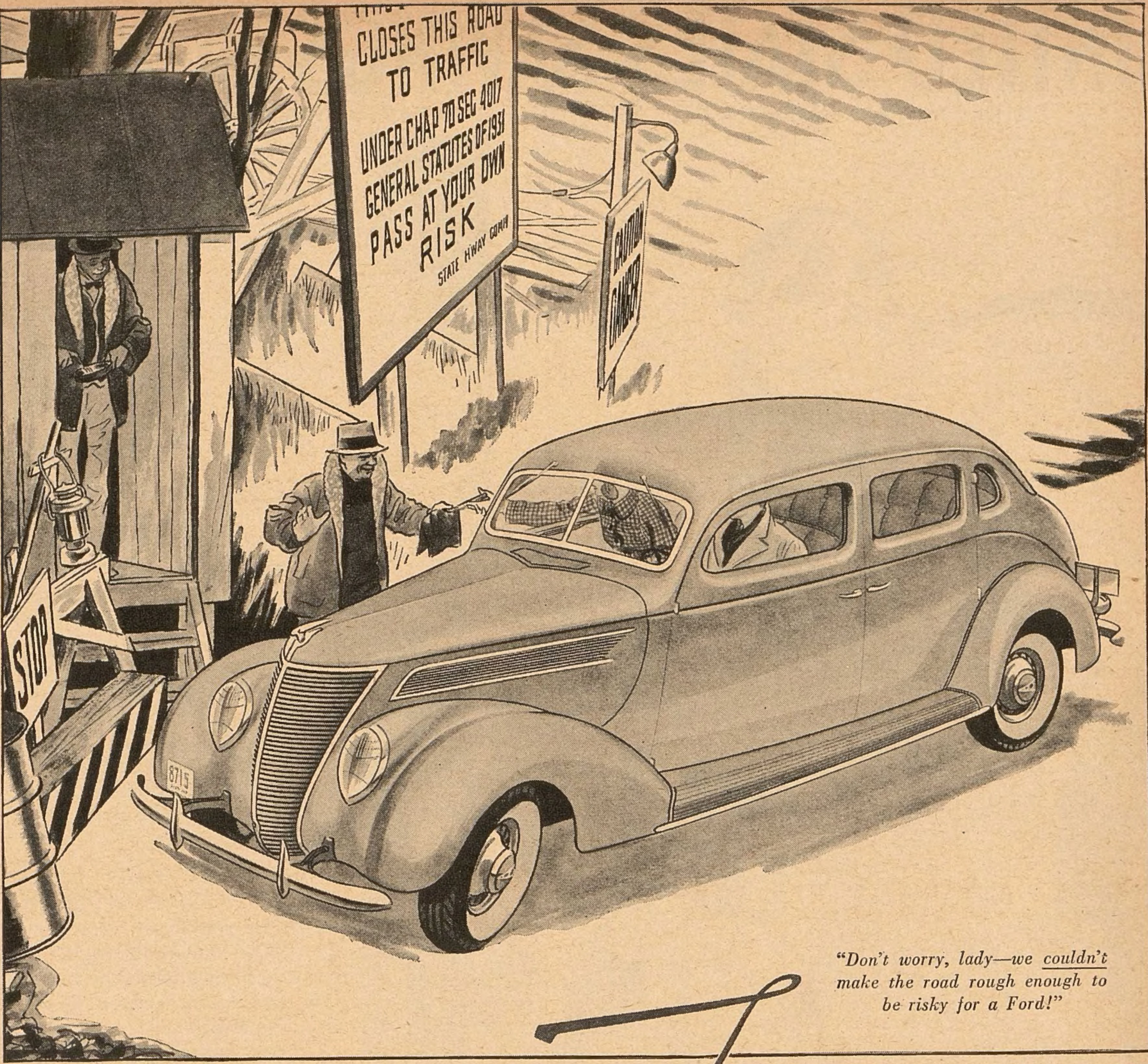
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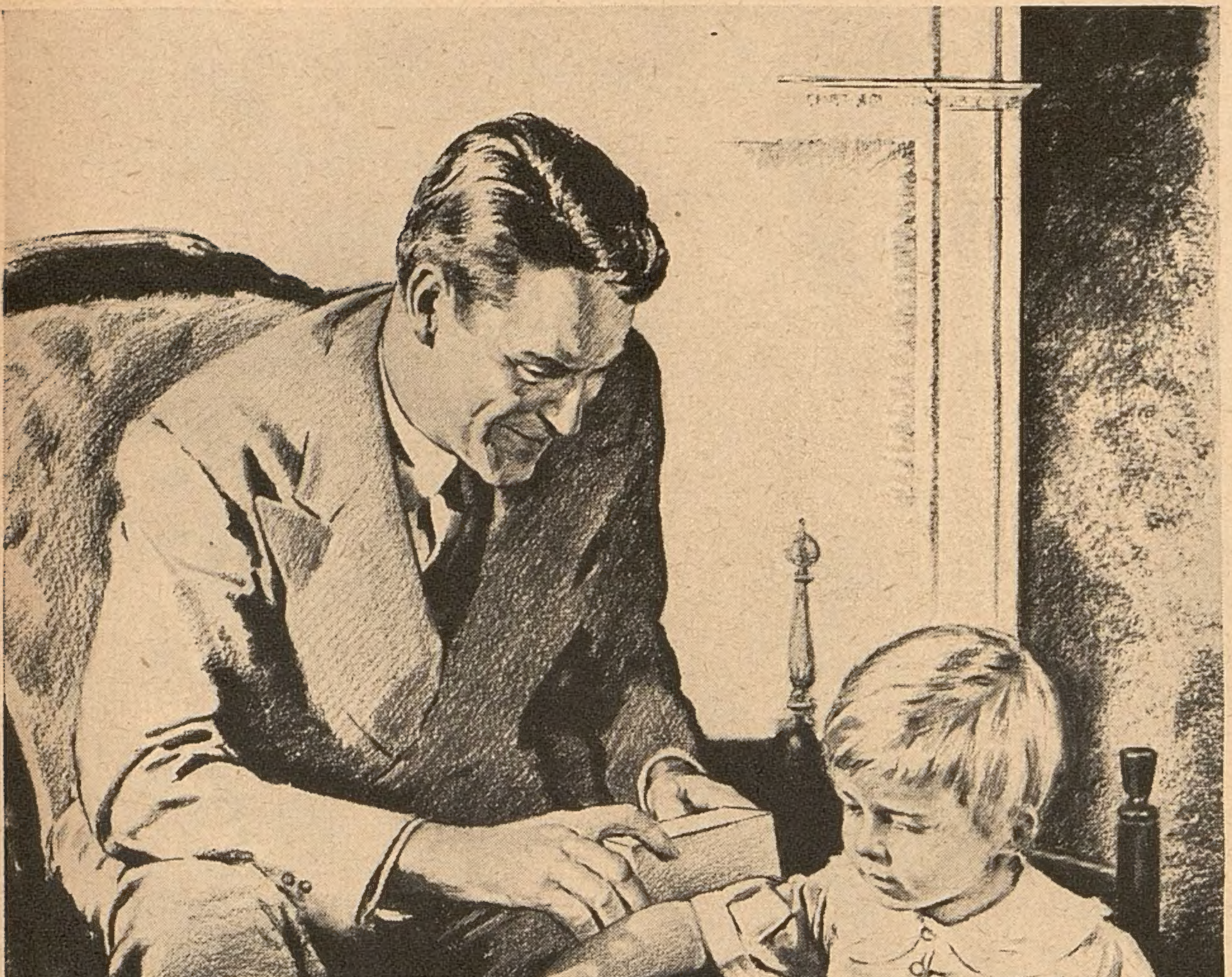

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BUCHMANISM:

Is a Religious Revival Sweeping America?

How a New Way of Living Has Changed the Lives of Thousands and May Affect the Destiny of the Nation

by

WILL IRWIN

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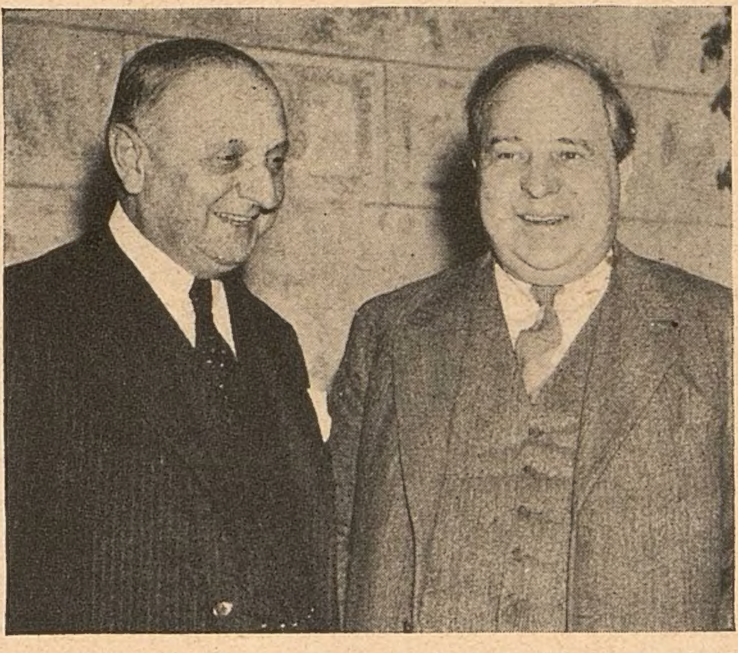


Dr. Frank Buchman, founder of the New Oxford Group, and Carl J. Hambro, a leader in Norway.

THE place was a resort hotel in the Pocono Hills of Pennsylvania—a spot so remote that guests coming up that morning by motor passed cars with the carcasses of deer lashed to the running board. The time was early December, when the summer crowd had gone months before and the enthusiasts over winter sports were still waiting for the snow to drift and the ponds to freeze hard. The human characters of the story which I was investigating might have baffled the curiosity of any uninstructed observer. There were a lot of them, to begin with; before they ceased to arrive the huge hotel had set up as many as five cots in each room. They were of both sexes and all ages, but youth prevailed—a handsome, stalwart, and exquisitely mannered variety of youth. Many of them, perhaps most, were reservedly smart in dress and appointments. As you grew better acquainted, names eminent in the Social Registers of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia kept flashing out at you.

Not one of the women showed on cheeks or lips or fingernails even a touch of rouge. Here and there I saw brooding eyes, but for the most part they seemed singularly happy; the corridors rang with laughter. And, finally, they all carried, wherever they went, small loose-leaf notebooks invariably bound in black. These seemed almost a badge, like the swinging rosary at the girdle of a nun.

Making no further mystery, this was a house party of the New Oxford Group—"Buchmanites" to you, perhaps. It was not an isolated phenomenon. All over the United States — indeed all over the world—in hotels like this, in country places of the rich, in farmhouses of the poor, even in city apartments, groups were meeting on that very week end for the quiet unceremonious observances of a spiritual faction which is not a sect, a religious movement which prides itself on having no pastors, no treasury, and above all no organization, observances which may presage a political upheaval which would not express itself through parties. It does not keep statistics, so no one knows the numbers of its adherents throughout the world; but they must run to many millions. No new religious movement of the twentieth century can compare with it for power and spread. Appearing among us about a decade ago, it has not grown here as in other nations like Norway, Denmark, Holland, and the British Empire. But now, it would appear, the Oxford groups already planted in twenty-five centers of the United States are girding themselves for collective action, under what they believe to be direct divine guidance, for a mighty effort toward a "God-controlled America."

We shall hear much more of the Oxford Group during the next two years. And now, perhaps, comes the time for a sympathetic outsider to tell the world what Buchmanism is and what it is not. That last has its importance. Starting and continuing without organization, it did not employ a publicity agent and had therefore no press. It first came to my attention, and probably to that of the average newspaper reader, as a bizarre new sect among the younger generation at whose meetings people rose and confessed to shocking sins against personal purity.

A reporter for a British newspaper, veterans of the movement say, stands mainly responsible for this. His editor had heard rumors. Sent to investigate at Oxford, he attended several public meetings and heard nothing which could not have been said in Sunday school. But he had to have a story. So with liquor and blandishment he persuaded a group of gamesome and unregenerate undergraduates to arise in one public meeting and make personal confessions that drove people, blushing, from the hall. These proceedings he reported; and his story ran round the world.

It all started with Frank Buchman, an American of remote Swiss ancestry. After a term as a Lutheran pastor and Y. M. C. A. secretary in Pennsylvania, he worked for a time as a free-lance missionary in the Far East. He had always been a successful personal evangelist. That seems a little odd to one who knows him only through his appearances in the newsreels. His rather expressionless face seems both plump and sharply ascetic, and his voice, through the microphone at least, has a faintly disagreeable quality. His closest followers admit all this. "Most people don't like Frank on first sight," they say; "but when you have known him a little while and his personality fairly wraps itself round you, his spirituality is irresistible." In the Far East the ideas with which he had been working came together not in the form of a doctrine but rather as a way of Christian life.

He began making converts among both natives and Europeans. In India he "changed" a young Briton. This man had at Cambridge University a bosom friend who was going the way of the postwar younger generation. "See him when you pass through England on your way home, won't you?" asked the changeling. Buchman did. The student began to practice "the way." Presently he had about him a small group. These men visited Oxford, the religious leader among British universities, and won as their first adherent a young Scot who, what with his personality, his athletic ability, and his record in the World War, was the most popular of all undergraduates. With him as the inspiring force, the new way of life ran like wildfire through Oxford. Thence the movement spread until it girdled the globe. It had at first no name. The newspapers tagged it as "Buchmanism." This term was a trifle offensive. Buchman himself disliked it as implying a personal leadership which he repudiated. More than a hundred years ago a group of fellows and undergraduates started the Oxford movement, which founded the Catholic wing of the Church of England and gave Cardinal Newman to the Roman Catholic Church. And the followers of Frank Buchman dubbed this the New Oxford Group. So it is called the world over, except in Germany, where it passes, for diplomatic reasons, as "the New German Movement."

What is "the way"? Perhaps I can describe it best by imagining the experience of those men and women whom, at this house party in the Poconos, I saw coming to investigate and remaining to pray. He who becomes converted to the Oxford Group—"changed" is their word for it—first acknowledges a sovereign God as his ruler and guide. Sectarian religion, of course, demands that of its converts. The difference, if difference there be, consists in the degree of surrender. Usually, perhaps, he takes this step in company with that member of the group who has been working to change him. Almost at first he has a "quiet time" wherein he asks guidance of God—and listens for the answer.

This practice, more than any other, sets the Oxford Group apart from the formalized sects. These people reverse the ordinary method of Christian prayer. "A gentleman," says a writer of the Group, "doesn't deliver a monologue over the telephone and then hang up before he can be answered." They ask for guidance, and wait, open-minded, for an answer. That answer comes, they believe, in the form of an idea, a phrase, even a word, which springs into the mind as the plot for a short story appears from nowhere among the casual thoughts of an author. Often the message seems incomprehensible at first; God, they believe, sometimes speaks in cryptics.

TO this very house party in the Pocono Hills came a man who was facing some heavy crisis in life. The friend who brought him there changed the first night. In a general meeting next morning he spoke concerning his first quiet time. "I got only one word," he said; "'pipe.' Now, I'm a habitual pipe smoker, but I couldn't believe that, considering the things I now realized about myself, God was bothering me with such a trifle. I waited. Then came the word 'conduit.' I knew then what it meant. I came here worried about other people's lives. And I couldn't change them unless I changed myself—made myself an acceptable channel between God and them." The friend who brought him spoke afterward of his own experience with a message: "I had been guided to go to Norway to help bring the country under God control. I didn't seem to make any headway. Then in my quiet time came a line from a hymn—'One step enough for me.' What was wanted was to change individuals. I hunted up that day an agnostic who had shown some interest. I changed him. He changed his wife, with whom he stood on the verge of divorce. And they two did more for Norway than I could possibly have done."

Every day the adherent of the Group has his quiet time—usually the first thing in the morning. He seeks guidance not only in his spiritual growth but in his material activities. He must face that day some problem in work or business or family life. What shall he do? Listen to God. Prayer, they believe, is not answered with miracles, except miracles of character. God will not clear the obstacles away. He expects you, under His guidance, to overcome them yourself. Sometimes the follower of the way has the quiet time alone, sometimes with a group of friends, but usually, in a family, of the Oxford Group, with his wife. Here come in the loose-leafed notebooks. Every one who deals with language knows how nearly impossible it is to reproduce, even ten minutes later, the exact words of a conversation. And since God, working through our imperfect human understanding, speaks often in phrases which seem cryptic to us, it is best to set them down at once. Also this book becomes in time one's record of the Christian life.

But this is all in the future of the new changeling. After he has first asked for guidance, he sits down alone to the task of examining his past and present in the light of the "four absolutes"—absolute honesty, absolute purity, absolute self-sacrifice, and absolute love. He notes his smallest departure from each of these standards. It is, they say, usually a disagreeable process. Harrowing also is the next stage—"sharing." This practice, probably imperfectly understood by any outsider like me, seems roughly equivalent to confession in some of the organized sects. To a friend in this faith, or possibly to a small group—always of one's own sex—he tells at least the more shameful facts about himself. Next—they say—God will probably guide the changeling to reparation of past offenses. Is there a man he hates? He goes to his enemy, acknowledges the change in himself, confesses his own guilty actions. Has he pilfered or cheated? He does his best to restore the stolen goods. After the great movement toward the Oxford Group in Denmark the government had to create a special department for the contributions of men and women who had been falsifying their income taxes. When the cult swept Birmingham, England, workers in the textile factories nearly swamped the management with the return of pilfered tools.

HOWEVER, some other reparations are more delicate and difficult. One man, changed at the house party in the Pocono Hills, rose next morning at a general meeting in a state of brooding unhappiness. "I'm going home tonight," he said, "and I'm guided to tell my wife how inconsiderate and how selfish I've been—what a rotter in general. Some of you may think this will be easy. I don't!"

The rapture of it comes later, they say—when, with his sins acknowledged and his conscience clear, the convert reaches full accord with the God who, he believes, is guiding him. In that stage correction of old and bad habits becomes simple and easy. Women who have lived on cocktails, men who have gone on their periodical jags, find that the appetite has departed. The literature of the Oxford Group bristles with instances.

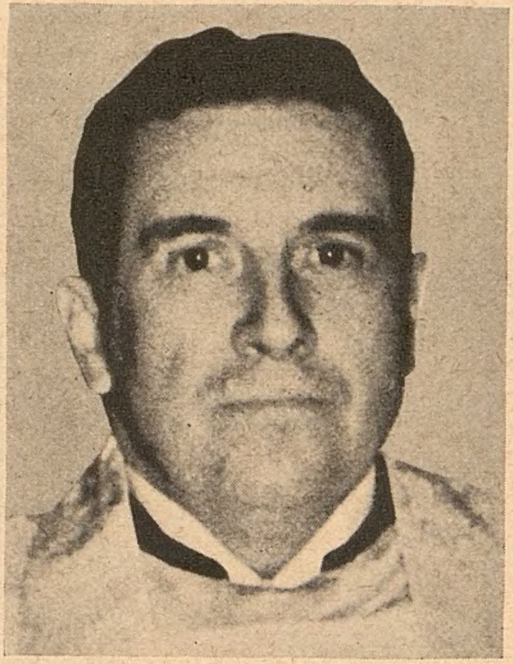
A newly changed man rose in a small private group to testify to his experience. Married himself, he had been desperately in love with the wife of another man. The woman was indifferent to him; which only inflamed his passion. Changed, he went to the husband against whom he had sinned in thought, and confessed his feelings. "I've realized it all the time," said the husband generously, "and I understand. Such things happen." The newly changed man returned home—to find that the infatuation had dropped from him.

The Oxford Group belongs to no sect and to all sects. Twice during the past five years Oxford "teams" have swept through Canada. Members of the Church of England, nonconformists, and Catholics marched in their ranks. Also, there were Jews at the house party in the Pocono Hills.

Such, generally, is this working method for applying Christianity to human actions and needs. It is not all the invention of Frank Buchman, although his friends and close followers say that he deserves most of the glory. Experience and "guidance" have modified and enlarged it. And early in its sweep "the way" grew to an all-embracing conception of a "God-controlled world" wherein war and hatred, greed and oppression, biting poverty and vulgar vicious flaunting of wealth will cease—not because institutions have changed, but because men have changed. We have been going at things from the wrong approach, say these Oxford people. Such institutions as the League of Nations have failed because the men and peoples behind them have failed. The all-destroying war now threatening Europe arises from greed and hatred. Suppose that statesmen and the nations which elect them adhered to the principles of absolute self-sacrifice and absolute love under direct personal guidance of God? Therein lies the solution to poverty, industrial oppression, national disputes. Change the individual and you will change the world.

So, although it repudiates any direct connection with politics, the movement is nevertheless important politically, as witness the case of South Africa. When, some ten years ago, a certain Rhodes scholar, an early convert to the Oxford Group, came back to his home in the veldt, he found the colonies almost on the verge of civil war. Boer and Briton had renewed the old struggle for mastery. He wrote back to Oxford, and a small company of his old associates felt guided to come and help. They "changed" eminent and powerful men on both sides of the racial line. And when, a year or two later, South Africa settled the racial question, perhaps permanently, General Smuts, "the greatest citizen of the world"—gave the main credit to this little team from the Oxford movement.

So much for what they believe, what they practice, and what they are trying to do. Now for what they are. While all ages stand represented, the typical member, in my observation of them, is a young university man or woman—easy of approach, with the genuine manners that spring from the heart, and, above all, gay. The followers of the new way stress this last point. He who has yielded direction of his affairs to God, they say, has put fear out of his life. In material matters God does not provide; but if you listen to Him and accept His way, He will guide you to provide for yourself.


The Rev. Samuel M. Shoemaker, Jr., whose church is the center of Buchmanism in New York City.

Death itself need have no terrors—what is that but going home? Father Duffy, the valiant chaplain of the Rainbow Division, said to me once, "The only hundred-per-cent brave soldier that I ever knew was also one of the most spiritually minded men I ever knew. To him there was only a thin veil between this world and heaven. Stepping through it was a mere nothing." They have the same attitude. On their spiritual side, they seem to live in a state of happy serenity. And being happy, the speakers of the Group, when they discuss points of practical morals or share their religious experiences at public meetings, do not hesitate to express the humorous side. I have heard a young mother throw the audience into spasms by describing her experiences in teaching her children how to seek guidance.

THEY have, above all, the spirit of apostles. For the most part, the adherent of the Oxford movement seems to make it the mainspring of his social life. He belongs first of all to a "group," a small circle of fellow believers who meet often for quiet times or to exchange experiences. At the drop of a hat he may receive guidance to join a "team" which goes forth to change this nation or city, that circle or group.

They look upon the new way of life as a great adventure. The early Apostles or the Companions of St. Francis must have carried with them this same spirit, even as they worked with the same inspiration.

The Oxford movement prides itself on the fact that it has no treasury, no officers, no headquarters, no organization whatever, and, in the strict sense, no members. The boast about organization is perhaps not literally true to fact. When a number of them receive guidance to do a special job, they assemble for a quiet time, and throw together a kind of temporary organization. One, impelled by what he has set down in his loose-leafed notebook, volunteers to direct the business details, one to organize the speaking, one to take care of the press—and so off on the great adventure. Since they neither ask contributions nor take up collections, the outsider is hard put to understand how as many as a thousand at a time can pull up stakes, travel across oceans, settle down for weeks on a country, and still pay the freight. The answer is that most of them stand their own modest expenses. At the house party in the Pocono Hills was a Canadian author, changed three years ago. A veteran of the World War, he calls himself one of its soul casualties. His wife, changed at the same time, is living small on a Western ranch while her husband follows his calls to service. "When it looks as though I couldn't go on," he says, "God always guides me so that I sell a manuscript."

Do they need a hall for a public meeting? Some converted or interested person arranges that and perhaps pays for light and service. "Buchmanite" headquarters in the United States is virtually the parish house of Calvary Church in New York City. That happens only because the Rev. Samuel Shoemaker, Jr., pastor of Calvary, who became an adherent of Frank Buchman's ideas while serving as a missionary in China, has put some spare space at their disposal.

HAVING no dispute with any sect and a pew filler for every sect, the Oxford movement has met, so far, singularly little opposition. Humbler critics have noted that it puts too much emphasis on work among the rich, the powerful, and the fashionable, and have therefore called it a class movement. Characteristically, it opened its current drive to change the United States with house parties at Bar Harbor, Newport, and Stockbridge, summer resorts for our Eastern aristocracy. Leaders of the Oxford movement reply that this world is rushing on toward an annihilating general war or toward social collapse. The rich and powerful of this world, by their fears and hates, their indifference and greed, brought us to this pass. They alone can act quickly and effectively enough to save us. Also, they point to their triumphs among humbler folk. If you carry this argument further, the disciple of Frank Buchman reminds you that they have acted solely under guidance; that God's spirit dictated all that they have done. And there argument must end.

As regards the United States they mean business. They have spent nearly a year now "wiring" the country. When they will begin the big push they profess not to know themselves. God guided them toward this fertile field; God will give the command to march upon it. Action may begin next summer; it may not come for another year. They are equally undetermined about methods. They have gone at various countries in various ways. In Norway, for example, they changed C. J. Hambro, president of the national Parliament. Quietly he gathered the leaders of Norwegian politics, finance, industry, and art for a big summer house party up by the arctic circle. Most of them were changed. They entered Denmark, on the other hand, with a brass band. They are working more quietly in France, and almost secretly in Germany.

It may, when the time comes, follow any one of these methods in the United States. Also, a retired major general, U. S. A., who has set his feet on the path of the Oxford movement, proposes a motor caravan, gathered from all corners of the country, carrying at least a thousand of these amateur evangelists.

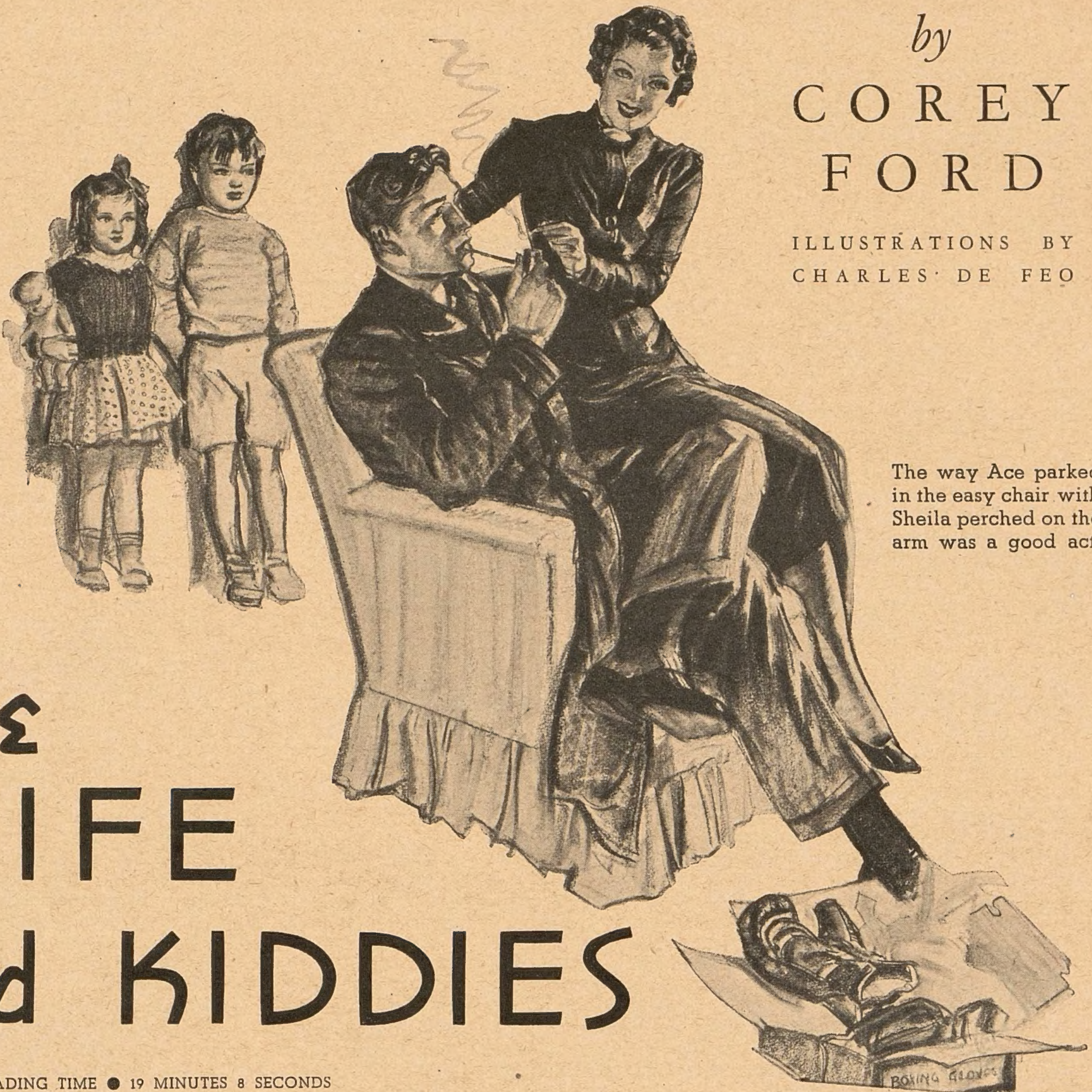
Human progress, with its accustomed rhythm of a pendulum, is swinging back from the liberty-mad license of the two postwar decades. Morality and religion are both reviving. We behold the one phenomenon in the attitude of Britain toward King Edward's marriage; the other in that recent surprising declaration for freedom of religion in the new Russian constitution. The new Oxford movement seems to be riding a tide. Before the decade is over it may become a major issue in the United States.

THE END

A Swift, Chucklesome Tale of a Racket that Came Home to Roost . . . The Story of a Fighter and the Girl He Left Behind

by COREY FORD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES DE FEO



The way Ace parked in the easy chair with Sheila perched on the arm was a good act.

The WIFE and KIDDIES

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 8 SECONDS

LEMME help you off with your gloves, son. . . .

You don't mind if I step up and innerduce myself like this? Because I was watching you in that workout just now, the way you made that other bum in there look like a bum, and I was saying to myself, Boy, there's a sweet left. Because, the way you kep' hooking that left to his face, I says, There's a young feller, if he had the proper management he'd be the next middleweight champeen with a left like that. He'd be another Ace Doherty. . . .

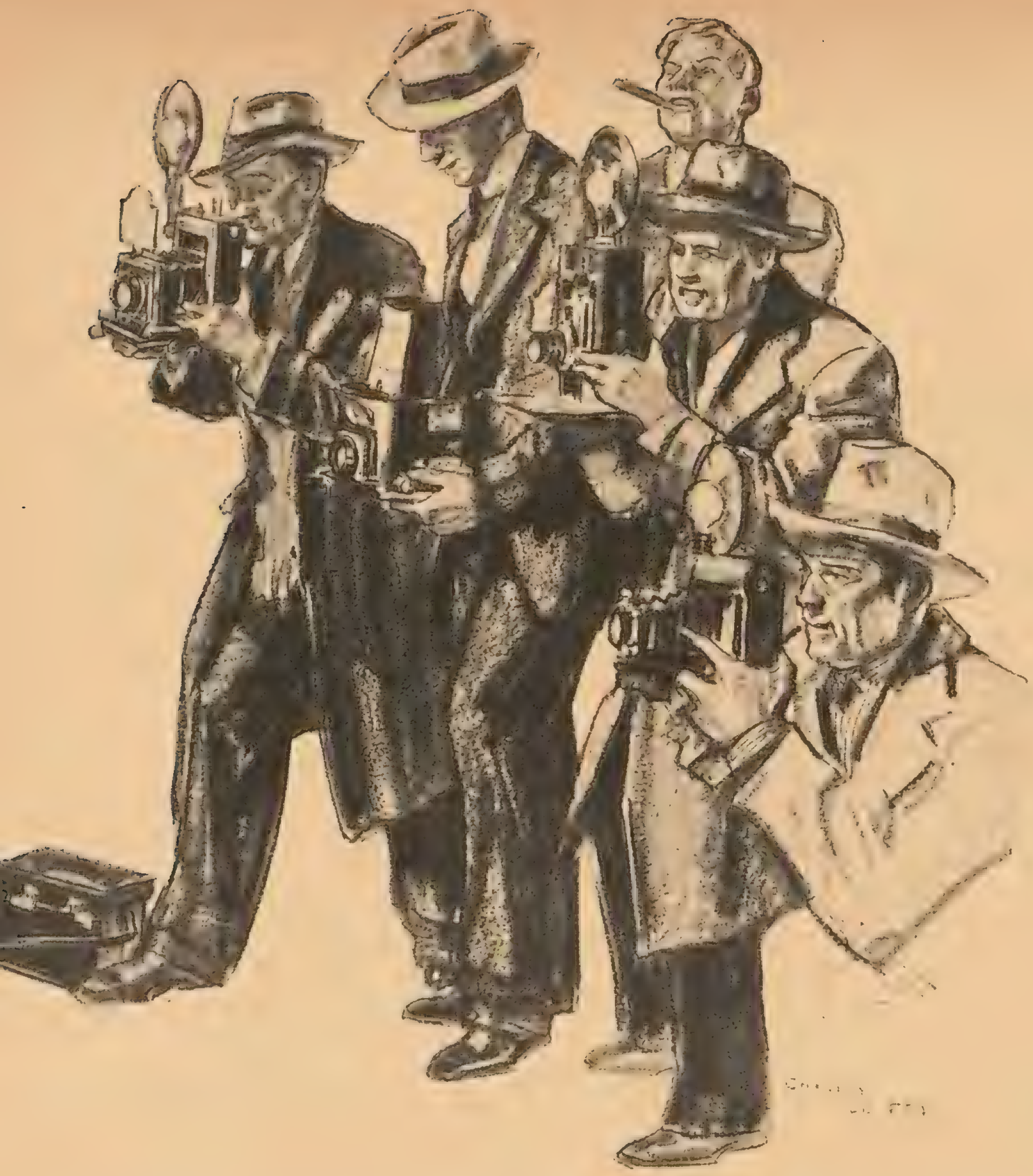
Well, I ought to know. I was his manager. Sure, I handled Ace Doherty right up to the night he fought Mickey Barber for the title. . . . Pleased to meetcha.

Because the minute I set eyes on you there in the ring, I says to myself, Gyp, I says—which they all call me Gyp on account of I guess it's because my name is George—I says, there's Ace Doherty himself all over again. I says, There's a hard-hitting young feller that nobody isn't going to dazzle him with classy footwork or else stand him off with a jab.

Of course there's a lot of things you could learn, son—like, for instance, you come in as wide open as a race track in August, and you could rent parking space there on your jaw; but when you get in close, with your head down and both arms punching, boy, you can tear them apart inside with them body smashes. All you need is a smart manager to handle the bucket in your corner and tell you how to use a little ring—

Look, how about if we stroll back to the lockers and talk while you get dressed? Some of these buzzards hanging around the gym here are so crooked they'd pass theirselves twice going through a revolving door. A young feller ain't safe around here without a manager. . . .

You see, the reason I innerduced myself just now, you kind of remind me of Ace. You strip clean the same as him, and your shoulders start at the neck and slope away like his did, which always means a hitter, and you got the same wide chest and a narrow waist which you could almost touch your hands around it. Only I guess Ace would have had it on you just a little in looks. No offense, son. Because Ace was a pretty good-looking boy, with them white teeth and dark curly hair that people used to think he was maybe Eyetalian; but he was just black Irish, all the way down to his fists.



I guess you would of thought he was good-looking if you'd seen the way the women used to mob him. He got more telephone calls in a night than Major Bowes, and when he stepped out in a top hat and tails, which on a dance floor he could make Fred Astaire look like he was wearing snowshoes, the babes never could resist him. At least, they never tried. . . .

Sure, I know. You thought Ace was a family man. You thought he always kep' regular hours and wouldn't smoke or drink, and there wasn't nothing he liked better than to go home and romp with the kiddies or else coil up at night in front of the fireplace with a good book. Sure, you been reading the papers, too.

Gimme your hand while I snip those bandages off. . . .

Well, I can tell you how all that started. That whole build-up began last year when I signed him up to meet Mickey Barber for the title shot in September. Because Mickey Barber, see, he had quite a reputation as a playboy, too. He was the kind of fighter which he trained on champagne, put in his roadwork in a rumble seat, and done his setting-up exercises along a bar, and all his sparring partners was blondes. The only difference between him and Ace was that where Mickey played the field, Ace done all his sparring with one particular blonde named Bebe Compson.

THIS Bebe was what you'd call an infighter. She had a shifty style, that she kept feinting and weaving and worrying you now and then with stiff little jolts to the heart; and she didn't break clean in the clinches. She acted in the Scanties, which as an actress I guess she had plenty of lines, but none of them speaking; but she had the kind of a build that you wouldn't look at her twice, on account of you couldn't take your eyes off her the first time. She had more curves than a country road, and when she'd run her fingers through your hair and look sort of weak and helpless—she was the kind of a girl that she could handle herself all right, but she'd rather let somebody else—she'd make you forget all about the fact that your mother sent you down to the store to buy a pound of sugar. She had a pair of eyes like loaded dice, which she could always roll them and make her point; and altogether I guess she hit Ace harder than he'd ever been socked in the ring.

Well, that was all right as long as Ace was slapping 'em over in the prelims where nobody cared much; but after I signed the articles for the main go with Barber, and sat down to figure out the stories for the newspapers, I seen the jam that I was in. Because you can't match two playboys together on the same card and expect any kind of a build-up in the papers.

You got to have contrast to sell a fight these days. The public wants to tell them apart in the ring, which is why wrestlers grow beards. That is, if one fighter has a yellow racing car and a string of chorus girls, like Mickey, then the other fighter has always got to be played up in the papers as the fireside type, with a wife and kids back home listening to the fight over the radio. We would have to build Ace different than Mickey. I seen that right away.

"SO from now on," I says to him, "night clubs are out. We're going to play you instead as a family man. We got to sell you to the public henceforth," I says, "as a sober hard-working industrious husband with a loving wife waiting back home—"

"As a matter of fact, Gyp," he says slowly, "I might be able to help you on that."

"On what?" I asks him.

"On a wife," he says; "because, as a matter of fact, I already got a wife."

"Where is she?" I yells.

"Well, I ain't exactly seen her in five years," says Ace, "but the last I heard, she was living in Brooklyn."

"What a break!" I says, clapping his back. "We'll see her right now. We'll get her to pose for a few pictures—"

"I dunno if she'd do it, Gyp," says Ace, sort of embarrassed. "You see, Sheila always objected to my being in the fight racket. She wanted me to save my dough and retire and buy a farm and raise chickens. That's why we split."

"Leave Sheila to me," I says, grabbing his arm. "When it comes to a split, that's my business."

But after I'd hung my eyes on Mrs. Ace Doherty, however, I seen this proposition wasn't going to be as easy as I'd figured. Because Sheila was a nice quiet girl, with pink cheeks and dark hair that was even blacker than Ace's, only there was something about the slant of her chin and the way she looked right through you with them gray eyes that I knew she was plenty Irish and she had a mind of her own. We found her living with her two kids on the top floor rear of a brownstone walk-up, which I guess from the look of the joint that they couldn't be having too easy a time, either, but I seen she was so proud she didn't even try to cover up the pot of stew on the stove the way most women would, and she ast us in as if it was a suite in the Ritz. She never let on she was even surprised, and she looked at Ace like he was something she'd spilled on the rug. "Well?" is all she says.

"Hello, Sheila," says Ace, to which I think he was a little taken back by the cool welcome. "Ain't you glad to see me or anything?"

"Why should I be glad to see you?" she asks, looking at him with them steady gray eyes that seemed to take him apart like a dollar watch.

"She's got you there, Ace," I laughs uneasily, because I see the atmosphere is getting kind of strained. "To be perfectly frank, Mrs. Doherty," I says, just to put everybody at their ease, "the only reason Ace comes here to see you is just to ast you a favor." She nods her head, and I explain to her about the build-up for the Barber mill and the pictures we need for the papers. "You know—the usual ones of Ace with the kiddies, and of course him and you kissing each other—"

"I guess we could arrange it all right," says Sheila thoughtfully when I finish.

"Gee, that's swell, Sheila!" says Ace, grinning in relief. "I always told Gyp you was a sweetheart, Sheila; didn't I, Gyp?"

"That's right, Mrs. Doherty," I says, giving him the wink. "He always said they didn't come better—hunh, Ace?"

"Yeah," says Sheila. "And now, are you boys planning to lay the money on the line right here, or will you settle with me after the fight?"

"What's that?" I yells, biting right through my cigar.

Ace is staring at her with a very injured air. "Well, that's a fine thing, I must say!" he says. "Wanting to get paid for kissing your own husband."

"I done it for years for nothing," she says calmly, "and all it ever got me was trouble."

"Of course, if you don't care to do me a favor, Sheila," says Ace, getting up very dignified, "we'll just have to hire somebody else to pose as my wife in the pictures—"

"Wouldn't that be funny?" says Sheila with a dreamy smile.

"Wouldn't what be funny?" I ast her, which I already had a sinking feeling that it wouldn't.

"Wouldn't it be funny," says Sheila, "if it was to turn out just before the fight that you had a second wife over here in Brooklyn?"

"Now, Sheila," says Ace, his eyes popping, "you wouldn't tell the papers, would you, Sheila? Listen, Sheila—"

I wave at him to be quiet. "Look, Mrs. Doherty," I says in my best manner. "How much would you consider to be fair?"

"Well," says Sheila, "being I haven't had a cent for five years, and the kids are getting old enough to go to school, and this is probably the last time I'll ever see him again, I'll just consider half of his purse and let it go at that."

Ace sits down on a chair so hard he bites his tongue. He can't even speak.

"Blackmail, hunh?" I says, running my handkerchief around inside my collar.

"That's right," says Sheila pleasantly, folding her arms. "Half the purse or tell the papers."

I look at Ace, and he looks at me, and we both look at Sheila. "All I got to say, lady," I shrugs, tossing in the towel, "you'd ought to been a fight manager."

WELL, Ace is burning plenty when we start back to the city. He keeps tapping cigarettes and lighting them and heaving them away. I see the thing has got under his skin, and it don't do any good to try and cheer him up.

"Leave her have it, Ace," I says to him for the tenth time. "It's worth the dough just to get rid of her."

"It ain't that," Ace begins all over again, staring out the window of the taxi. "It's the idea her wanting to be paid for kissing me. Why, any other woman, it would have been a privilege."

"Forget it," I says. "Take Bebe out tonight and get your mind offen Sheila."

But he's still moody and low that night, and I guess Bebe sees there's something wrong, too, the way she cuddles down beside him and runs her fingers through his hair and whispers in his ear. Ace don't hardly even give her a tumble all evening. "Can you imagine," he keeps muttering under his breath, "how any wife could treat her very own husband—"

"Never mind her, handsome," says Bebe, leaning her cheek against his shoulder and pouting her lips at him. "You always got me right here."

Ace puts down his head slowly and kisses her, but I seen his mind ain't on what he's doing. "You know," he says to himself, shaking his head, "that's the first time any woman ever acted like that to me before."

Well, the next day I begun to turn on the heat in the papers. To start the build-up, I sent out a long story about how Ace struggled in vain to support the little family during the long depression, and how he tried all sorts of jobs and even worked nights to keep body and soul—and his loved ones at home—together, but how he just couldn't make both ends meet. I wrote how his loyal wife had even took in washing to support the little brood while Ace hung around the fight clubs in New York looking for a chance. (That was in case some of the neighbors in Brooklyn might tell the reporters about not seeing him around lately.) Then I said how he'd landed the Mickey Barber assignment in the nick of time to buy shoes and socks for his starving kiddies, and I wound up my yarn with a glowing description of how Ace brought the glad news back to his tired little woman waiting at the door, and how proud she was of him, because it seems she always believed in him and she knew all along he'd get a break some day.

I made it sound so good that even Ace was touched when he read it. "The least she should do," he said to me, putting down the paper, "she'd ought to be pretty grateful for all that I went through."

The next step was the pictures, and that was when I really went to town. We got the reporters and cameramen over to the little two-room flat in Brooklyn—which you couldn't have found better local color if you'd knocked the holes in the walls on purpose—and we let them give it the works.

THEY took pictures of Ace on his hands and knees. They took him holding the kids on his back—"Daddy goes off for a game of piggyback with little Ace, Jr., 6½, and little Mary, 5 (left to right)." They photographed him holding them in his lap and reading the funnies out loud. They put a pair of training gloves on Junior that was almost as big as he was and pictured him learning to spar with Ace. One of the soundmen even gave Junior a quarter to clip daddy a couple right on the nose, which daddy gulped and blinked the tears out of his eyes and smiled back as if he loved it.

"He's crazy about those kids, of course," I whispered to the reporters. "He's really just a great big kid himself at heart."

Of course they got a lot of close-ups of Ace and Sheila together. This Sheila, with her bright cheeks and black hair, she took a very pretty picture, and she and Ace would smile at each other as if they really meant it. They photographed him sitting in his easy chair while she brought him his pipe and slippers; they got him with his sleeves rolled up helping her with the dishes; they got him holding Sheila in his lap while they read a copy of whatever newspaper was taking the picture; they even staged one of Sheila watching him sign the contracts for the fight with Mickey.

"She's a regular little business woman, you know," I tell the reporters. "She even handles all his money for him. You wouldn't believe it," I says, kicking Ace in the shins, "but he's turning over half his purse to her right after the fight."

At first I was a little worried whether the two of them would be able to carry it off; but I got to admit they put on a good act together. In fact, once or twice they even had me guessing.

The way Ace would park in that easy chair, for instance, with Sheila perched on the arm and leaning her head against his shoulder, you couldn't tell to look at them but what it was really on the level. But as soon as the reporters went away, she would get up and turn her back on him and they would act just like strangers again, so I would figure it had only been my imagination.

The longer they kept it up, the more convincing it got. But the pay-off come the night that Ace was to leave for training camp, and the reporters ast for one final shot of him kissing Sheila good-by.

"O. K. by me, boys," Ace grins, holding out his arms to Sheila.

They smile at the cameras, and she kisses him, and the boys explode their bulbs.

"Wait a minute, boys," says Ace, as they start to go. "I'm afraid we moved a little in that one. How about trying another?"

But the boys are already starting downstairs, and Ace turns to Sheila.

"How about it, Sheila?" he says in a low voice.

She shakes her head and tries to break away.

" Come on," he whispers, still holding her tight. " You know, just for good-by. Maybe we'll never see each other again—"

" Let me go, Ace," says Sheila in a funny voice, pushing her hands against his chest.

" Listen—I paid for all them other kisses," says Ace, grabbing her a little rough. " Don't I rate one on the cuff? "

Which her jaw shuts very tight, and I see her eyes sparkle, and suddenly she gets one hand loose and slaps him acrost the mouth. " That's one free," she says.

Ace stands there a minute rubbing his face, which a red mark is spreading slowly over his cheek like a drop of paint in water; and then he turns and walks out the door without a word. I look back at her once as we start down the stairs. Her own face is white, and the way her eyes are glistening and shiny, I'm glad there ain't any more cameras around....

Well, from that time Ace was a different man. Up to now, when I was training him for a fight, I used to take him up to a little farm in the Catskills where I could lock the door to keep him from sneaking off to some roadhouse dive at night; but now I could leave the door unlocked and a dozen blondes parked in the shrubbery, and still he wouldn't break training.

He would of been safe in a harem. He kept regular hours, laid off smoking and drinking entirely, and the only time he lost his temper was when he had to sock one of his stablemates for telling an off-color story. But all his old spirit was gone. The way he was boxing these days, he would have dropped a decision to his own shadow. His workouts had no more snap than a busted suspender; his sparring partners could slap him around and he wouldn't even hit them back. " You see, Gyp," he'd say to me, " maybe they got families, too! " And the way he punched that bag you'd think it was an eggshell. He had about as much spark as a ten-cent lighter.

" Is it Sheila, kid? " I ast him once.

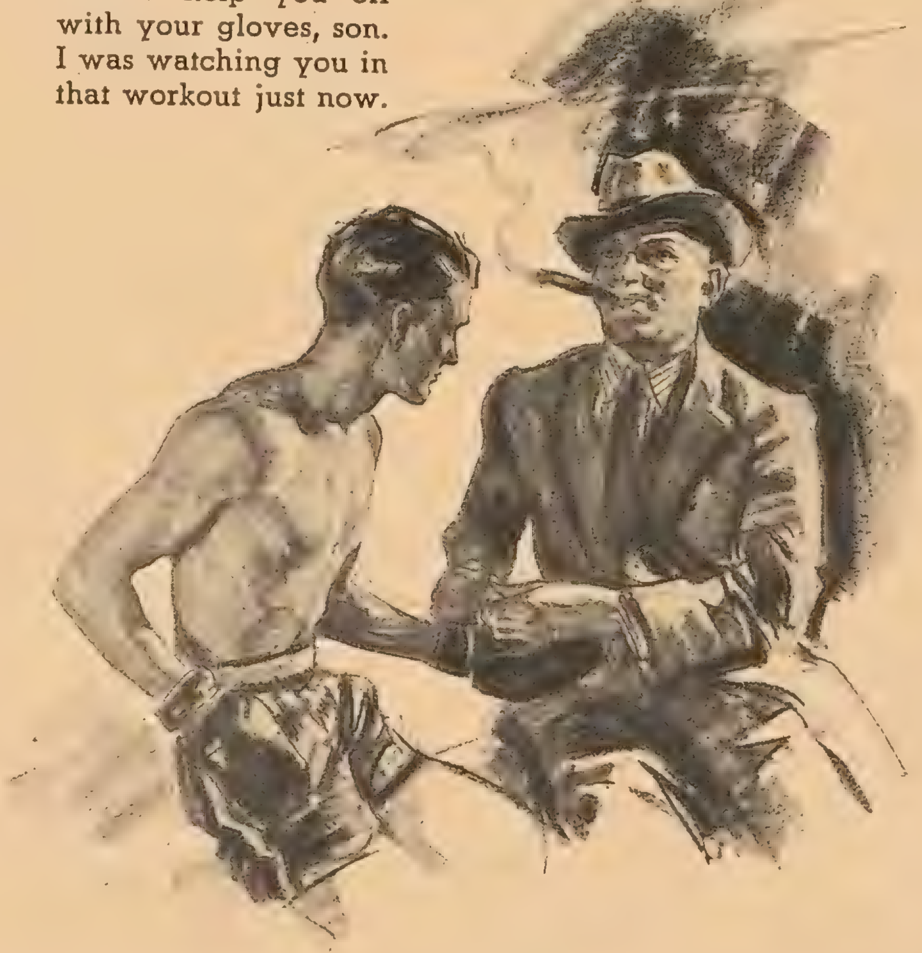
" That's all washed up, Gyp," he says, scowling at his knuckles. " I don't mean a thing to her. All she ever cared about was just the money."

Which right then, when I seen we was licked, was when I got the big idea. What I mean, if we was going to lose, I figured at least we'd ought to try and save that money out of the wreck.

MAYBE the fight was in the bag, but that was no reason to stand there and hold it. I didn't say nothing about my scheme to Ace, of course; but that same afternoon I hopped a plane to the city, and when I come back I was feeling a whole lot better.

In fact, I didn't tell him what I'd done until the afternoon of the fight. I'd brought Ace down to the commissioner's office that day to be weighed, and after the ceremonies we dropped into Dempsey's restaurant for some pictures. I seen as we come in that Mickey Barber was sitting there at a side table; but what Ace seen was Bebe Compson sitting there at the table beside Mickey, smiling at him and cuddling up close beside him.

She gives the kind of a look down her nose like she's just found him in her soup; and he stops in front of her and nods. " Well, Bebe, I see you've changed corners."



Lemme help you off with your gloves, son. I was watching you in that workout just now.

" That's right," she says. " I never back a flop. Which the wise money says tonight you'll have to work hard to even come in second. I hear that even Gyp is laying your own dough against you. The only way you can win this fight is to lose it—"

Ace grabs my arm and hauls me over to a quiet table. " What does she mean by that? "

" Well, it's this way, Ace," I began a little nervously, which I'm not exactly sure how he's going to take it. " You see, I figured you didn't have a chance tonight, so you see, Ace, what I did, I went over to Brooklyn and I seen your wife, and what I did, Ace, I bet your half of the purse against hers. So when Mickey wins "—I grin, because I don't like the way he's staring at me—" we'll get our money back from Sheila. You see, Ace? "

" You mean "—he licks his lips—" Sheila still believes in me? "

" Sure she does," I say, still wondering whether he's going to poke me. " She's put up every cent on you tonight to win—"

And right then, in front of the reporters and everybody, he throws his arms around me and kisses me.

Well, maybe you don't believe in miracles, but that's because you didn't see Ace in the ring that night.

He took everything that Mickey had, and he kept on coming like the first of the month. Mickey never even come out of his corner for the second round.

ACE don't hardly wait for the announcer to hoist his hand before he is out of the ring and down the aisle to his dressing room; and by the time the crowd gets there he is almost dressed and climbing into his pants. The door of the dressing room busts open and Bebe Compson rushes in. " Darling! " she says.

" Yeah," says Ace, and knots his necktie.

" I knew you'd come through, darling," says Bebe, throwing her arms around him. " And you did it all for me! "

" If you want to really know why I did it," says Ace, removing her arms, " the reason is because I have just decided to quit the fight racket. I am going to retire on the money which my thrifty little wife saved out of my earnings in the ring tonight, and I am going to buy a farm, and I am going to raise chickens. Which you can tell the newspapers, Gyp," he says, with a wave of his hat at me, " I did it all for the wife and kiddies." . . .

So, you see, that's the reason I stepped up and innerduced myself to you just now, which I figured if I could sign up another Ace Doherty I could maybe get a return match sometime with Mickey Barber. Because, if you're innerested, it seems by an odd coinstance I even got a blank contract right here in my pocket. . . .

Sure, I guess I could let you have fifty bucks advance. And now, if you'll just put your name here on this line—

That's it. That's the way. You'll never regret it.

Sure, if you got to run along in such a hurry. Sure, that's all right. Sure, I suppose you got a heavy date—

What?

You're going to what?

You're going to get marr—

Hey, tear up that contract! Gimme back that fifty bucks! Hey . . .

THE END

FORTUNES LOST BY HOLLYWOOD STARS

The Inside Story of Some of Filmland's Erstwhile Kings and Queens, and How They Are Faring in 1937

by NAT FERBER

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

YOU know how it is in Hollywood. The boys and girls are always observing some sort of celebration. If it isn't Orange and Lemon Week, or Pecans and Other Nuts Week, maybe it's Shirley Temple Day, or Paramount or M-G-M or Fox or Universal Month.

Well, 1937 is Be Kind to Your Old Favorites Year; so most of the big studios are planning to cast the old stars in new cinema epics as often as possible.

Paramount started it in a picture called Hollywood Boulevard, and the casting offices of Metro, RKO, Warner Brothers, Twentieth Century, Columbia, *et al.* thought it a good idea. Many of the stars of yesteryear will be offered a chance to come back this year. And most of them will seize it eagerly.

There are scores of old stars in Hollywood, men and women who have made and lost fortunes, who are hoping for a day's work, a bit part, an extra part, anything the casting director may give them.

What does a comeback mean? Just another appearance before the public in a few hundred or a few thousand feet of celluloid, another flood of pictures in the fan magazines and newspapers, a resurrection of old glory? Perhaps it means little more than that to some; but to most it means bacon and beans, a new car in the old garage, possibly the beginning of a new fortune.

So many fortunes were thrown away carelessly, lavishly, splendidly when the old stars were young. A boy in his teens, a girl not yet through high school each made more money in a week than half a dozen elderly bank presidents. Was it unnatural if they spent more in a year than is paid the august members of the United States Senate? Hollywood was a mint that couldn't fail. But suddenly this one and that one were locked out of the mint. Overnight there were more ex-rich in Hollywood than ex-wives. For years these rejected boys and girls have been beating with might and main against the golden doors, not despairing, not bewailing their fate—only hoping to get into the mint again.

Betty Compson, for instance. If she's bartered her brimming jewel cases for a half-filled dinner pail, it hasn't done her figure any harm. In her four separate moving-picture careers, Betty has made terrific sums. Now she's content to take minor character parts when they are offered.

Betty started in 1915 as a comedienne, and was quite popular for a time. In 1919, when everybody was saying she was washed up, George Loane Tucker cast her in a dramatic role in The Miracle Man, and made her a great star. Following her marriage to the director James Cruze, she returned to lighter roles. She was doing well. Then came the talkies. And Betty was out for a time. Her performance in The Barker put her back in the movie skies—and dumped in her satin lap more money than she'd ever had.

She decided to invest it this time. She bought a beautiful home on Hollywood Boulevard. She bought several other pieces of property. Feeling secure, she proceeded to spend all the rest in entertainment. Cruze aided her in this until their marriage crashed. The market crashed with it. Real-estate values tumbled. Betty was broke.

Now she is the wife of Irving Weinberg, and though still young-looking, beautiful and slim, she's an "old-timer," an outmoded favorite. She had a part in Hollywood Boulevard. It wasn't much of a part. But she's far from discouraged. "I've done it several times," she told me the other day. "I can do it again."

There were thirty former stars and featured players in that one picture, including Francis X. Bushman, Mae Marsh, Charles Ray, Jane Novak, Herbert Rawlinson, Bryant Washburn, Esther Ralston, and Maurice Costello.

A few years ago no studio could have afforded to assemble such a cast. In this picture their salaries made hardly any difference in the cost of production.

Some of those thirty men and women once got anywhere between $5,000 and $10,000 a week every week. Today—

But talk to any of them and you'll hear no regrets for the fortunes earned and spent. The only complaint you'll hear is that opportunity eludes them. They are experienced and wise, and capable of giving better performances than ever before. But how seldom does the casting director think of them!

What becomes of yesteryear's movie

BETTY COMPSON

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN

LOUISE GLAUM

THEDA BARA

stars? Well, Mae Marsh is living modestly as the wife of Louis Lee Arms, a writer, and is raising children and growing oranges on a four-acre estate in Pasadena. It is difficult to realize that the unforgettable "pet sister" of The Birth of a Nation is still years short of being forty. Before her appearance in Hollywood Boulevard, she had become almost a legend.

MAE MARSH

SEENA OWEN

Ella Hall sells motion-picture costumes in a Hollywood shop. Hallam Cooley is an actors' agent. Seena Owen, Bobby Vernon, and Ivan Lebedeff are writing scenarios. Frank Craven is a writer and occasionally a stage director. Helen Ferguson is "doing publicity." Theda Bara, one of the first of the vamps, is living with her husband, Charles Brabin, and is something of a social leader in Beverly Hills. Louise Glaum and her husband operate a movie theater in National City, near the Mexican border.

Clara Kimball Young has been promised a character role in a scheduled picture. Irene Rich is working out a radio contract. Mary Carr sticks strictly to her knitting. Ethel Clayton, unmarried, lives with her mother in Hollywood. She is playing "bits." Betty Blythe is, too—and hoping for "the break." Ruth Roland is one of the notable exceptions. It keeps half a dozen men busy to care for her realty interests.

They can all take heart if they listen to Wallace Beery. "I'm discovered every six years," he says.

They told him he was through, way back in 1917, after the Sweedie comedies flickered out. He turned director. In 1919 he began climbing back to wealth and popularity as a "heavy" in war pictures. He hit the toboggan, but climbed back again to stardom with Raymond Hatton. Again he took a slide, but he wouldn't stay down. He came back as a run-of-the-mine contract player. And once more he became a star.

Norma Talmadge has managed to hold on to most of the money she made as a star, and as the wife of Joe Schenck. Buster Keaton, her brother-in-law, had "hard luck."

When John Bunny died he left a collection of 2,000 walking sticks but not much money. During the infantile-paralysis epidemic his widow turned those canes over to me for distribution among the afflicted.

Flora Finch, who played opposite Bunny and was the highest paid comedienne of her time, is still in pictures, playing minor roles when she can get them.

ANITA STEWART is endeavoring to write novels. Bill Hart lives in royal retirement on a ranch near Newhall, California—and is the favorite of all the boys for miles around.

Harry Carey and his wife, who was Olive Fuller, daughter of George Fuller Golden, founder of the White Rats, live in Saugus, California. A flood tore across their property, causing damage amounting to approximately $250,000. Harry helped repair what could be repaired; and then, getting a chance with RKO, began a new career in pictures. And, though she no longer rides the mesa as his leading woman, Olive Fuller stays with him on the set every moment the cameras grind.

Alice Lake always dreaded that some day she'd realize she'd "missed something." She missed nothing. Corinne Griffith and Gloria Swanson feel it is better to have lived in a palace for a day and to have kicked at the moon from the rainbow's end than to spend lonesome decades cutting coupons—and have no azure vistas to look back upon. I almost bumped Gloria off the walk outside the Thalberg bungalow on the Metro lot recently—and I thought then she had never been more alluring. Several fortunes have slipped through her fingers; but she will come back, she says.

Mary McLaren seeks, through little roles, the opportunity to play big ones again. So do Bryant Washburn and Wilfred Lucas and Victor Potel. Remember the tall gangling boy with the Adam's apple who starred in Western comedies with Polly Moran? That was Victor Potel.

George Bancroft feels he has come back. Bancroft, who began his career in 1925, was one of the big-money men, when he came upon bad days. He retired to the peace of Santa Monica. He was neither down nor out, but much of his savings had vanished, and he was all but forgotten when Columbia cast him as a city editor in Gary Cooper's Mr. Deeds Goes to Town. Now he will have all the work he wants, for a time.

Aileen Pringle has a part in That Girl from Paris; Helen Jerome Eddy in Winterset; Frank Mayo in Coast Patrol; and Pat O'Malley in Wanted! Mary Turner.

Oh, yes, they were extravagant, those old-timers; yet their extravagance reared one of the loveliest cities in the world. If only for this reason, one might think, the old stars should be given a chance to shine again. But that reason carries no weight with the producers.

The only reason that 1937 is Be Kind to Your Old Favorites Year is this: the producers have found out that the public likes the old entertainers and wants them back.

THE END

FRANK CRAVEN

BOBBY VERNON

ESTHER RALSTON

CHARLES RAY

THE U.S. CAN LICK

A Distinguished Soldier Ponders Our War Games and Grimly, Arrestingly Warns: We Must Modernize Our Army!

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Lieutenant General Bullard commanded successively the famous First Division, the Third Corps, and the Second American Army in France. By the vigor of his field operations he won the nickname, "Counterattack Bullard." Mr. Reeves was a World War correspondent. They are co-authors of American Soldiers Also Fought.*

EARLY in 1935 an "enemy" air squadron swooped down out of the frozen north. It made more than two complete circuits over Boston. The threat of attack was known. There had been forewarning in the "destruction" of an important airdrome. Even so, the defense planes did not arrive until Boston's vital services had been theoretically "destroyed" and large areas were "in flames."

Again, undetected until too late, the enemy swooped upon New York. The defenders intercepted the enemy over Central Park. The umpires called that a "draw"!

In war, that would have meant serious damage or destruction to railway centers, power plants, and bridges. Also, some enemy planes would have escaped from that "dogfight" over Central Park to "lay eggs" on piers, the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and Jersey-shore freight terminals.

Subsequently it was explained that all this didn't really count. But how much it did indicate!

In the summer of 1935 some thousands of soldiers were mobilized in upstate New York. They moved to that "war" by daylight, without concealment.

A "war," then, was fought as if—except for observation—airplanes did not exist! In the camp of the defenders there were some tanks. Not in action: as exhibits!

Without a combat air force that valiant defense army probably could never have completed mobilization against a modern mechanized real enemy. If it had, then it would have been ripped to pieces by that enemy's tanks, armored cars, mounted machine guns, swift-moving artillery, and low-flying attack planes. Meanwhile invading bombers would have crippled transportation and industrial centers hundreds of miles from the front.

Late last summer we had, in the Middle West, more war maneuvers—the largest since the World War. These were as nearly as possible to resemble real war in which all types of modern weapons were used.

The "war correspondents"—reflecting their official news sources—represented the outcome as generally indecisive. The results, they wrote, would be chewed over all winter long in "hot stove debates" among army men. And so they are, with a maximum of defense of the foot soldier, the army mule, and old-fashioned horse cavalry! In this Machine Age and within this nation, pioneer in mechanical speed upon the earth and above it!

If we understand the lessons of these war games and use what they teach us about modernizing our defense, then we could stand invasion from anywhere or everywhere.

But, meanwhile, the blunt truth is: *In the two phases of this "war"—in Kentucky and Michigan—small forces of "motorized and mechanized" troops, aided by aviation, whaled the tar out of other forces, standard equipped, which were, respectively, ten and six times as large!*

It is because the "hot stove" discussion among army conservatives continues to uphold a defense system which is still too largely geared to the speed of the army mule that I think it appropriate, now, to revert to an issue which I raised in these pages two years and a half ago.

Three of Uncle Sam's few modern land-going war machines: An armored reconnaissance car, a truck mounting antiaircraft machine guns, and (right) an eleven-ton combat car.

by Lieut. Gen. ROBERT LEE BULLARD (Ret.)

IN COLLABORATION WITH

EARL REEVES

I gave warning then regarding the folly of delay in modernizing our little regular army. Much later I learned that a patriotic citizen had bought several hundred copies of the July 14, 1934, issue of Liberty, containing that article, and had mailed it to influential men in Washington, including congressmen. A year or two later, Congress formally decided in favor of an army-modernization program.

However, in the second year of that program—and using also experimental equipment produced during the previous decade—we mustered for the 1936 maneuvers a *modern* force of but few more than 5,000 men. As for the remaining 140,000 of army enlisted personnel, and 195,000 semitrained guardsmen, their equipment and the tactics based on it date back at least to the last war.

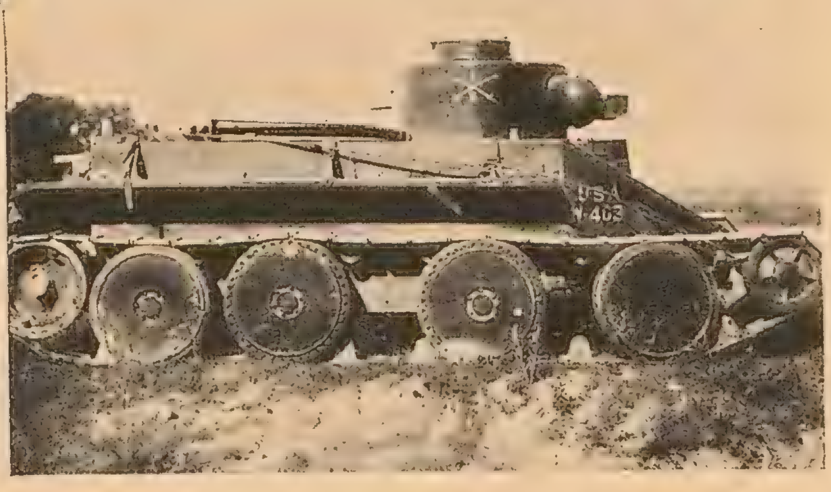
The first "battle" was in Kentucky, near Fort Knox. Included here in one "Blue" army were guardsmen from Indiana, Ohio, West Virginia, and Kentucky, a total of 20,000—an old-fashioned army, with observation planes.

Against this there was arrayed a little "Red" army of but 2,200 men! But these had modern weapons. They had swift mobility. They had combat planes.

Dispatches spoke proudly of $2,500,000 worth of mechanical weapons of war. Actually the Reds had but twenty tanks, sixteen armored cars, sixteen half-tractor machine-gun cars; truck- and tractor-drawn artillery, and infantry which moved in trucks.

Blue "Intelligence" had difficulty in keeping the Reds

THE WORLD, IF—



located: they moved twenty times as fast as infantry. Against a Blue advance the Reds struck swiftly and repeatedly, driving salients deep into the Blue line, then were off as quickly to strike elsewhere.

Tanks raced alongside slow-moving Blue artillery columns, machine-gunning artillerymen and doughboys, then crashed away at thirty miles an hour.

Blue antiaircraft guns blazed away, straight up, in futile activity. The Red planes came and laid a bewildering " white wool " over some areas. Elsewhere they laid eggs which hatched a yellow powder, and it was necessary for umpires to tell the crews of Blue batteries that they were now out of it. Dead. Poison gas!

DEEP within the " Blue nation " lay Chanute Field, vital to the air defense of Chicago and important as an air base. To raid this airfield, attack planes from Shreveport, Louisiana, and bombers from Norfolk, Virginia, flew 610 and 670 miles respectively. The timing was as per schedule. Some fifty planes were available for defense in the Chicago area, but thirty-two Red raiders " accomplished their mission ": they were not intercepted " out there " and fought off—which is the *only* successful defense against airplane attack. They blasted their objective; then, within a few hours, were again at their home bases.

To be sure, long-range bombers do not as yet fly from airplane carriers at sea. But in the near future such an invasion by air of the industrial heart of this nation will become a possibility.

In this " war " in Kentucky the theory was that a Blue drive to capture Nashville, Tennessee—which got a feeble start of a few miles, and at tremendous casualty cost—was to be abandoned. A Brown nation to the eastward threatened to join the Reds, and this was supposed to make it necessary for the Blue army to move northward to protect a bridgehead along the Ohio River.

Exhausted by four days of battling against a will-o'-the-wisp enemy, the Blues made a ten-mile retreat overnight. Meanwhile some soldiers who wear wings flew from the Atlantic seaboard, destroyed the bridge, and returned home in time for dinner.

The larger force here engaged didn't learn anything about fighting with modern weapons. They didn't even learn much about fighting against them—except that you can't at the pace of men and horses and mules.

The second battle of this " war " was fought in the vicinity of Camp Custer, near Battle Creek, Michigan. In the old-fashioned Blue army there were about 20,000 men. To the eastward a mobile mechanized force of about 3,000 was located.

LACKING mobility, and in constant fear of outflanking and of disastrous attack from the rear, the Blue commander was forced to spread his troops thinly upon a wide front. Along this front there were points most likely to be attacked. These he must make strong points. But they were never strong. What he had—and the Red troops proved it—was a loose chain of almost-strong points, none of which could withstand attack. And always it was *cavalry* that scouted the danger of enemy flank movements.

Here again Red planes flew 600 miles unimpeded to drop " bombs " on towns and " gas " on troops.

Across the Blue front the Red commander moved his forces at will, retaining unity; always strong before an enemy always weak. He struck and hammered salients into the Blue lines—causing heavy " casualties " and capturing guns and men and transport—and was quickly gone. Blue reinforcements never could arrive in time. And, in fact, few reserves were available.

The Blue confusion became so great that I actually saw Blue artillery pointed in three different directions within an hour. From minute to minute Blue did not know where the enemy was, or from what direction he would strike next. Foot soldiers and artillerymen could only hold on doggedly and " take it."

But for how long could they " take it " under real war conditions? Before low-flying planes which streak by at 200 miles an hour, machine-gunning infantry lines? Or while bomb puffs spread gas? Or in the face of steel monsters, tanks, which crash through the rough at thirty miles, speed along highways at fifty or better, and are immune to anything but artillery hits?

Despite Blue's constant and nervous cavalry scouting, the Red commander was able to move his *main force* around Blue's right flank, a total distance of 125 miles, and strike at a focal point eight or ten miles behind the very center of the Blue battle line! In a real war this would have meant devastation of Blue's transportation and supply bases. Or worse. The possibilities really would have been almost anything, up to a rout.

In one day the Red force traveled 250 miles. In a single day! I recalled that in France during the World War we were proud of moving some 50,000 soldiers ninety miles in forty-eight hours. Here was war fivefold swifter.

Red operations *behind* the enemy lines continued to be typical of this battle. Trains were " captured," as were a corps commander, his staff, and 150 special troops. A Blue major general escaped capture twice in a single day —once by putting a white band around his hat and pretending to be an umpire!

When it was over the umpires were kindly. All this was an " exercise." The important thing was not whether either side had won but what had been learned. This battle was indecisive—so the public was told.

How quickly can we provide ourselves with a REAL army?

I am not being an alarmist about imminent war. But I would like to remind readers that, in the face of a troubled world, our leaders have considered action necessary. We are modernizing our navy by replacing obsolete warships. We maintain the world's most effective naval air service. After long delay we are building up the army Air Corps, which fell to seventh rank among military air services. We are increasing the enlisted strength of the regular army nearly 50 per cent—to 165,000. (This is the seventeenth strongest standing army, about equal to that of Portugal.)

But look back upon those sham battles. Of what use is an expanded old-fashioned army if it can be whipped by a mechanized force about one tenth its size?

War power no longer is to be measured by man power. The question is not "How many men can you muster?" but "How swiftly, how widely, and how hard can you strike?"

Within a year, it is estimated, our potential man power available for defense will be as follows:

Officers: 14,000 regular army, 13,500 National Guard, 150,000 reserve, 200,000 noncommissioned.

Men: 165,000 regular army, 195,000 National Guard; 4,000,000 to 6,000,000 available for a citizen army.

However, regular army officers must teach the National Guard and train the reserve, and the regular army is the framework upon which a national army must be built.

But if our regular army does not understand, is not trained in, and cannot fight modern warfare, where is our defense system? What does it amount to? Of what avail would it be in an emergency?

Unless we mechanize and modernize our regular army it cannot study what war has become, it cannot master use of modern weapons, and it cannot teach what it does not know! *Years* of study and practice will be needed.

Assume a war emergency *now*, arising so swiftly that we could only meet it with that part of the regular army in the continental United States and with the National Guard, a total army of around 300,000. The lessons of Fort Knox and Camp Custer indicate that a mechanized enemy force of 30,000 could whip the best army we could muster against invasion!

If we think of invasion in terms of a million men it seems an impossibility. But such thinking presupposes that wars must still be fought with masses who will crawl forward and capture and hold territory. That kind of war became obsolete in 1918 when the Hindenburg line began cracking, when the airplane and the tank were in their infancy and even the machine gun was a relatively new weapon.

AS war becomes more mechanical, strategy demands attack upon the sources of mechanical strength. Two and a half years ago I pointed out that the objective of enemy attack must be the "vital triangle"—Boston to Baltimore, and tapering westward to Chicago and St. Louis. Within this area are the chief munition, aviation, automotive, rubber, and other vital industries; also the most important transportation lines.

Look at the record since that article was written:

"Modern warfare" invaded that area via the air, successfully attacking New York and Boston.

The New York State invasion resulted in far-sweeping raids to vital points overland; and two of our biggest aviation plants, at Hartford and at Buffalo, were in easy range by air.

The Chicago area was invaded from both our eastern and southern coast lines.

Synchronize such surprise assaults—any enemy would—and soon ten millions in the metropolitan area probably would be hungry, certainly would be panic-stricken.

At the Ohio River 20,000 men were literally exhausted after being harassed for four days by but *fifty-two* modern war machines, plus mobile artillery and a handful of men. But the machines were not tired, and might have made a strategic attack 200 miles away on the following day.

Or consider the conditions of the Michigan "battle." That "enemy" could have left its lighter weapons and enough men to harry the Blue front, while the main force sped away to cripple as many automotive plants as possible. Our army would have advanced, "capturing enemy territory"—which would have meant absolutely nothing.

This summary proves up to the hilt that our "vital triangle" is vulnerable. For trenches, barbed wire, the holding of empty territory, a continuous line, or front—these things are outmoded. Slow-motion defense is futile. Superior man-power defense is futile. The only defense is offense—ability to strike more swiftly, more skillfully, and harder than the enemy. Which can be done *only by having, and knowing how to use, the most advanced mechanized weapons.*

Even as this is written a Moscow dispatch tells of a new motorcycle-machine-gun unit which can fire while going at full speed, or whose soldiers can dismount their guns and take up entrenched positions. What would be the "raiding radius" of such a force in the new warfare? Twice that of an armored-car-and-tractor column? Several hundred miles? I do not know.

M. COT reported in the French Chamber of Deputies that in Russia he had seen a whole infantry brigade (nearly 2,000 men), complete with its artillery, its light tanks, and its machine-gun units, being transported by air in ninety-seven airplanes.

The London Times printed a description of such a feat:

"The sky seems to be covered with giant flakes of snow. Some of the parachutists carry packages, and on landing they quickly release their parachutes, unpack their parcels, and in a few minutes have assembled their contents into machine guns and light field guns.

"They are followed by giant airplanes carrying tanks, armored cars, lorries, and field guns slung beneath them.

"When the airplanes have landed, the crews come out and man their machines, and in a few minutes the whole force is striking rapidly at the enemy from the rear."

France has begun experiments with a similar force.

A Soviet military attaché in this country tells me that the largest force yet transported through the air was of 3,500 men. But surely that is astounding enough, and it explains the parachutist demonstrations which many readers have seen in newsreels.

Presumably it is a feat which could be duplicated at intervals of a few hours. Doesn't this suggest the at least theoretical possibility of *the invasion of our interior by several armies*, each superior *in fighting power* to the largest forces we have mobilized since 1918?

I agree immediately with any who point out the improbability of any enemy being able to establish upon this continent the necessary base of operations. Our fleet, its air service, and our military planes should be able to prevent that—at present. Yet it is a disquieting thought that the world's mightiest fleet left the Mediterranean when it seemed possible that its units might become targets for war planes into which, it is understood, there has been built much of the speed of successive Italian Schneider Cup winners.

Certainly we cannot *know* that a mechanized invasion of this country is an impossibility. We *do* know—we have just proved it—that our present defense against machine-made war is pitifully inadequate.

Throughout our history we have always prepared, and usually but feebly, for "the last war"—never for the war of tomorrow.

To repeat: We could stand off invasion from anywhere or everywhere *provided we understand the lessons of these war games and use what they teach us about modernizing our defense.*

We *must* bring our military establishment up to date.

We *must* learn how to meet what war will be in the future—for now we face a future when our safety of isolation will end. We have made a small beginning at modernizing our army, a better beginning at improving our army Air Corps. Let us look to it that mechanization of defense is continued and speeded.

THE END

Note: The views and opinions in this article are not stated as those of the War Department or officials thereof but as the writer's.

To the Ladies

by

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 22 SECONDS

COCKTAIL hour in Jerusalem. At the swell new King David Hotel lovely women in up-to-the-minute gowns from Paris sip their Martini or Bacardi tipple with elegantly dressed men of the world—*all talking ancient Hebrew*. . . . At this same evening hour young Jewish exiles from Germany and Poland, from Russia and Rumania, meet in the rustic villages of their communal settlements for frugal supper and simple prayer—and again the language that brings their dream together from the ends of the earth is the old, old language of the Hebrew prophets.

The great human drama of present-day Palestine—the striking contrast of old and new—has been impressed upon me by a talk with Dorothy Ruth Kahn, Philadelphia newspaper girl who emigrated to the Jewish homeland. After reading her book, Spring Up, O Well, I took immediate steps to meet her and talk with her. I'm glad I did.

Wish I had more space in which to write about the things Miss Kahn told me: The entrancing beauty of the Holy Land in springtime . . . the Festival of the Fruits . . . Purim at Tel Aviv . . . ceremonial reading of the Book of Esther . . . new Palestine industries . . . Palestine products we can buy here—honey and wine, rugs and embroideries. Wish I had space enough to tell you about Henrietta Szold, the American lady who, at the age of seventy-six, is still working so heroically on behalf of the young Jewish refugees in Palestine.

● A case now pending before a court of law involves the tangled loves and fortunes of a pair of twin girls. Two nice boys sparked them simultaneously; the double wedding that resulted was a handsome event; but each of the girl twins soon discovered that she had married the wrong young man. By mutual agreement they changed husbands. Thus arranged, they lived through some years of contentment, until one of the husbands died. He was the richer of the two men, and he left all his wealth to his apparent widow—his changeling wife. But the twin sister has stepped forward, has admitted her part in the strange mix-up, and is insisting upon her legal right to the money. The two women are fighting the case tooth and nail. Perhaps this may help prove the theory that twins who look alike also think alike—at least, when it comes to a question of cash.

DOROTHY RUTH KAHN

● I know a smart girl who has made herself a pair of rainproof mittens to match her raincoat of transparent oiled silk. She wears the mittens to protect her leather gloves, which become very messy (as we all know) when they get wet. A cord, strung from each shoulder, attaches her rainproof mittens to her raincoat, so she won't lose 'em.

Rainproof mittens are practical. Wet gloves are a nuisance. Some enterprising glovemaker might well take up the idea and commercialize it.

● It is always thrilling to meet some one who looks like your favorite movie star. At a recent dinner given by the National Association of Manufacturers I met a man who looked exactly like Leslie Howard. But *exactly!* He was older, more mature, white-haired—yet the resemblance was striking. I proclaimed it aloud—very much aloud. That's the kind of a dinner guest I am.

"George, are you going to tell your wife about this?" asked a friend of the man who looks so much like Leslie Howard.

"Certainly," was the reply. "All the girls adore Leslie Howard. This may give my home prestige a big boost."

● Have come to the conclusion that *birthday forgetters* usually are fakers. They say, "Well, for goodness' sake, tomorrow's my birthday, and I declare I forgot all about it until this very minute." Or something reminds them suddenly of the fact that next Wednesday will be their birthday, or a week from this Saturday.

You don't often hear them say, "*Yesterday* was my birthday, and I forgot all about it." You don't hear them say, "I must have had a birthday *last week*, but it slipped my mind."

Rarely—very rarely. Our birthday forgetters almost always manage to remember in the nick of time.

● John Mason Brown's new book, The Art of Playgoing, tells what every intelligent *audience* should know about drama and the theater. (Published by W. W. Norton & Co., Inc.)

● Post card from a Western friend. "Coming to New York next week," she writes, "chiefly to eat fresh shrimps. Hope to see you, too." I will forgive the implied insult and will feed her fresh shrimps prepared as follows:

Butter individual baking dishes, arrange a ring of cooked spaghetti on each dish. In center place a few cooked shrimps, lightly sautéed in butter with shredded green peppers. Over all pour a thick cream sauce with 1 tablespoon mild paprika added to it, also a few chopped olives. Sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese and bake 10 minutes in brisk oven.

GOOD OLD JACK

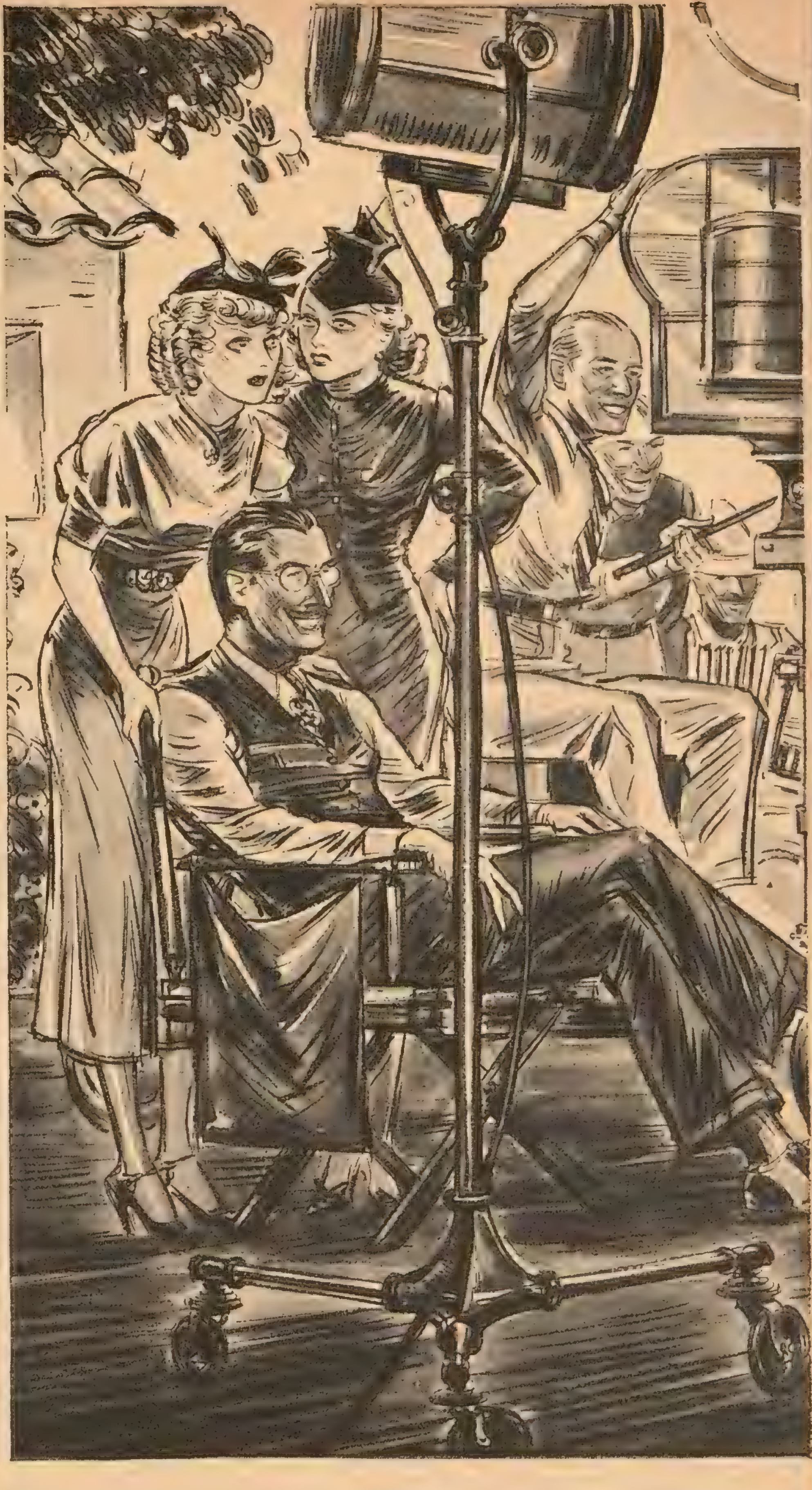
A Hollywood Masquerade

Hilarity Mounts as a Mad Disguise Is Born and Meets an Acid Test in This Joyously Girl-Infested Story of a Young Man and His Troubles

by

ERIC HATCH

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 57 SECONDS



"My leetla girl!" His put-on Spanish accent was slightly on the

JACK HALCOMBE gets a jolt. A beautiful girl slaps him in the face—no less a girl than Gloria Brown, the famous movie actress. From Gloria's point of view, the slap was justified. Jack had been producing films too artistic to be "box office" but fine build-ups for stars. She'd hoped to be in one of them. He'd kissed her and then had confessed that he'd gone stony broke. Then had come the slap.

He goes into his garden, alone, to mope. There he finds Wynne Leroy, a little extra girl. He tells her his troubles. They are news to Wynne but no news to the police. Cops are after Jack for signing his name—unknowingly—to bad checks. His funds had come from his rich dad, who'd suddenly run into misfortune.

Policemen's loud voices send Jack and Wynne scuttling out of the garden, over fences, and into Gloria Brown's kennels. Their final refuge is a doghouse! They snuggle in next to Fifi, Gloria's great Dane, while the baffled cops tear by.

Wynne, less hospitable than Fifi, reluctantly takes Jack home with her. The apartment she occupies with Frances Martin, another extra, is tiny. To put Jack up they have to give him a shakedown on the couch in the little living room. When he wakens in the morning, Frances is gone. His evening clothes are gone, too. Frances comes back but his clothes don't. She has exchanged them for a strange-looking daytime suit. Jack's eyes pop when Frances says sternly, "If you go outdoors, boy, you're going to wear this."

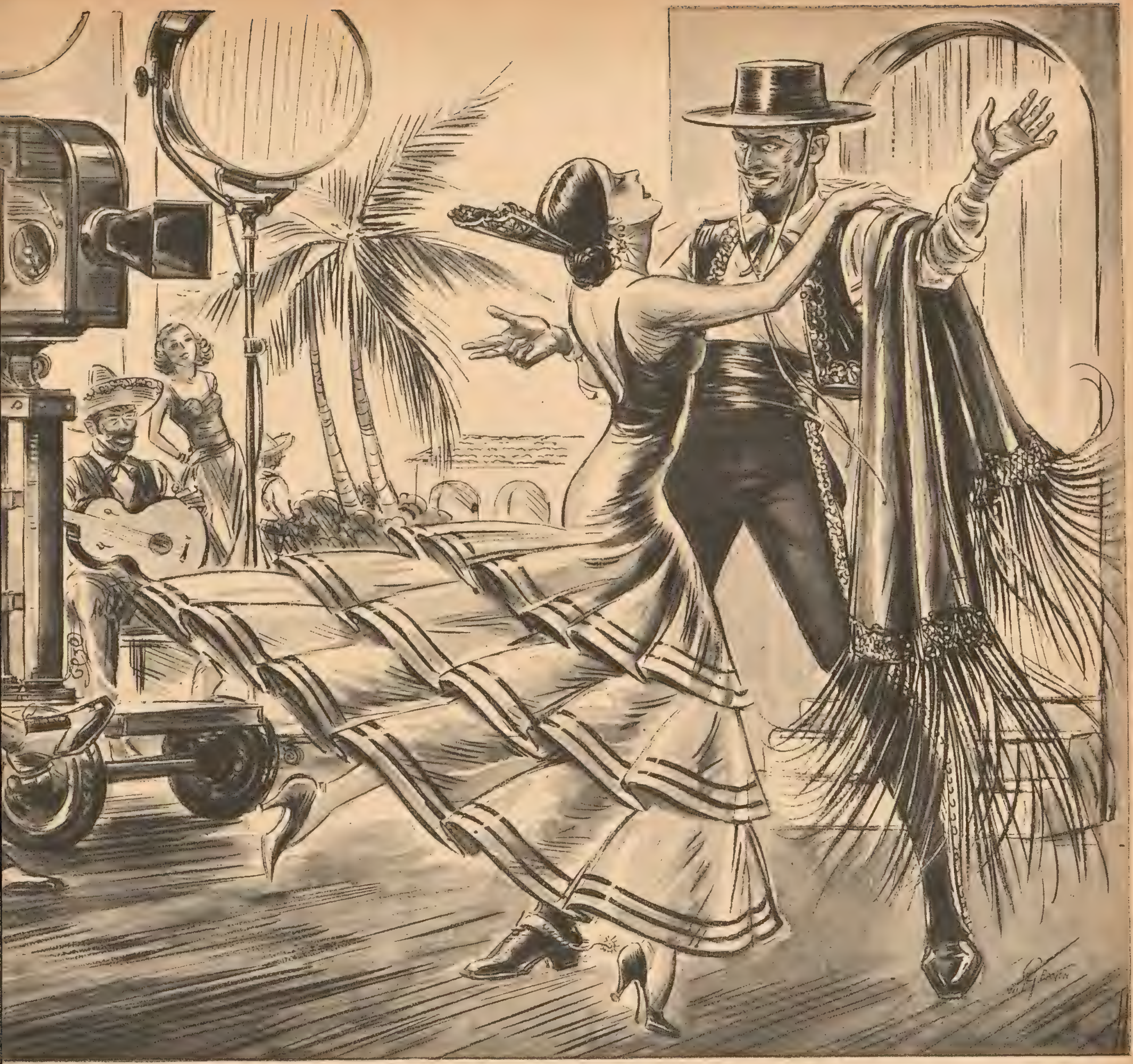
"He can't go outdoors," says Wynne, "till he grows whiskers." Then, to him: "You *can* grow whiskers, can't you?"

PART THREE—ENTER DON JOSÉ

AT this point it penetrated vaguely into Halcombe's brain that his manhood was being insulted. He stood up and threw out his chest. "Look here, you two," he said. "I don't know what it's all about, but let me tell you I can grow about as swell whiskers as you've ever seen. Here—feel this! Just since last night!"

He went over to Frances and thrust his chin in her

ILLUSTRATION



spaghetti side. His leetla girl crossed and flung herself in his arms.

face. She obligingly touched it and then raced from the room. Frances Martin was a kind girl and she thought the laughter she was stifling might hurt this foundling terribly if it burst out. Halcombe repeated the act with Wynne. She too felt of the really considerable fungus that had sprung up on good old Jack overnight. She nodded seriously. “You'll be out in no time,” she said. Jack sat down beside her on the couch.

“Look,” he said. “If it's a gag, skip it. I feel rotten enough without being kidded. And everybody's going to kid me and make cracks about me—John Halcombe the phony producer, and all that sort of thing. Please don't you kid me, Wynne. I think—I really think—you're the only friend I've got.”

“I think so too,” said Wynne. “Ho-hum.”

“Well, what is all this whisker business?”

Wynne stretched again and yawned again, and then she woke up and began what she'd call paying strict attention to business.

“Frances and I had a talk—before she went out to swap your suit. We decided things.”

“About me, you mean?”

“You've got it, boy! About you. We decided you had to altogether stop being John Halcombe and be somebody else.”

Halcombe scratched his forehead. He was thinking harder than he was trained to think, trying to figure this out.

“Stop being me,” he said half to himself, “and be somebody else.”

“It's obviously your only chance,” said Wynne. “Besides, the somebody else might turn out to be better than you.”

“You're mixing me up again.”

“You're plenty mixed up already,” said Wynne. “You were plenty mixed up when you sat on me and woke me up there in your garden.”

BY WILL GRAVEN

"Yes," said Halcombe, "I was." He thought for a moment more, thought of all the possible outs and of some of the impossible ones; then, still thinking, he said, "If I was somebody else, did you decide who I'd be?"

Wynne Leroy laughed. Wynne Leroy had a nice laugh; it was full of little undertones that people who'd been in love with her from time to time during her short life had imagined were the silver table bells of gnomes ringing for their gnome butler to bring in the fortieth course of their gnome dinner. The undertones were actually just plain healthy amusement.

"We decided—" She stopped. Laughter made her stop. "We decided—" Again the laughter caught her. This time she buried her head in a soft pillow, and Halcombe felt foolish and indignant and was beginning to get angry. Then she stopped laughing, except for making a few little sputtery noises, and looked him in the eyes.

"We decided that foreigners did better than Americans in picture business, and so you're going to be a foreigner. I *am* sorry about laughing, Jack, really I am, but the idea of making you into a foreigner *is* funny. You know it is!"

She looked at him now, hopefully, like a puppy who's thought it was screamingly funny to chew up a slipper and hopes like anything that people intimately associated with that puppy will also think it's screamingly funny. Halcombe didn't. He thought the whole idea was perfectly frightful. He said so, and Wynne looked hurt. He didn't care. He got up again, and went to a table by the door that had the telephone on it, and called Gloria Brown's number. He was so very mad that as he picked up the thing he turned and said, "Do you mind if I phone?"—not realizing at all how absurd the cliché always sounds in its proper place.

"Not at all, not at all," said Wynne. "Why indeed, my fine friend, should you not?" And added under her breath, "Providing Frances paid the bill after that third notice and you *can* phone, you stupid ass!"

Jack Halcombe knew little of that world wherein the telephone company lets incoming calls come in in hopes, and outgoing calls are taboo.

Gloria Brown's number answered. Gloria Brown came to the phone. Jack Halcombe, the late producer, said, "Darling, I'm so sorry about the *contretemps* last night."

Gloria Brown, whose lovely voice made millions of people quiver and hold hands when they heard it on the screen, said in a voice that sounded like a keg of nails being shaken against a keg of nails, "Nuts!"

Halcombe was dumb. He went on:

"Gloria, I'm in an awful spot. I need some money like anything. I'll—"

HE stopped talking because the click on the other end of the line made him realize he was just talking to himself. With a gesture of complete disillusionment, he hung up the phone and turned to Wynne. He shrugged. He shrugged a complete simian shrug. He said, "There it is!"

"There *what* is?"

"She wouldn't even listen to me."

"Why should she?"

"Dammit," said Halcombe, "after the number of dinners I've bought her at the Trocadero, she might at least listen, don't you think? How does she know I'm not in jail?"

"She doesn't give a damn," said Wynne, "whether you are or not. It's from not giving a damn that she's got as far as she's got!"

Halcombe came all over dramatic.

"Who does give a damn? Who on God's green earth cares? I'm licked!" He stalked back across the little room. "I'm just—finished!"

He threw himself down on the sofa—miserable. Wynne looked at him and wondered idly what he might have been able to make of himself if he'd been born a poor boy. In that brief looking she decided he probably wouldn't have made anything of himself; yet he had a sort of something, a sort of naïveté perhaps, that drew her to him. Even though she was burned up at his phoning Gloria Brown for help when she and Frances were already helping him, she was genuinely sorry for him.

"You're finished, sure," she said. "But this bird you're going to be's just beginning."

At this he sat up and looked at her really quite brightly.

"By Jove!" he said. "I never thought of that!"

"You're going to grow a mustache and a goatee, and we're going to dye all that nice fair hair a beautiful glossy black. Can you talk anything?"

"Talk anything?"

"Dutch, Chinese, French?"

"I can talk French and Spanish swell."

Wynne called Frances, who, under control now and freshly powdered, came at once, query in her eyes.

"He can talk spiggoty and he can talk frog," said Wynne. "Which is he?"

"Is he Don José Castille," said Frances, "or is he Jean de Bonovelle?"

"That suit's perfect for either of 'em," said Wynne.

Good old Jack started to object, and then he suddenly realized that he was as helpless as a little child before these two. He kept silent.

"We can flip a coin," said Frances.

"We can if we have one," said Wynne.

THREE weeks later Don José Castille stood quailingly before a moving-picture camera. His little American cousin Wynne Leroy, whom he was visiting, had arranged for him to have a test for the part of a young Spanish grandee in a major Western. No one, least of all Don José himself, knew whether he could act or not; but there was no question but that he looked the Spanish type. He looked more Spanish than a bolero. In fact, any one on first seeing him immediately thought of bulls and toreadors and moonlight in Madrid. He had the Latin's sleek black hair and the Latin's pointed waxed mustache, and he wore a curious purple suit such as foreigners when they first come to this country are apt to think looks American. The director and the cameraman were both amazed at how fluently he spoke English. There was scarcely any trace of an accent at all. But every now and then, when his little American cousin jabbed him covertly in the ribs, he would burst into violent outbursts of Spanish.

Hollywood is a queer town full of very queer people. Any town that is a mecca for the hopeful and aspiring is bound to be. The glitter of the gold there attracts them just as the golden glow of lamplight draws queer insects. At the moment there was scarcely any doubt but that good old Don José ranked high among the queerest. There wasn't any doubt at all in the director's mind.

"All set, José? You come in the door when you hear the boards clack together. Ready? Turn 'em over!"

Dead silence—the second of strange tenseness that precedes the taking of any shot, however trivial, until the man at the mixing box calls, "Speed!"

"Speed!"

Wynne Leroy and Frances Martin, standing behind the camera, held their breath. They were never nervous in front of cameras. They'd never been behind them when their stake was in front of them before. They felt like Freddie Bartholomew's aunt.

The boards that show the film cutter where to join the sound film up with the picture film, by making a heavy black mark when they clack, clacked. The door opened, and good old José walked into the bright, bright lights. He was dressed in the elaborate manner of a Spanish ranch owner in the days of old California. He looked exceedingly snappy. The stock actress who, in the test, was playing the part of his errant daughter, sighed. It was probably the whiskers that got her. Wynne Leroy and Frances Martin grabbed each other's hands. Don José spoke his first line.

"My leetla girl!" His put-on Spanish accent was slightly on the spaghetti side, but he got feeling into it. His leetla girl crossed and flung herself in his arms. He mothered her. Then he fathered her. In about a hundred feet of film he got her back on her own feet again. Then, very awkwardly, he held her by the shoulders. "My leetla girl—what have you done to me!"

She hadn't, according to the script, actually done anything much to him except present him with a perfectly legitimate grandchild by a ranchero she'd been secretly married to for some time. From the quaver in Jack's voice, you'd have thought she'd swiped his purse. They played out the scene during the course of which he forgave her and took her into his arms.

"All right, cut!"

For a second or so after the director gave his order Jack continued to hold the leetla girl in his arms. She seemed the only thing in the world to cling to, and he was definitely a clinger. Wynne and Frances relaxed. When he finally released the girl, the director came over to him and said, "José, as an actor you're awful, but you look the part and I guess I can get you through the acting end of it somehow. You get it if you photograph as good as you look. We'll shoot it again now."

They shot it again and then again and then again. Wynne and Frances, relieved, told Don José supper would be at seven, and went their way. He stayed on through the long hot afternoon, being photographed this way and that, close, profile, smiling, frowning, standing, kneeling, doing everything the director could think of for him to do. At five the director said, "O. K., boys; that ties it!" and he was free. He had never worked so hard in the whole of his life as he had that afternoon.

He left the makeshift set and stumbled his way across the sound stage, tripping over cables and odd bits of half-finished carpentry. He'd been on lots of stages while he was a producer. But then, if he tripped over something, somebody always apologized for having it there. Now the thing was quite different. He found himself apologizing to the various people around when he tripped over something. When he got out into the sunlight, with the big sound stages on either side of him and the modern white building that housed the executive offices ahead of him, he felt exceedingly peculiar and horribly tired.

He had some of the same thoughts he'd had in the Leroy-Martin apartment when he'd wondered how he'd ever dared be snooty to extra girls. He was getting the first faint glimmerings of what work—work for money, work for eats—meant. He thought those white executive offices, with their showers and what not, looked awfully nice. He wondered, for a flash, if the head man, whom he knew well, would have him in for a snort if he said who he was. Then a terrific slap on the back that almost knocked him over snapped him out of his wondering. After stumbling forward two paces he straightened and looked around.

Hartz, the cameraman, was standing behind him.

"SENOR," said Hartz—"señor, you smell!"

Startled, Halcombe gaped at him unrecognizing.

"But," went on the cameraman, "you photograph oke."

Halcombe still stared. Then he recognized the man. He himself had fired him six weeks before because he'd refused to dim the lights enough to give the shadowy artistic effect Halcombe wanted. He was perfectly sure the "fellow," as he thought of him, didn't know him.

"I hand it to you," said Hartz. "Shake!"

They shook. Don José Halcombe didn't know quite why, so he burst into one of his floods of Spanish. Hartz let it run its course. Then he said, "You fired me, Halcombe. I had the hell of a time getting me a job. I got one. What do I have to shoot? You! You! You're my first shot!"

Jack José Halcombe had had almost enough for one day. He was any man's meat. He was shot full of holes by an honest day's work, the way people who've done an honest day's work get. He was so shot that he didn't for a moment or so realize the significance of some one recognizing him. Presently it got through the wool. He almost dropped in his tracks.

"Good Lord!" he said. "Tom Hartz!"

"The same," said Tom Hartz.

The producer feeling came all over Halcombe for a second in spite of his tiredness. He said, "You're a rotten cameraman, Tom. You've no artistry—no feeling."

They were walking slowly now toward the white building.

"You're a rotten actor, Halcombe."

"I'm not an actor," said Halcombe, "but I've got to be."

"I shot you swell, anyway." Here Hartz, who was tough in demeanor and soft in heart, gave. "I admired your going to work instead of just turning into a Hollywood hanger-on."

"But you recognized me!"

Hartz laughed.

"Don't worry," he said. "That's only because of me being a cameraman. Nobody else will. Why the disguise, anyway?"

"Bad checks," said Halcombe. "I couldn't help it."

"LET'S have a drink, anyway," said Hartz. "God, I got bored taking pictures of you! I'll wait till you get out of that bull-fight rig."

Halcombe said, "I haven't any money."

"I have," said Hartz. "Get going. I've got a thirst like a tired camel."

Halcombe went to the men's dressing rooms and changed. Hartz was waiting for him by the studio gate with his car. He got in.

"Queer, isn't it," he said, "me firing you, and now you taking me out to buy me a drink because I haven't got money enough to buy myself one."

"How do you eat?" said Hartz.

Halcombe told him about Wynne and Frances, and how for the past three weeks he'd done the housework and most of the cooking to pay for his keep. When he had done, Hartz said, "The three of you rate a party. Call 'em up and tell 'em to meet us at the Seven Seas. We can start from there."

He slid the car over to the curb and stopped outside a drugstore. Don José got out and telephoned.

The Seven Seas, on Hollywood Boulevard, is a fine place to begin a party. When you enter it, fresh in from the bright sunshine, you think you've stumbled into a coal mine. It is as dark as the inside of a witch's hat. There are, looming through the gloom, tables scattered about here and there, a thatched ceiling, and, above all, a tropical bar with a corrugated-iron roof and a cyclorama of a blue lagoon behind it. Periodically Hawaiian music is heard, phony thunder is heard thundering, phony lightning flashes over the lagoon, and very real wet rain rattles on the corrugated-iron roof. With six tall planters' punches inside one, the illusion is pretty complete.

Don José had three tall planters' punches inside him by the time Wynne Leroy and Frances Martin arrived. Already he was a great and famed actor taking a few weeks away from it all in Tahiti. Hartz had ceased to be an unfeeling inartistic cameraman who insisted on having enough light to take his pictures, and had become a maestro of his craft. The world was lovely. Halcombe and Hartz, at this point, thought they were lovely too.

STOLEN-TREASURE PUZZLE

BY F. GREGORY HARTSWICK

Every one remembers the little puzzle about the missionaries, the cannibals, and the boat that would hold only two people. Here is a teaser along the same lines.

There was a treasure concealed in a lofty cell in an ancient castle. Three people—a man, a youth, and a small boy—set out one dark night to steal it. The only means of exit from the treasure room was a high window, outside which was a pulley over which was a rope with a basket at either end. When one basket was on the ground the other was at the window. We may as well state at once, to prevent quibbling, that when a person was in the basket he could neither help himself nor be helped by anybody else. Unless there was a counterbalancing weight he would fall freely and fatally to the ground.

Now the man weighed 195 pounds, the youth 105 pounds, the boy 90 pounds, and the box of treasure 75 pounds. It was known that the weight in the descending basket could not exceed that in the ascending basket by more than 15 pounds or the speed of descent would be so great as to injure a human being, though of course it would have no effect on the treasure. Moreover, only two persons, or one person and the treasure, could be in one basket at the same time.

The three thieves made their way to the treasure room, but could escape from it only by the basket. (Don't ask me how come—this is a puzzle.) How did they make their escape, unharmed, with the loot?

(The answer will be found on page 42)

Wynne and Frances, when they arrived and their eyes had grown accustomed to the perpetual twilight of the Seven Seas, didn't think Halcombe and Hartz were lovely at all. Inside of Wynne and Frances were no planters' punches. Inside of them were a couple of hard-boiled-egg sandwiches. It makes all the difference in the point of view. As soon as they realized that their ward wasn't quite sober—and, regrettable as it may be, it doesn't take women long to realize such things—they began to lay into him about it. They forgot he was exhausted. They forgot the day had been a terrific emotional upheaval to him. They forgot everything except that he was slightly squiffed. And they set upon him as though both of them were married to him.

They began by giving him silent dirty looks immediately after he introduced them to Tom Hartz. Hartz, that great cinematographic maestro, caught on at once and gave them dirty looks. They were lost. Hartz knew they'd be lost, but he gave them anyway, on general principles. Then Wynne began: "Really, Jack!"

And Frances followed up with "I don't see how you could do this to us!"

"Do which?" said Jack.

"Go out and get yourself simply stinking when we're so interested in your having a career!"

"I'm not simply stinking," said Jack. It was a straight announcement of fact. He wasn't. "I'm just a little bit stinking, and I rate it after all I've been through!"

"Attaboy!" said Hartz.

"What do you think *we've* been through?" said Wynne. "Nursing you, nursing your whiskers, nursing your delicate stomach for weeks and weeks *and weeks?*"

"I dunno," said Jack.

"My little sweethearts," said Hartz helpfully, "you just loved having him there. You know you did. *All* women like having a man to mother."

"I wasn't mothered," said Don José.

"Like hell you weren't!" said Wynne Leroy.

"Ugly duckling!" said Frances Martin. "Turncoat!"

"Ungrateful foreigner!"

Don José was beginning to be considerably cowed. It seemed to Hartz that something should be done about it. He said, "Now see here, babes. This man isn't tight enough to defend himself. It isn't fair! Furthermore, my tootsies, you're making a scene in a public place—which is very bad manners. Cut!"

This worked. Both girls immediately transferred their attack to Hartz. But he was perfectly capable of taking care of himself. The battle went through the "Just who are you to be butting in?" stage, and then he stopped it by simply saying, "One more crack from either of you to either of us, and no nice champagny water with your din-din. What'll you have now—Scotch and?"

That did it. You could hear the wings of the doves of peace fluttering all around the Seven Seas. Jack leaned over and whispered to Hartz.

"Sorry ever fired you," he said. "You've got genius."

"I know it," said Hartz.

"Sorry you're disappointed in me," he said to Wynne, "but Tom here thinks I get the job. It was fierce today, but he thinks I get it."

"Just who is Tom?" asked Wynne.

"He's the chief cameraman for the picture."

"That's different," said Wynne, beaming at Tom.

From then on everybody was sorry they'd been rude to everybody else. As time passed they got sorrier and sorrier. By the time it was time to go to the Troc for dinner they all meant a great deal to each other, and as the girls caught up with him and his slight elation, Don José's position changed from that of misbehaving husband to that of favored son on graduation day. He continued *in status quo* until hours and hours later, when, after they'd all had a beautiful dinner at the Trocadero and had danced and had generally enjoyed themselves, Gloria Brown, done up in a simple little ermine number, made a grand-stand entrance. Jack leaned close to Wynne.

"Gosh!" he said. "She *is* beautiful, isn't she!"

"WHO?" said Wynne.

"She—Gloria."

"No," said Wynne without looking, though she wanted very much to look.

"I wonder if she'd be insulted if I asked her to dance and she didn't recognize me?"

"No," said Wynne. "That tramp would dance with anybody. Why shouldn't she?" She suddenly looked at Halcombe sharply. "Why do *you* want to dance with her, anyway? She let *you* down plenty that day just after your smash when you called her!"

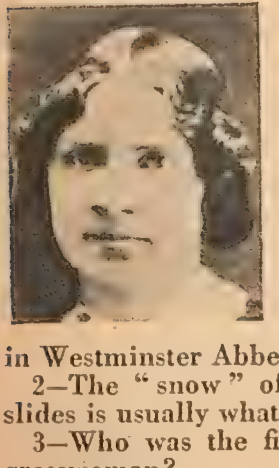
"She probably felt it wouldn't be fair to her public to be mixed up in the sort of mess I was in," said Jack. "I don't blame her. I really don't blame her at all."

"Ungh-ungh," said Hartz to himself. "That'll fix things!"

Gloria Brown and the two men she was with swept into the room. They had waited for the dancing to stop so their progress to their table on the other side of the floor from the entrance would be properly noticed and so the inevitable flashlight picture of Gloria Brown dropping into the Troc for an evening's gaiety wouldn't be blurred or have shadowy figures in its background. In the course of their sweeping they swept within a couple of feet of Don José. Karpen, the director, knew him well. Torrowitz, the producer, knew him almost equally well. Gloria Brown knew him very well. All three of them glanced down as they passed. Gloria Brown nodded to Hartz, as did Karpen. All three of them looked right through Don José. It made him feel funny. It gave him a sort of feeling of invisibility. He whispered to Hartz. "Looky," he said. "Later on introduce me to Gloria Brown. Yes?"

Jack is toying with T.N.T. If Hartz introduces him to Gloria, what will Wynne and Frances do? And if he tells the unpredictable Gloria who he really is, just how will she take the revelation? You'll find laughs and surprises coming so fast they step on each other's heels in next week's uproarious installment of Good Old Jack.

TWENTY QUESTIONS



1—The early photo to the left is of what famed prima donna? She was born in Stockholm and sang in the streets. She married in Boston, becoming Mme. Goldschmidt. Her bust is in Westminster Abbey, London.

2—The "snow" of department-store ski slides is usually what?

3—Who was the first United States congresswoman?

4—*Frisking their whiskers, screw ball,* and *mugging heavy* are terms having to do with what?

5—Where were the Sun Bowl, Cotton Bowl, and Orange Bowl games played?

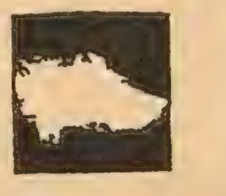
6—Whose widow, after a ten-year test, discredited spiritualism?

7—According to the Bible, what king reigned seven days and then cremated himself?

8—A dollar bill that gets around lasts how long?

9—Andrew Carnegie paid whom a million-dollar salary yearly?

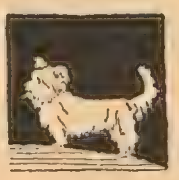
10—What is the world's second largest island?



11—What was the first all-talkie full-length-feature motion picture?

12—Which newspaper does Julius David Stern publish in his home town?

13—In what game are streets of a seashore resort coveted?



14—What two-coated dog has been sketched by the artist?

15—What do Eskimos call hoboes of their own race who will not work?

16—If in 1910 there were 24,043,000 horses and mules on United States farms, how many were there twenty years later?

17—What product of Reading, Pennsylvania, is twisted by grasping organs?

18—Which alluvial material is smaller than gravel? Which is larger?

19—Which American singer has first names for middle and last names? Which British statesman?

20—Who as chief engineer completed the Panama Canal?

(Answers will be found on page 33)

WE DODGE DEALERS ARE OFFERING $10,000 IN CASH FOR THE BEST ANSWERS TO THESE 2 QUESTIONS

Grand Prize
$5000. IN CASH
5 CASH PRIZES OF $500. each
25 CASH PRIZES OF $100. each

① Why is *NOW* the best time to get a bargain in a Used Car or Used Truck of any make?

---

② Why is it best to go to a Dodge Dealer for a dependable Used Car or Used Truck of any make?

HERE'S a contest that's bound to interest *everyone!* Big cash prizes! Nothing to buy! Easy to win! A simple letter of 150 words or less may do the trick for you!

You know, of course, that Dodge dealers everywhere have won a world-wide reputation for dependable dealing. That's why literally thousands of used car buyers insist that the best way to get a dependable used car or used truck of any make is to go to a Dodge dealer.

Record-breaking sales of Dodge and Plymouth cars and Dodge trucks have given Dodge dealers the choice of the "trade-ins." Therefore, Dodge dealers offer the widest selection of makes and models. Many of these dependable used cars and trucks carry the famous Blue Seal and the Triple-Checked Tag certifying that they have been "triple-checked" for *appearance, condition* and *price.*

To keep these stocks moving—and moving *fast*—Dodge dealers' price tags represent bargains unmatched anywhere—despite the current upward trend in commodity prices generally! That's why any buyer who wants a dependable used car or used truck of any make will get the most for his money by buying *right now* from a Dodge dealer!

With these facts to go on, get busy at once! Read the contest rules at the left. And, if you wish, see your Dodge dealer and look over the used cars and trucks he offers. Check his prices, too. Ask him about his liberal time payment plan. But remember, you don't have to buy to enter ...there's absolutely no obligation! Address your letter to Contest Manager, Dodge Division of Chrysler Corporation, Detroit.

USED CARS
DEPENDABLE
USED TRUCKS

Here's the Sign of Dependable Used Cars and Used Trucks!

$10,000.00 PRIZE CONTEST RULES

1. Write a short letter of 150 words or less in which you answer these two questions:
(1) Why is *NOW* the best time to get a bargain in a Used Car or Used Truck of any make?
(2) Why is it best to go to a Dodge Dealer for a dependable Used Car or Used Truck of any make?

2. Anyone not connected in any way with the new car or new truck business, or the used car and truck business, may enter the contest. Those not permitted to enter under the above ruling include employees (and their families) of automobile and truck manufacturing companies, their dealers and advertising agents, as well as independent used car and used truck dealers.

3. All entries will be judged on sincerity and soundness of reasoning in giving what judges determine to be the best answers to the two questions:
(*a*) Why is *NOW* the best time to get a bargain in a Used Car or Used Truck of any make?
(*b*) Why is it best to go to a Dodge Dealer for a dependable Used Car or Used Truck of any make?

4. Winners will be informed by mail as soon as possible after close of contest. Judges of the contest are B. C. Forbes, well-known financial writer and editor of Forbes Magazine; Alice Hughes, noted merchandise columnist of Hearst newspapers, and C. D. Wight, co-publisher, Automobile Topics magazine. The decision of the judges must be accepted as final. In the event of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded tying contestants.

5. All entries are to become the property of the Dodge Division of the Chrysler Corporation, and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes.

6. Entries cannot be returned nor correspondence regarding them engaged in.

7. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, February 15, 1937.

8. Mail your entry to Contest Manager, Dodge Division of Chrysler Corporation, Detroit, Michigan.

READ WHAT THESE MOTORISTS SAY ABOUT DODGE DEALERS' DEPENDABLE USED CARS!

It may help you win a prize!

"When I mentioned I was going to purchase a used car," says Philip Morse, San Francisco, "several people told me the best way to be sure of getting a good buy was to see a Dodge dealer. I took their advice and got one of J. E. French Co.'s Blue Seal cars. You would hardly know it was a used car, it looks so fine. And it is in wonderful mechanical shape."

"My used truck came from M. J. Lanahan, Inc., a Dodge dealer here," says Thos. Boudrie, Chicago. "It was one of his Blue Seal specials and it certainly lived up to the Dodge dealer's reputation for dependability. I've put plenty of miles on the car since I got it and haven't had a minute's trouble."

"I was accused of inviting trouble by buying a used car in winter," says Mrs. Mary L. Griffith, New York. "But I knew what I was doing. By going to a Dodge dealer I could count on real dependability. And by buying during a so-called 'off-season' I could get a lot more for my money. I got a car that runs perfectly and saved a tidy amount by not waiting until warm weather."

GET THESE FREE BOOKS!

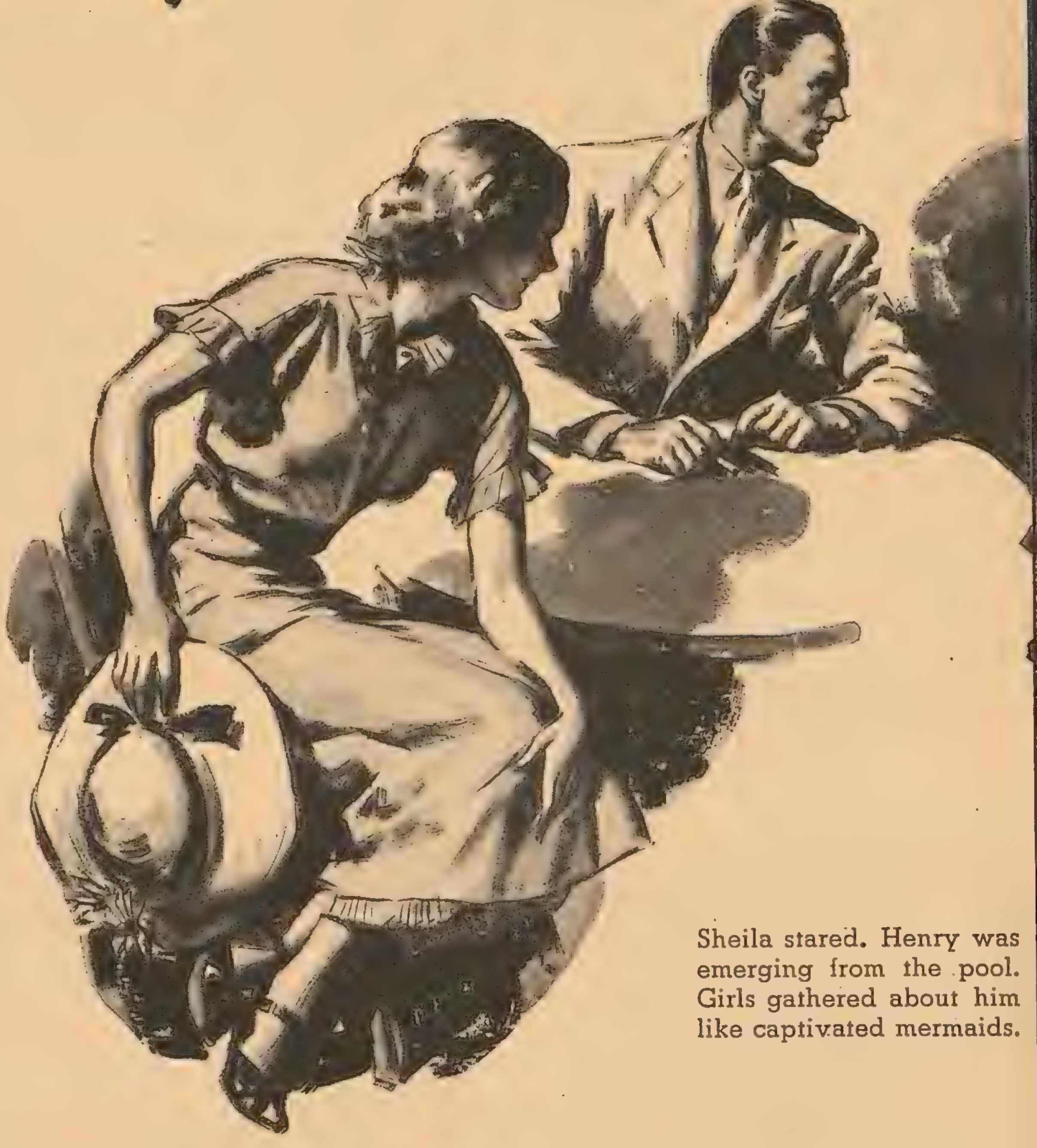
They May Help You Win!

Used car and used truck buyers have found these books on how to buy a dependable used car or used truck invaluable in helping them get the most for their money. Ask your Dodge dealer for copies of them! The information they give you may help you win!

HOW TO BUY A Dependable USED CAR
USED TRUCK

A Bride for Henry

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 5 SECONDS



Sheila stared. Henry was emerging from the pool. Girls gathered about him like captivated mermaids.

"I TOLD him!" shouted Sheila, tramping around in her wedding veil. "I told him! I told Eric Reynolds if he ever kept me waiting again he'd be good and sorry for it—the poor addlepated, irresponsible— Well, doesn't the man think there's anything important about getting married—about getting married to *me?*"

"Control yourself," said her mother; "everybody will hear you—even the bishop."

"But look at me!" cried the infuriated young woman in ivory satin and rose-point lace. "Just look at me! Isn't this a fine way for a girl to be rigged out without a man around to say 'I do' or 'I do not' or—"

"Yes," said Mrs. Curtis vaguely. "I suppose it was his bachelor dinner."

"The dear boy," said Sheila. "*Thirty-nine minutes late for his own wedding!*"

Mrs. Curtis followed her daughter's eyes to the clock.

"Maybe it doesn't keep good time," she said.

"Oh, yes, it does, mother—it's in a church, isn't it? And all those people out there are going to begin stamping their feet and whistling through their fingers. Mother, can you just imagine what this will look like in the papers? 'Sheila Curtis Weeps at Altar.' Oh, can't you imagine it? Well, I'm not going to put up with it! This is my wedding day, and there's going to be a *wedding!*"

"Well, my goodness, I don't see what you're going to do—you can't marry yourself, can you?"

Thus challenged, a gleam came into Sheila Curtis's eye. She pushed her hand through a mop of golden curls, heedless of the orange blossoms; she narrowed her miraculously blue eyes and nodded ominously to some inaudible counsel.

"Mother," she said at last, "I'm going to marry Henry."

"Who?"

"Henry—Henry Tuttle."

"Well, I don't seem to recall—"

"Oh, yes, mother! Henry Tuttle's the junior partner in the law firm that handles our affairs. Of course you remember him! Why, only last week he was taking off your rubbers!"

"Wise, Tuttle, Osborne, and Tuttle," murmured Mrs. Curtis. "Why would Mr. Osborne—why would Mr. Tuttle want to marry you?"

"Because he's worshiped me for years—from afar. A girl always knows a thing like that. He's a nice dumb, helpful sort of person—like one of those dogs that bring people milk chocolate in the Alps. Well! It won't take any time to get the license—we'll have a choirboy page Henry—he'll be somewhere in the back of the church and very miserable, poor lamb—and *wouldn't* I like to see Eric Reynolds's face when he hears about this!" Sheila drew a long breath. "There's one certain thing—my wedding day isn't going down through history as a joke on *me!*" . . .

"It was really very decent of you, Henry," said Sheila Tuttle.

He looked at her.

"I still find myself a bit bewildered," he said.

Sheila gave him a reassuring smile. They were at that moment in a snug compartment of the Blue Arrow speeding south. Reservations had been made at the Hotel Windemere, Sandy Point, for Mr. and Mrs. Eric Reynolds—reservations which would do very nicely for Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tuttle.

Sheila chuckled.

"I suppose," she said, "that Eric has found out about it by this time. And I wouldn't be surprised if he came right on down to Sandy Point after us!"

"Wouldn't you?" asked Henry faintly.

"You don't need to look so scared. Eric's always a man to take a joke on himself."

"If he calls it a joke."

"What else can he call it? You don't think I take marriage so lightly that I call *this* a marriage? Why, no,

Marry in Haste—You Know the Rest . . . But Sometimes the Results Are Surprising. Consider This Gay, Piquant Tale of a Hectic Honeymoon

by

JOSEPHINE BENTHAM

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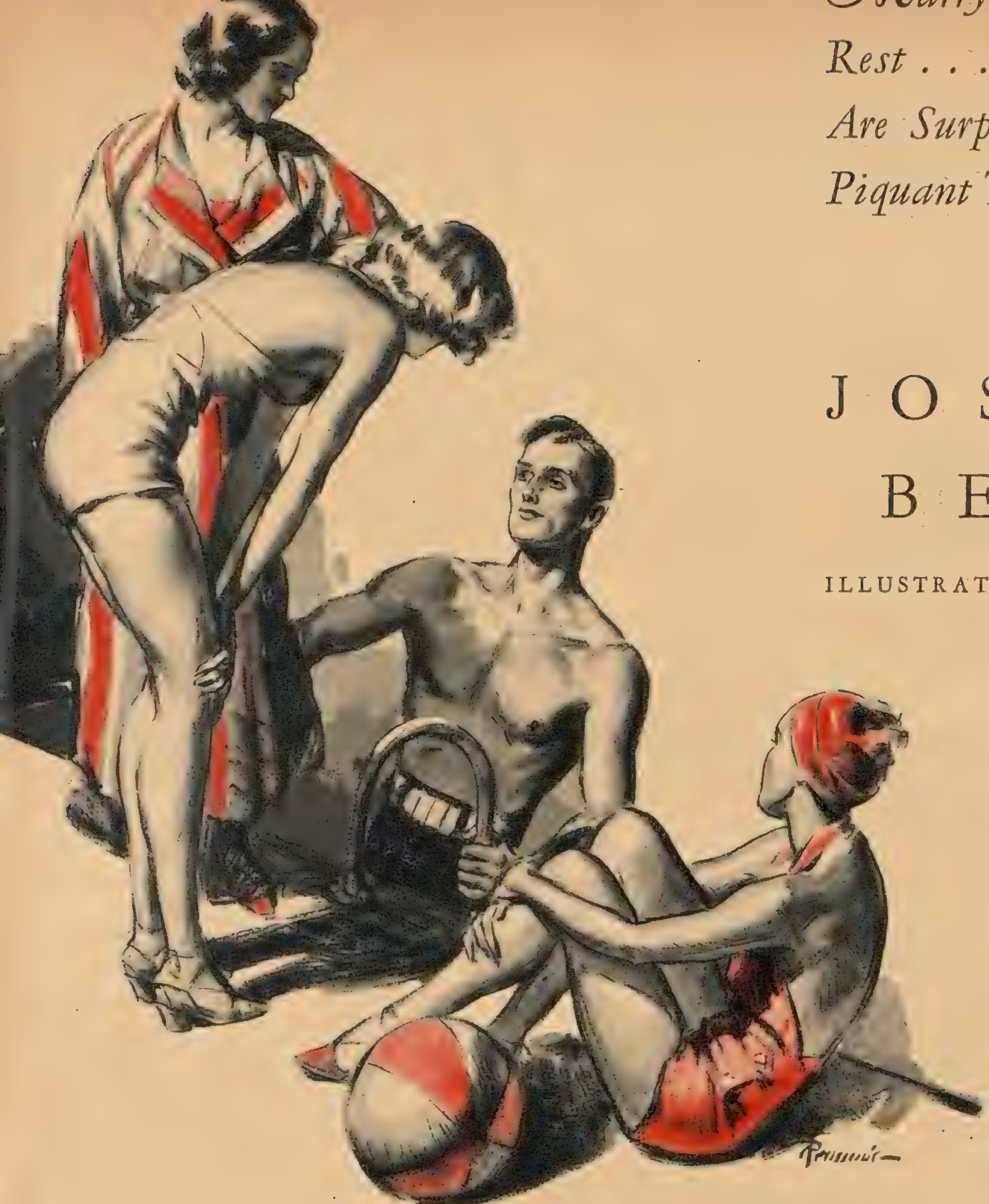

Henry. It was purely a social gesture to save a purely social situation, that's all. And very neat work on my part too."

"Well, *I* didn't do so badly—anybody else might have fainted."

"That's true, Henry. You were splendid. I was looking at you out of the corner of my eye. Of course I realize that a thing like this doesn't come under your—well, under your ordinary legal obligations. But details about the divorce can all be arranged easily enough in the due course of time. The whole thing will be no end dignified, Henry, I promise you."

"There's one thing that I don't understand," he said. "Has it crossed your mind that something may have happened to Eric? An accident—"

"*Oh*, no! Not that one! Why, Eric only wears a watch to cover the bump on his wrist that he got playing polo. That's a fact. Why, that's the reason I broke our engagement seven times. Always because he stood me up—generally at the quaintest places." Sheila laughed suddenly. "Do you know what his own mother says? She says Eric didn't show up at his own christening. They found him afterward all in his best dress down at one of those old-fashioned speakeasies, having a spot of rye." She looked at him sidewise before remarking, "That was a joke, of course, Henry."

"I realize that."

"Excuse me."

"Quite."

"Well, we've got to try to get along," said Sheila plaintively. "We don't want people to suspect that you're only my lawyer."

Henry Tuttle permitted himself a small surprising smile.

"That was clearly understood," he said, "when you proposed to me."

"Well!" said Sheila.

"Yes?"

"Well, that's right," said Sheila lamely.

The management of the Hotel Windemere was proud of the suite of rooms which overlooked a stretch of gleaming blue water and, more immediately, a bevy of fashionable guests, all expensively broiled to the color of old boots. Sheila and Henry, feeling rather pallid, had hurried through the lobby of this place, tipped a grinning bellboy, and closed their door upon the world.

"It's too bad," said Sheila a moment later, "that there's only one bedroom. I'm afraid you'll have to sleep on this thing."

Henry looked at the sofa indicated, an arrangement of satin bumps in pale mauve—a period bit.

"Oh, of course!" said Henry courteously.

"Well—it's too bad we had our dinner on the train," said Sheila. "Otherwise we could kill some time having our dinner now. Henry, we *can't* go downstairs. People would look at us archly. I couldn't bear being looked archly at—could you?"

"I don't know," said Henry. "It's an experience I haven't yet had. There's some one at the door."

"Eric!"

Henry opened the door.

"Yes," he said.

Sheila laughed.

"Well, here we all are," she said. "Isn't it cozy?"

Eric had brushed Henry aside.

"Now, Sheila," he said. "*Now,* my fine young woman—"

"Oh, yes," said Sheila. "I know everything you're going to say, so it's pointless for you to say it. I was telling Henry you'd be laughing heartily in no time—"

"Laughing!"

"Yes. What happened to you anyhow? Did you go to a movie?"

"Well—yes," he said, startled. "Yes, as a matter of fact, I did."

Sheila turned to Henry.

"You see? You see the sort of thing I have to put up with?" She turned back to Eric. "Was it a good movie, darling?"

"I don't know," he told her sulkily. "Look here, you know very well I wouldn't deliberately go to see Shirley Temple or something when all that hullabaloo was going on in the church. Sheila, there was a little party last night, and about seven this morning I began to weave around—it seems I sort of shook everybody off."

"I can imagine how that was," said Sheila. "Go on, dear boy."

"Well, I guess I got into this movie—one of those that open early in the morning—"

"I've always wanted to know," said Henry suddenly, "what sort of people went to the movies in the morning."

"Well, now you know," said Sheila. "Go on, Eric."

"Nothing to go on about. I must have fallen sound asleep. I slept through about three performances, I guess."

"And after they brought you your coffee and toast—"

"Sheila! I resent your attitude! You had something to be mad about—I admit it. But look what you've given *me* to be mad about!" He turned bitterly to Henry Tuttle. "And as for your part in this practical joke—"

"There's somebody else at the door," said Henry.

"Who is it?" asked Sheila.

"I don't know," said Henry. "I hope it isn't another fiancé. Ah! Thank you, yes. It seems to be a present for us, Sheila. 'Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tuttle.'"

Sheila was diverted. She bounded across the room.

"It's from my Uncle Bob," she reported. "And do you know what it is? It's a case of champagne!"

Eric looked pleased.

"Well," he said, "that's something."

"It is indeed," said Henry.

Sheila, surprised by the remark, looked at her husband in some astonishment.

"Why, Henry! I thought you never touched a drop. I'm *sure* somebody told me you never touched a drop!"

"Well," said Henry, still glowing, "I don't like the usual drinks—whisky or gin or beer or ordinary wines—or any of those sickening little cordials. But—*but*—"

"You go for champagne?"

"I do," said Henry. "Now I suppose we'll have to ring for glasses."

SHEILA awoke the next morning—the startling recollection of Henry the first thought to enter her consciousness.

Champagne had brought out something very spirited in Henry Tuttle.

"Now," Henry had said, "I no sooner get pushed into being married when you start pushing me into being divorced. Reno! You talk to me about Reno—and what do I know about Sandy Point? It's about time I put an end to this business of being pushed around and pushed around and pushed—"

"Of course," said Eric, "he'll sleep it off."

Henry eyed him balefully. "I doubt it."

Sheila sat up in bed and rubbed her eyes. What else had Henry said? Oh, yes, among other things, he'd told Eric to go away.

"It isn't the thing for you to be here," he said. "It isn't the thing at all."

Eric, for some unaccountable reason, had obeyed him.

Whereupon Henry had had a little heart-to-heart talk with Sheila.

"Now I don't want you to go on having the idea," he said, "that I think you're perfect. I don't want you to go on thinking you can push me around because I think you're perfect. Because I don't think anything of the kind."

"But, Henry!"

"Listen to me. It's this way: I've been in love with you for years. You knew that, and that's why you asked me to marry you, and that's why I married you, Sheila. At the same time I don't think you're perfect. I think you're a person, however, with possibilities. I always have thought so."

If Henry had gone out of the room and come back dressed in a leopard skin, she could scarcely have been more dumfounded.

"The point is," Henry continued, "you're a spoiled, willful, headstrong girl, Sheila. That's not entirely your fault, of course. No one's pulled a rein on you since you were in your cradle. Now this business of your marrying me offhand—that was quite in keeping with your general arrogance. Of course I was very glad to help you out—very glad indeed. But the point is that from this time on I am *not* going to let you push me around. You bear that in mind, my dear girl. You bear that in mind and everything will be fine and dandy, Mrs. Tuttle!"

Sheila swung herself out of bed, chuckling a little. Henry, she thought indulgently, would be afraid to look her in the eye. She'd really have to be very nice to the poor chap—let him know she'd forgiven him. For undoubtedly Henry would have reverted to type.

BATHED, and dressed in the jauntiest of white linen, Sheila knocked at the door of the room with the sofa. "Henry!" she called gaily. "Hen-ry!"

There was no answer.

She pushed her bright curly head around the door.

"Why—for goodness' sake!" she said.

He'd gone for good, she thought at once in some alarm. And wouldn't that be something to explain to the reporters!

Feeling conspicuously unaccompanied, Sheila made her way through the lobby and sauntered out to the parasol-dotted terrace by the swimming pool.

"Hello!" said Eric. "I was waiting for you! Shall I order coffee?"

"Yes, please. Coffee, and stacks and stacks of toast," said Sheila, sitting down at a small round table that wobbled slightly. "But, Eric, I've got to tell you—something terrible has happened. Henry's gone!"

"No, he hasn't. I wish he had! He's cavorting around here somewhere—look, there he is now!"

Sheila stared. Henry was emerging from the cool green waters of the swimming pool. Henry—his bare brown shoulders still wet and sparkling—rose like a Triton from the pool, with beautiful laughing girls frisking about him like captivated mermaids.

He strode over to the table.

"Hello!" he said. "Hello, Sheila! Wonderful morning! Wonderful, wonderful morning! How are you?"

"I'm fine," said Sheila faintly. "Henry, I didn't know you could swim. I thought if you got into the water you'd drown."

"Me? I'm good enough for the Olympics," said Henry, apparently surprised. "I'll show you how I dive—after breakfast. Wait for me here. I'll go in and get dry. Eric! Order coffee—that's a good chap."

Henry strode away, and several of the enraptured maidens tripped along beside him. People, Sheila noticed, were looking at her curiously.

"You know what's happened, don't you?" Eric asked.

"Since last night?"

"Yes." He whisked out a folded newspaper. "Look this over—don't make it too obvious."

Sheila fell limply over the headlines.

HENRY TUTTLE SHANGHAIS RIVAL AND MARRIES BRIDE—SOCIALITE YIELDS TO MODERN CAVE MAN—BRIDE CAPTURED AT ALTAR! ERIC REYNOLDS REPORTED SEEN IN HOSPITAL.

"Well, for goodness' *sake!*"

"Yes," said Eric grimly. "What do you think of that? Fortunately nobody around here has recognized me. But I don't know how I'm ever going to live this down. I—"

"No wonder they're making a fuss about him!" said Sheila, beginning to smile. "Why, there's Henry, and just look at him now!"

Henry intercepted her glance.

"These are my riding togs," he said carelessly.

"You look wonderful," said Sheila meekly. "But I thought you were going to show me how you could dive?"

"Well, I was—but I ran *(Continued on page 30)*

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(Continued from page 28) into Helen Van Orden just now. She suggested a little ride."

"*The* Helen Van Orden?"

"Yes."

"I didn't know you knew her!"

"I didn't. She introduced herself just now. Friendly people around here—very nice friendly people."

"Helen Van Orden," said Sheila musingly, "is friendly like a rattlesnake—on a very hot day."

"She is extraordinarily beautiful," said Henry coldly.

Sheila conceded the fact at once.

"I don't blame you," she added. "And I do want you to have a good time on our honeymoon, Henry."

"I am," said Henry. "I'm having the best time I ever had in my life."

"It's the publicity," Eric remarked, three days later.

"Yes, but the publicity alone wouldn't have been enough," argued Sheila. "There must have been something in Henry all along that nobody ever suspected. All these girls simply hurling themselves at his head. And Helen Van Orden—well, I think she's overdoing it a bit, don't you? Don't you think Henry will see she's a predatory type?"

"I don't know," said Eric. Then he went off on a tangent irritably. "See here, Sheila, we can't go on with this impossible situation. It's ridiculous! I'm going to have a word with Tuttle tonight—make him see that we've all got to go back to town and arrange things. The sooner it's over the sooner we can slip away and be married—put an end to the whole fantastic episode! How do you think I like to hear people calling you 'Mrs. Tuttle'? *Mrs. Tuttle!*"

"Oh, yes, it's too dreadful," assented Sheila. "I must have been mad."

Then she dug an elbow into the sand, cupped her chin in her hand, and wistfully contemplated the lightly rolling waves. What she needed was a little calm dignity. Helen Van Orden had lots of calm dignity. You could tell by the way she sat a horse—she looked like some proud fearless Amazon going confidently to battle. And Henry looked splendid beside her, Sheila conceded. She could imagine them pictured so in the rotogravures: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tuttle. Mrs. Tuttle was the former Miss Helen Van Orden, daughter of—

"Of course," said Sheila suddenly, "there's a glamour about the Van Ordens. That's probably what's appealed to Henry, poor boy. All those ostentatious yachts and country houses and things."

"That's no affair of ours," Eric reminded her crossly.

"No, of course not, Eric darling. I was only wondering—"

"Wondering what?"

"If Henry would really be happy with her. Maybe I ought to stay married to him long enough to give him time to get over it. In a way," Sheila added firmly, "I feel very responsible for Henry."

THE windows of the Windemere ballroom were flung wide to a night as warm and fragrant as a night in spring. Within, the orchestra played. The faces of these young people, fortunate in their self-imposed exile, were flushed and smiling. The girls, after the halters and culottes of the day, were startlingly lovely in their silken swirling skirts, their gay high flashing heels. Helen Van Orden wore a green jeweled ornament against her dark hair.

Sheila stepped into Henry's arms, and effortlessly they circled the not too crowded floor.

"You do everything well," she ventured. "You even dance better than any one else."

"Men don't have to dance," he said, smiling. "They only have to have girls who can."

"Henry!" For a second she tilted back her head and searched his eyes wonderingly. "You never used to say things like that?"

His clasp almost imperceptibly tightened.

"I was afraid of you, I guess. When you said anything to me, it used to paralyze me, almost. You were so beautiful—and besides, you were Sheila Curtis."

"Oh! Well—and now you've changed your mind about me, haven't you?"

"Do you remember," he asked, smiling, "how you were trying not to cry, just before the wedding? I think I saw then that being Sheila Curtis was largely being an act. I suppose," he added thoughtfully, "it's very much the same with Helen Van Orden."

"I suppose you're beginning to realize your own possibilities," Sheila suggested. "I suppose that's partly it, isn't it, Henry?"

"Well," he admitted, "a man has a chance to cultivate his own possibilities—in a place like this."

"I've noticed that," she said frostily.

But he refused to be in any way perturbed. He smiled at her tranquilly as Eric claimed her and as he himself prepared to amble into another dance—with Helen Van Orden in his arms.

IT was Helen who, sometime later that evening, suggested that the four of them desert the ballroom for a little stroll along the shore. If there were anything odd about this proposal, the imperious Miss Van Orden did not seem to realize the fact. Helen Van Orden was accustomed to taking what she wanted—and if she wanted Henry Tuttle, she would take him. That was her attitude, and not one which, under the circumstances, Sheila could very well condemn. "You want to be emancipated yourself," Henry had informed Sheila upon the night of their arrival. "The trouble is, you don't want anybody else to be emancipated."

Remembering these words, Sheila contented herself with Eric's rather ill-humored monosyllables and meekly followed Henry and the last of the Van Ordens past the terrace and down to the narrow footpath which led to Sandy Point.

It was a beautiful place, curiously unreal in the pale glow of the moon. The harsh cliffs, the jagged rocks on the shore below seemed no more threatening than stage rocks.

Sheila overheard a bit of the conversation ahead.

"The family's going to build a place over there," said Helen, pointing. "You'll have to come and visit us, old dear. So much nicer than that ridiculous hotel."

"I'll be glad to come," said Henry. "It will be delightful."

If he'd had any manners, thought Sheila crossly, he'd have drawn himself up and said, "My *wife* and I will be glad to come!" But that was unfair of her too. He knew very well that their marriage was a mock marriage—she'd explained that to him carefully.

The thing that really annoyed her, Sheila acknowledged reluctantly, was that she and Helen Van Orden were so much alike. Helen was giving her such a deadly accurate picture of Sheila Curtis. Sheila seemed to recognize her own arrogant accents: "*I'm* going to do this—so you, old dear, are going to do that!" Sheila smiled rather wryly.

The other two were well ahead when Eric touched her arm.

"Look here, Sheila," he said. "I've got to have a serious talk with you."

Sheila pulled away from him slightly. She was in no mood for a serious talk with Eric, who'd just go mumbling on about Reno and his prestige.

Eric was becoming more and more irascible and self-centered, she thought. Eric had been an amusing fiancé, but she had a feeling in her bones that he wasn't going to be a very amusing husband.

So, pretending to enter into the light spirit of the evening, she laughed and ran away from him—her bright-flowered skirt whipped back in the smart breeze from the sea.

She felt the wrenching of her high spike-shaped heel, and her brief hopeless effort to steady herself. She heard Eric crying, "*Look out!*"—and then, as if the cry had further unsteadied her for a single precious second, she felt herself falling.

Her hands closed desperately over a narrow ledge of rock which jutted out from the precipitous surface. But her feet fumbled vainly for a hold below. And in this same appalling second she distinctly heard Eric shouting something about the rope that he had seen coiled under one of the tables on the terrace. (Continued on page 32)

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(Continued from page 30) He was going back for the rope. Well, *that* was fine and dandy! Maybe she could have a cigarette while she waited for him. Certainly it would be rather dull, just dangling by herself from the edge of a cliff.

"Henry!" she said desperately. *"Henry!"*

She dared not look above or below. She felt faint, almost nauseated. She willed every ounce of strength to her arms, her throbbing fingertips. She could not—she could not hold on much longer. But she thought of those jagged rocks so far below, and still she clung to the ledge.

"It's all right, Sheila," came Henry's quiet voice. "Take my hand."

She lifted her eyes fearfully. She followed his arm to his eyes looking into her eyes steadily, without fear. He was lying flat on the ground above her, his left arm caught about the half-rotted stump of an old tree, his right arm reaching down to her.

"Take my hand, Sheila."

"I—I can't!"

"Yes. Your left hand first. It's going to be safe and easy, dear. . . . That's right. Now your other hand. Depend on me—you're no weight at all, you know."

She felt the muscles of his arm go taut. She had never known that anything in the world could seem so strong.

A moment later she was clinging to him, a good distance back from the narrow path.

"Just a minute," she said unsteadily, "until I get my land legs. Dumb girl, doesn't look where she's going. You know I couldn't have held on for another second—not for another second, Henry. That ledge felt as if it were cr-crumbling—"

HIS arm tightened around her.

"Yes," he said. "But you're all right now—the whole United States right under your feet—"

"Oh! There's somebody—"

"That will be Eric and Helen," said Henry. "They went to get help."

Sheila gasped.

"Don't let me laugh! It will be terrible if I do. Henry, don't *let* me!"

"No," said Henry. "I'll tell them you don't want to talk about it. We'll go right back to the hotel."

The next morning Eric Reynolds left for New York.

"I'll never forgive myself," he said, "for letting Henry—"

"Don't," said Sheila gently. "After all, you did the first sensible thing that came into your head."

"Well, it isn't altogether owing to last night. I think I'd better be pushing off anyhow, hadn't I, Sheila?"

"Yes," said Sheila. "I'm sorry, Eric—but that's the way it is. And it's not a very good break for either of us."

She watched Eric go. Henry and Helen Van Orden were playing tennis on one of the Windemere courts. Sheila turned and walked slowly back to the hotel.

She was reading a rather incoherent letter from her mother when Henry came in, swinging a racket against his spotless white flannels. He looked extremely happy.

"You had a good game?" asked Sheila gloomily.

"Oh, yes—that girl's backhand is something for Wimbledon. But look here. Didn't I see Eric departing—complete with baggage?"

"You did. That's the end of that." Sheila looked up with a gleam in her eye. "And now what?"

"Now—our divorce!"

"Oh!"

"Yes, that's the next step," said Henry, briskly rubbing his hands together. "We check out of here and then you establish residence in Nevada."

"Henry! You really do want a divorce?"

He looked at her earnestly.

"I want that divorce," he said, "more than anything in the world."

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Sheila looked away from him.

"It was mean," she said, "to make you sleep on such a bumpy sofa."

"Not at all. You mustn't say anything about this place. It's going to have a plaque some day: 'Here is where Henry Peterson Tuttle found himself.'"

"They might put it on the sofa."

"Yes."

"Well, Henry—I'll go to Reno right away and buy you a perfectly beautiful divorce. That's only fair."

"Thank you—I'd certainly appreciate it, Sheila," he said fervently.

"I hope," she said, "that you and Helen will be very happy—very, very, very happy!"

He stared at her.

"But aren't you dumb!" he said. "You didn't think I was interested in Helen Van Orden? A nice girl—but only some one to play around with while you were playing around with Eric. You remember Eric?"

"Vaguely," said Sheila. "But why—why, then, are you in—in such a hurry about our divorce?"

"Dumb," he said again, shaking his head. "It ought to be obvious. I want a chance to rush you on my own account. I want a chance to marry you as Henry Peterson Tuttle—not just as a stand-in for somebody who's gone to the movies. I want to take you by storm! I—"

"*I* think you're being very foolish and impractical," said Sheila. "Why, that was you and me getting married last week—that wasn't any rehearsal! A divorce would be such an unnecessary expense, don't you see? Oh, I always seem to be proposing to you, Henry!"

Henry grinned.

"Yes," he said. "But if you'll only give me a chance, darling—wait till I get my breath. Now—ready?"

"Ready!" said Sheila.

THE END

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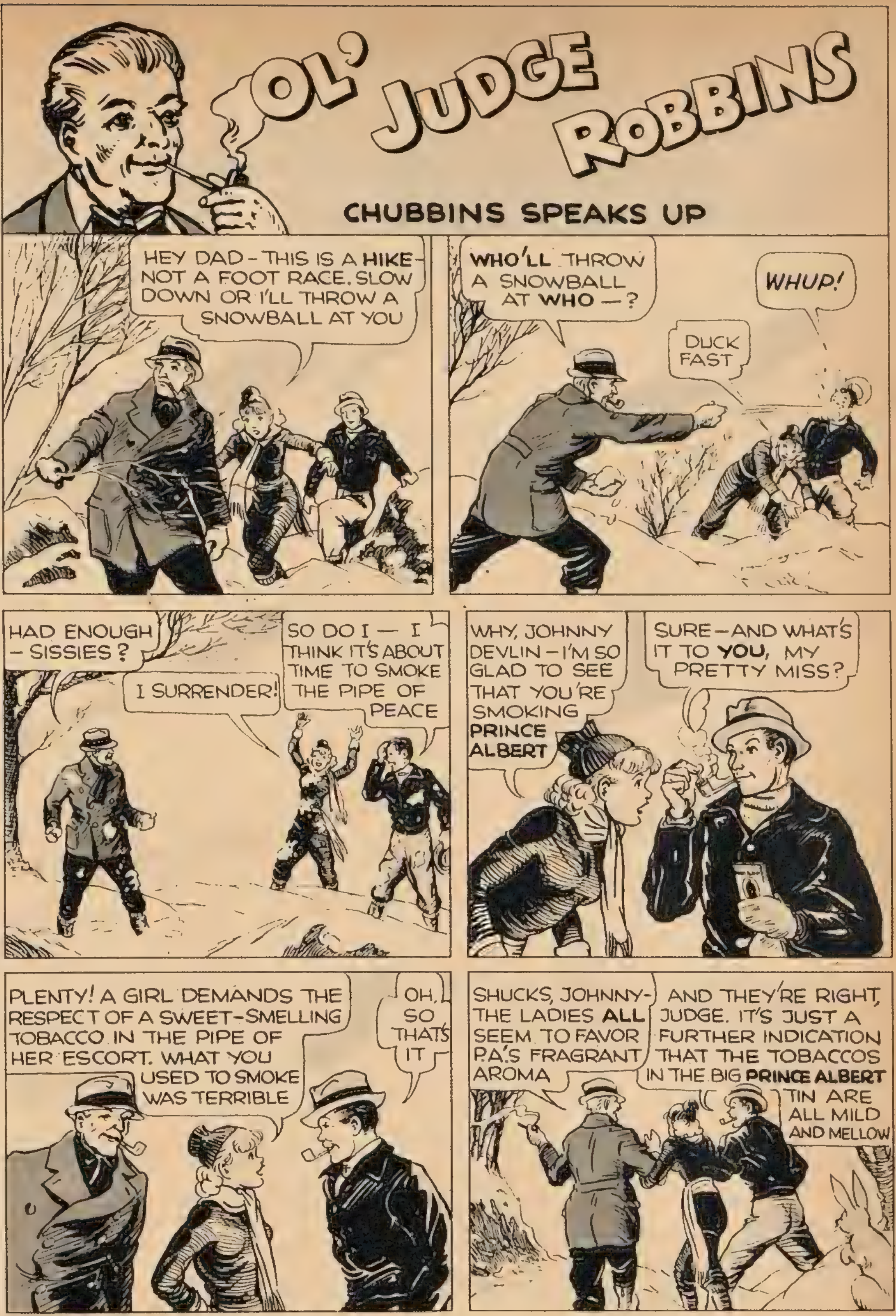
Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 24

1—Jenny Lind (1820-87).
2—Borax.
3—Jeannette Rankin, born June 11, 1880, near Missoula, Montana.
4—Swing music.
5—At El Paso, Texas; Dallas, Texas; Miami, Florida.
6—The widow of Harry Houdini (1874-1926).
7—Zimri, 1 Kings 16:15, 17, 18—"In the twenty and seventh year of Asa king of Judah did Zimri reign seven days in Tirzah. . . . And Omri went up from Gibbethon, and all Israel with him, and they besieged Tirzah. And it came to pass, when Zimri saw that the city was taken, that he went into the palace of the king's house, and burnt the king's house over him with fire, and died."
8—Less than nine months, according to records of the United States Treasury.
9—Charles M. Schwab, chairman of the board of the Bethlehem Steel Company.
10—Greenland.
11—The Lights of New York, which reached the public in 1928. (It was preceded by The Jazz Singer, which had several talkie sequences and songs).
12—The Philadelphia Record.
13—Monopoly.
14—The Skye terrier.
15—"White men."
16—In 1930, 19,050,000.
17—The pretzel.
18—Sand. Shingle. (Gravel is over two millimeters in diameter, and between sand and shingle in size.)
19—John Charles Thomas. James Henry Thomas.
20—Geo. W. Goethals


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
CHUBBINS SPEAKS UP
HEY DAD - THIS IS A HIKE - NOT A FOOT RACE. SLOW DOWN OR I'LL THROW A SNOWBALL AT YOU
WHO'LL THROW A SNOWBALL AT WHO — ?
DUCK FAST
WHUP!
HAD ENOUGH - SISSIES?
I SURRENDER!
SO DO I — I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME TO SMOKE THE PIPE OF PEACE
WHY, JOHNNY DEVLIN - I'M SO GLAD TO SEE THAT YOU'RE SMOKING PRINCE ALBERT
SURE - AND WHAT'S IT TO YOU, MY PRETTY MISS?
PLENTY! A GIRL DEMANDS THE RESPECT OF A SWEET-SMELLING TOBACCO IN THE PIPE OF HER ESCORT. WHAT YOU USED TO SMOKE WAS TERRIBLE
OH, SO THAT'S IT
SHUCKS, JOHNNY - THE LADIES ALL SEEM TO FAVOR P.A.'S FRAGRANT AROMA
AND THEY'RE RIGHT, JUDGE. IT'S JUST A FURTHER INDICATION THAT THE TOBACCOS IN THE BIG PRINCE ALBERT TIN ARE ALL MILD AND MELLOW

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MEN...EVERY P.A. TIN IS BACKED UP WITH A 'NO-RISK' OFFER
AND P. A.'S SWELL "MAKIN'S" TOO
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
P.A. HAS FLAVOR PLUS. I CAN TELL IT'S MADE FROM CHOICE TOBACCOS
FOR SMOKING THAT DOESN'T BITE, GIVE ME PRINCE ALBERT. THE 'BITE'S' REMOVED

PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS OF PRINCE ALBERT. IF YOU DON'T FIND IT THE MELLOWEST, TASTIEST PIPE TOBACCO YOU EVER SMOKED, RETURN THE POCKET TIN WITH THE REST OF THE TOBACCO IN IT TO US AT ANY TIME WITHIN A MONTH FROM THIS DATE, AND WE WILL REFUND FULL PURCHASE PRICE, PLUS POSTAGE.

(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

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Every Section of the Country Shares in the Prizes

Read the list of winners! If your name's included—10,000 congratulations! But even if you didn't win one of the grand cash prizes or one of those luxurious Rubberset Shaving Brushes, we think you'll agree *you're ahead of the game!* Every man who entered this red-hot and cool contest has had a revelation in shaving comfort. He's introduced his harassed cheeks and chin to Ingram's Shaving Cream—the coolest, quickest, most economical shaving soap on earth. No matter where you live—no matter how wiry your whiskers, how sensitive your skin—you'll forever bless the day you first spread Ingram's chilly foam across that grateful face of yours!

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A Look at Love, a Glimpse of Death . . . Life Crowds In on the Heroine of a Vital Modern Novel

by

WALTON GREEN

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

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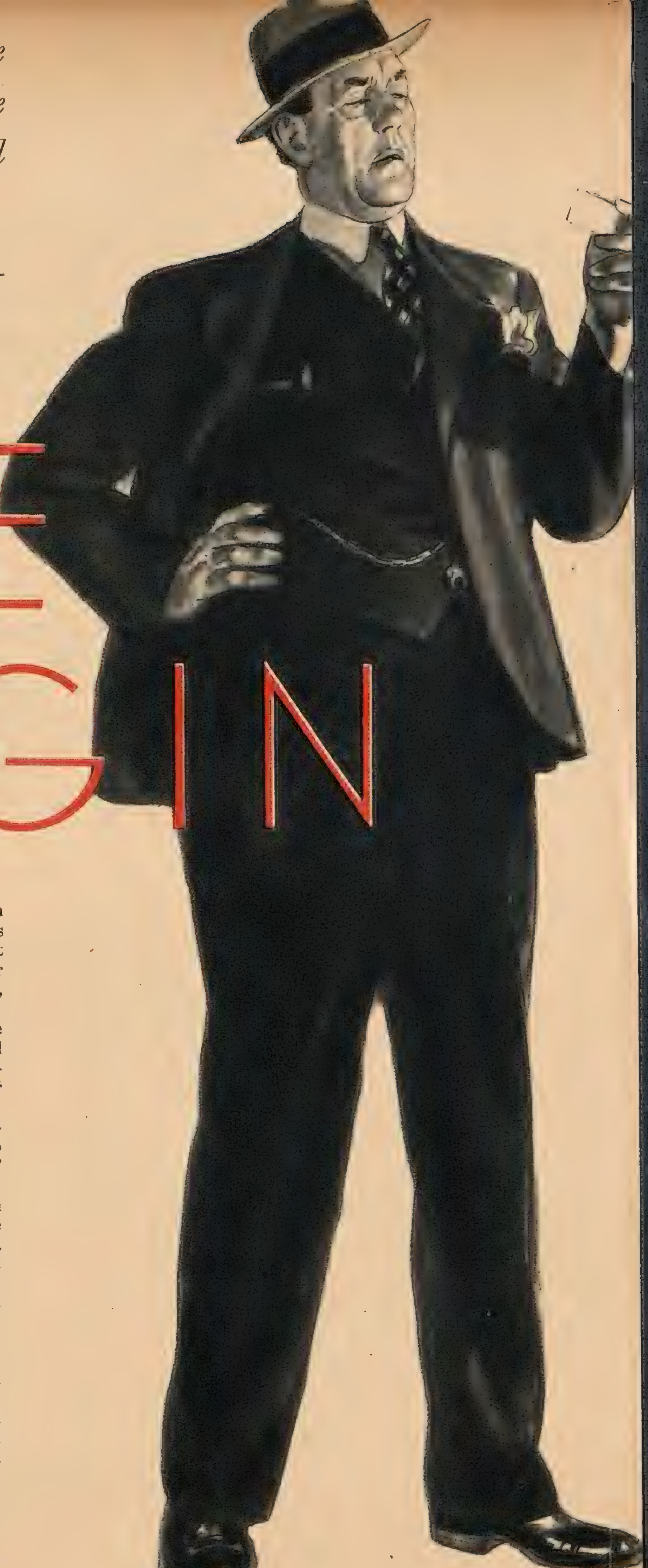


DOUBLE excitement is afforded Serena Runcival when, on the night of her bow to Washington society, she becomes engaged to Roger Loring, a promising New Dealer at the capital. But her happiness is crushed within twenty-four hours. Her mother, Lady Runcival, a hard-boiled divorcee, brutally tells her that Roger has been her own lover.

Without a word of warning, Serena flies out West, where she gets a job as waitress. The going is hard on a pampered girl, and when Roger finally locates her she consents to return to Washington on the provision he never tries to see her again. There is no explanation made of her flight.

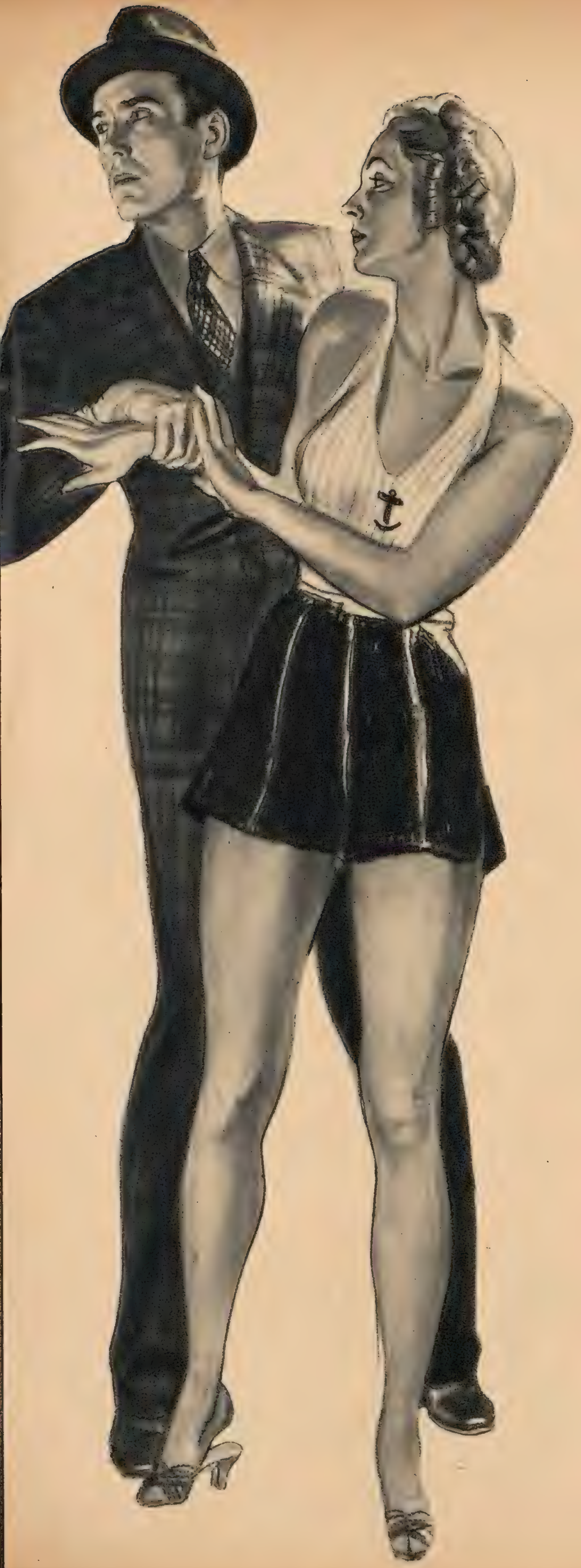
Face to face with her mother, Serena declares it her intention to live "on her own" and write a book. So she goes to New York, lives with a distant relative, "Aunt Sally" Romeyn, and begins her literary career.

Ronnie Seldon, a reader for a publisher, interests his firm in the young deb's novel and makes love to her. But both the book and the attempt at romance fizzle. Desperately Serena looks for any sort of job, and finds one in Wolfe's department store at the ladies' stockings counter. It's brief, for she is fired by Mr. Wolfe himself for insulting a customer. That proves very funny when an old friend of hers, Jeremiah Skinner, informs Serena that her mother will marry Mr. Wolfe in all probability!

Her next job is as waitress again, at the Cabins, Incorporated, Madison Avenue unit of a chain of lunchrooms. Among her steady customers she notices a peculiar self-absorbed individual whom she comes to call the man-with-the-magazine. He annoys her but she is attracted to him. Summer approaching, Serena is laid off. It is very disheartening. However, she lands in Wolfe's once more, this time as a sort of bathing beauty handing out circulars. For a sunburn effect she used mustard paste.

In this getup, almost naked in public, she suddenly catches sight of Roger Loring in the crowd one day. She tries to ignore him by staring at the big store clock.

ILLUSTRATION BY
EDGAR McGRAW



Roger produced a card. The detective studied the card; then he studied Serena. "Looks kinda sick," he agreed. "That's sunburn," said Serena. "I'm perfectly well."

PART EIGHT—A BREAKING HEART FINDS COURAGE

SERENA'S gaze came slowly back to Roger's face. She had no sense of surprise, only a dead feeling that all this had happened before, or that she had known it was just going to happen. His face looked strange and yet terribly familiar. The long intervening months dropped away, and she felt herself in his arms, pressing her face to his, caressing his lips with her fingers. She knew that she loved this man; she knew that she hated him because she had not ceased loving him. And she knew that she was staring at a clock, and that it was a quarter before twelve, and that she was standing practically naked on what was all but a public sidewalk of New York—with an armful of leaflets pressed against her burning stomach. She was conscious of everything—of her burning skin—of the man who was looking at her so frozenly—of the ghastly incongruity of it all. And so, and because it was the last thing in the world she wanted to do, she began to laugh—her low, restrained, self-derisive laugh.

" I came here to find you," Roger was saying with ominous calm. " Your aunt told me. But she didn't tell me—how easy it is to find you."

" She doesn't know," said Serena, and instantly regretted it. " And what right have you—to—to track me down this way? " she flared, and regretted it still more, because she knew that heroics didn't go with Roger Loring.

" None," said Roger quietly, but his face was white. " And I've no right to take you home this instant in a cab. But I'm going to. Where is your coat? "

" No," said Serena stubbornly.

" Get your coat," said Roger.

A store detective, heavy-footed and wooden-faced, drifted up. He had been watching them covertly.

" What's the trouble? " he demanded in the discreet rumble of one whose business it is to nip scenes in the bud.

Roger, recognizing the tone of authority, produced a card.

" I am Mr. Roger Loring of Washington; chairman of the Federal Currency Commission. This young lady is ill. I want you to help me get her into a cab."

The detective studied the card; then he studied Serena.

" Looks kinda sick," he agreed.

" That's sunburn," said Serena desperately. " I'm perfectly well."

The detective stepped back, snatched one of the beach robes from beneath the near-by counter and settled it around Serena's shoulders. He moved with surprising agility for so large a man.

" You better go 'long home with Mr. Loring," he soothed. " Looks like scarlet fever to me. Here—put on your robe. I'll fix it all right with 'em upstairs."

Speechless with anger and humiliation, Serena suffered herself to be led to a taxi. Loring slipped the man a couple of dollar bills.

" Thank you," he said. " They'll send for her clothes later." He did not want to use Serena's name. He wanted only to get her out—and home. He settled himself in one corner of the cab. He said nothing.

Serena said nothing. She was swallowing hard to keep from bursting into tears. It was not until they had nearly reached home that she had controlled herself.

" I gave in to stop a scene," she said harshly. " But I shall go back there tomorrow."

" I think not," he said.

" I've a right to earn a living as I choose, whether you think it's decent or not. And you have no right to dictate to me or humiliate me in public."

" No," he agreed tonelessly. " And now listen to me, please. I came to New York on government business. But I called up your aunt, and I sought you out at the store because I wanted to ask you once more face to face to tell me what I had done. I have never been able to understand. It is all so terrible to me—since our first night. But I'm sorry, now, that I did come. You have changed so. It is incredible to me that the girl I loved—even if she didn't love me—should not care—about herself—so that she could—expose her body in public—for money. I think —well, the other reasons don't matter any more now. I'm taking you home now because I know your mother would wish me to. I owe a great deal to your mother; more, apparently, than you can ever understand—"

"How dare you!" said Serena tensely. "I know—what you owe—you—you cad!"

Loring drew in his breath sharply. His strong square face showed no other sign. They had reached their destination. Loring opened the door and got out. Serena got out and walked into the apartment building without looking back. Loring re-entered the cab and drove away without looking back.

Serena walked upstairs slowly. She had just enough spirit left to pray that her aunt would be out. But it was Aunt Sally herself who opened the door to her.

NOW it was a part of Miss Sarah Romeyn's code never to show astonishment—at anything that was really astonishing. She glanced casually at Serena's getup.

"I suppose you're delirious," she observed in an offhand tone, "and obviously you've got scarlet fever."

"That's what the detective said," Serena offered wearily.

"Detective? But of course, a detective. You were quite right, my dear, to consult a detective at once. It's wise to nip these childish diseases in the bud. Shall I order tea —or an ambulance?"

"Oh, please, Aunt Sal!" Serena flung herself on the couch. "I'm just about all in. I've got to tell you the whole story. You see, it began way back—months and months ago—at my coming-out ball. And I've never spoken to a soul about it—except Jerry Skinner. And then, today, he came to the store, and made me come home—this way."

"I think I'll order tea," her aunt interrupted. She rang the bell. "And now, Serena, will you please begin at the beginning and tell me as coherently as you can just what all this is about, and just who 'he' is?"

Serena sat coiled up on the couch and drank her tea and went back to the beginning. She told it as she had told it to Jerry Skinner, only with more detail, and omitting the part that her mother had played. She brought her recital down to the morning's encounter with Roger. Her aunt did not interrupt her until she had finished.

"Is that all, Serena?" she asked finally.

"Yes."

"Very well. Now, in my opinion you've acted like a spoiled headstrong little fool. And you've got a lot of common sense too—in streaks. I've never in my life known any one with such contradictory qualities."

"You don't understand," said Serena uncomfortably.

"I understand enough to know that you've repulsed an able and eligible man, and made yourself and him unhappy, because he was 'involved' with some other woman: by your own account, an affair that was ended some time ago. Are you crazy? What do you think men are? And is your own record so spotless? Did you tell him about your taxicab experience with the writer man?"

"I would—if I were going to marry him," said Serena quietly.

"More fool you. Men don't like those things."

"Women have just as much right as men," persisted Serena.

"Of course they have as much right," snapped her aunt. "But just let them try it—and see where it gets them!"

Serena was silent for awhile. She uncoiled herself from the couch and walked over to the window. She stood with her hands behind her back, boyishly, and slightly teetering on her toes. The sun filtered in through the upper panes of the old window and splashed on the straw-colored waves of her hair.

MISS MILLER, I WON'T
OF THIS NONSENSE
TOO TIRED TO WORK—AND HER JOB MEANT SO MUCH
A FEW WEEKS LATER
SAY, YOU ARE A BLOOMING FLOWER THESE DAYS
I REALLY FEEL SWELL. THOSE LITTLE YEAST CAKES SAVED MY JOB ALL RIGHT. I HAVE ENERGY TO BURN
VITAMINS A.B.G and D

"You are very lovely," sighed Miss Romeyn grudgingly. "I wish you wouldn't tear yourself to pieces with your queer twisted ideals and everything."

Serena smiled with one of her quick changes of mood. "Got a cigarette, Aunt Sal?"

"Yes. Here you are. I thought you were going to buy a package."

"I did. Just last week. But listen, Aunt Sal. Now that you know the whole horrid story, what am I to do next? I mean what shall I use for money, as they say?"

Aunt Sally lighted her own cigarette before answering and inhaled deeply. She spoke seriously:

"I've been thinking for a long time, Serena. Our talk yesterday has focused things in my mind. All that you have been doing so far is just play-working: silly amateurishness. What you've got to do is get a real job, a self-respecting job. And to do that, you've got to have some training."

"Yes, but how, Aunt Sal?"

"Secretarial school; typing and shorthand anyway."

Serena made an impatient gesture.

"Don't interrupt, Serena. I've got this all planned out. I'm going to lend you five hundred dollars. I still have a few thousand tucked away from my last fee, and I have another debutante all lined up for next winter's chaperoning. So you needn't feel I can't afford to advance it—because I certainly can."

Serena swung abruptly around and faced the river. Her eyes filled with tears. She couldn't make her voice come to answer. . . .

Serena had been working at the secretarial school for nearly three months. It was late summer. She had worked very hard, and, what was more to the point, she had worked intelligently. With her propensity for facing the root of things, she had, in her first few days at the school, made up her mind just what parts of the course she must concentrate on and just what parts would be a waste of time. Shorthand, with its emphasis on phonetics, came easily to her phrase-retentive memory. Typing, with its demand for speed and digital dexterity, was much harder. The first three days she submitted herself to the regular course and sampled everything. Then she went to the principal, told him that she would skim some subjects, drop others entirely, and that she must be pushed, with extra instruction if necessary, in typing and shorthand. She proposed to finish the course in half the usual time. She would pay twenty-five dollars extra for this special arrangement. The principal agreed and pocketed the twenty-five in advance.

Serena hired a machine with a blind keyboard and hand shield from her old rental agency, and had it sent to the flat. And three evenings a week, if she was not too dog-tired, she would put in an extra hour at the timing exercises and the alternating-rhythm drills of the touch system. She practiced in her bedroom so as not to disturb Aunt Sal.

SHE worked hard. She was neither happy nor unhappy. She experienced a sense of reality, a satisfaction in self-schooling that had been lacking in the other jobs she had had—even though they had brought in money. She understood now, where before she had only agreed in words, what Aunt Sal had meant when she said that Serena was only playing at working. Above all, she had grown a sort of protective cynicism around the Roger Loring wound; had walled it off in her consciousness as one walls off a focal infection in one's body, so that it no longer impinged upon her every thought and action. The hurt was there, but it did not cut up unless she deliberately let her mind press upon it.

The summer had passed almost before she realized. Twice she had been alone in the little flat for a fortnight at a time, once when Aunt Sal was at Newport with one of her Lady Bountiful friends, and another time when the old girl was taken on a cruise by the still grateful father of her latest and wealthiest protégée. And several times Serena herself had slipped off to Easthampton or the north shore for week ends with Nan Roberts or some other schoolmate.

For the rest, and with her aunt for company most of the

STAND MUCH MORE)

I WAS WATCHING YOU WITH THAT CUSTOMER. YOU NEVER EVEN MADE AN EFFORT TO SELL HER. LOOK AT THE FEW COATS YOU BROUGHT OUT. WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO YOU LATELY?
DOWN
I'M SORRY, MR. WOODS. I'LL DO BETTER THE NEXT TIME
WAS WOODS RAGGING YOU? WHY—YOU USED TO SELL MORE THAN ANYONE ELSE IN THE DEPARTMENT
I USED TO---THAT'S THE TROUBLE, FLORENCE. I'M ALL SHOT TO PIECES. I'M SO TIRED ALL THE TIME--AND I CAN'T BEAR THE CUSTOMERS. THEY ALL SEEM SO PICKY AND FUSSY
I'D CHUCK THE WHOLE THING. BUT—NO JOB—AND I DON'T EAT
EMPLOY ONLY
I'M SURE YOU'RE ALL RUN-DOWN, EDITH. DAD WAS THE WAY YOU ARE. THE DOCTOR SAID HIS BLOOD WAS UNDERFED—AND HAD HIM EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. HE SAID IT HELPS SUPPLY THE BLOOD WITH MORE AND BETTER NOURISHMENT. WON'T YOU TRY IT—PLEASE-

SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHETHER SHE WANTED A TAILORED COAT OR A DRESSY COAT---AND I SOLD HER ONE OF EACH!
NOW YOU'RE BACK IN YOUR OLD STRIDE AGAIN. I WISH WE HAD MORE GIRLS LIKE YOU AROUND HERE

DON'T LET UNDERFED BLOOD LOWER YOUR VITALITY

THERE'S a large group of people who can't stand the winter. It undermines their vitality, makes them run-down. Usually the blood is *underfed*. It is not supplied with enough nourishment to nourish the muscles and nerves properly.

Fleischmann's Yeast supplies your body with vitamins and other essential elements. As a result, your blood can take up better nourishment from your food—and carry it to your tissues.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily—about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water.

IT'S YOUR BLOOD THAT "FEEDS" YOUR BODY...

One of the important functions of your blood stream is to carry nourishment from your food to the muscle and nerve tissues of your entire body.

When you find you get overtired at the least extra effort, it is usually a sign that your blood is not being supplied with enough food for your tissues.

What you need is something to help your blood get more nourishment from your food.

FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST CONTAINS 4 VITAMINS IN ADDITION TO HORMONE-LIKE SUBSTANCES, WHICH HELP THE BODY GET GREATER VALUE FROM THE FOOD YOU EAT, AND GET IT FASTER-----

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

Copyright, 1937, Standard Brands Incorporated

time, Serena found New York a pleasant summer resort. For exercise—which she really craved—she walked as much as she could. She had no squash or swimming, for she had long since resigned from the Cosmop and the River.

Serena was alone in the flat late one afternoon—it was while Aunt Sally was conferring the accolade of her impecunious but much sought social approval on the rich father's great Diesel yacht—when the telephone rang. It was Nan Roberts.

"What are you doing in town?" demanded Serena after momentary puzzlement. "I thought it was polo week."

"It is polo week," came Nan's strained voice. "Are you alone, Serena?"

"Yes—Aunt Sal won't be back until tomorrow. Want to put up here for the night?"

"Yes. May I come up now?"

"Yes indeed."

Serena hung up. She wondered idly why Nan was in town; why she didn't go to the club. But she would be very glad to have her. It was weeks since she had seen her.

Nan came in, looking as slim and vital as ever. She was as dark as Serena was fair, but with small finely molded features and a close-knit nervous carriage that contrasted with Serena's careless deliberation.

Nan sat down and smoked a cigarette. Serena—who had been putting in a half-hour at the typewriter, leaned back in her desk chair.

LIBERTY WILL PAY $1,000

to the author of the best short short story published in its pages between August 1, 1936, and March 1, 1937. . . . To six others will go further payments, raising the total to

$2,000

The Bonuses Will Be $1,000, $500, and Five of $100 each

Authors will be designated for this honor by the editors of Liberty upon the basis of the interest, originality, and unexpectedness of denouement of their stories. This is not a contest—all writers are eligible. There are no special rules. Rejected contributions will be returned provided sufficient postage AND a self-addressed envelope are enclosed. Simply address your manuscript to Short Short Editor, Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y.

"Toss me a cigarette, Nan," she said idly. "What's on your mind, old dear?"

"Plenty," replied Nan tersely. And then, without preamble:

"Can you lend me a thousand dollars?"

Serena pulled the foolscap from her machine with deliberation before answering.

"I haven't got but a little over two hundred to my name," she said. "You're welcome to that of course." She was as well bred in her apparent lack of curiosity as a man would have been.

"You're the only living person I dare ask," Nan continued in a low voice. "I thought you—your mother—might be able—"

"Mother gives me nothing," said Serena. "But I'll ask her, if you like. She's pretty hard up herself."

"I've simply *got* to have it."

Serena saw that she was twisting the cigarette to pieces between her thumb and forefinger. Nan was usually a model of composure.

"YOU know Terry and I are going to be married in December?" asked Nan in a flat voice.

"Yes."

"Well—we haven't waited."

"You haven't—" Serena repeated in a puzzled voice. "Nan—I don't understand." Then she did understand. She sat perfectly still. She looked at Nan. A thousand memories rushed through her mind—Nan at school, Nan studying, Nan riding hell-for-leather hard up with the whips, Nan, always so cool and reserved and levelheaded and fine. She kept on looking at Nan. This happened to other people—to shopgirls and servants and such; and even to girls she knew; but they were the flighty boy-crazy kind that were always necking. But not to Nan! Nan looked the same, sitting there, only she was twisting her mangled stub of cigarette.

"I've got—to have an operation," Nan rushed on. "I can't tell any one. I haven't a penny of my own. I'm half-crazy. You know my father and mother. It would kill them—I think. The sacred Robertses of Virginia!" she laughed harshly. "Oh, Serena—what shall I do?"

Serena found her voice. She was surprised at her own calmness.

"Are you sure, Nan?"

"Absolutely. Nearly three months."

"But why don't you get married? Right off. Isn't that better—than—than—" With all her directness, she could not force herself to the word, because it was about Nan. And Nan was very dear to her.

"Terry hasn't a cent," whispered Nan. "Father was going to give us an allowance. And if we marry now—every one will know—and we'll never be able to hold up our heads. Oh, Serena—it's just hopeless!"

"I'll call up mother right now," said Serena decisively. She went to the telephone and put in the number.

"It's just about dinnertime—the best time to catch her," she murmured while she waited. Nan was sitting stonily, two tears that did not seem to be connected with her eyes trickling down beside her nose. Serena thought she looked a little ludicrous. Finally she heard Hendricks's voice at the other end of the wire. She asked for her mother.

"MAMA, can you give me a thousand dollars right away? No—it's not for me. For a friend of mine. It's terribly important. I—"

She listened for awhile to her mother's answer. Gradually her face became hard and set.

"All right, mama. I'm very sorry I asked you."

She hung up and turned away abruptly.

"She—she's a cruel devil. She knew right off what it was. She thought it was funny. She said she didn't have the money, and if she did she wouldn't lend it, even if it was for me. I hate her!"

Nan sat stonily, apathetically. Serena crossed to the couch and plumped herself down. She laid her hand on Nan's knee. She wanted to make Nan feel that she was just the same Nan to her. But she didn't feel that Nan was just the same. It wasn't a question of anything moral—or good or bad; it wasn't any squeamishness or sense of secret superiority. It was just the age-old instinctive setting apart between the maiden and the woman.

"Listen, Nan. Aunt Sal—she'll be here tomorrow. She's a terribly wise old thing. Can we tell her?"

Nan was grateful for the "we."

"I suppose so. I don't see—what she could do. She hasn't any money."

"No, she hasn't any money, Nan. And—I don't think she'd— Well, anyway, I do think we'd better tell her. Let's have dinner now."

"All right," said Nan. "May I go and wash up?"

"Yes. Mary's in the kitchen—call to her to bring you some towels. I forgot to tell her."

Nan turned back from the doorway.

"I want you to understand this, Serena. About Terry. It wasn't—his fault, you know. Absolutely."

"I know damn well it wasn't." Serena tried to throw conviction into her words, because she knew Nan wanted her to. But if it had been herself—and Ronnie Seldon—for example? Or herself—and Roger? Ah—who could tell—with themselves—or with any other person's self?

The next day, after breakfast, Serena went to her typing school as usual. Nan walked down partway with her. Aunt Sally was expected back before dinner. Serena was to talk to her, and Nan would telephone later to find out how the land lay. And all day long Serena thought and thought. It was almost as though it had happened to her, herself, and not to Nan.

Serena got home about four o'clock. Aunt Sally had just got in, sunburned and vivacious and full of quaint quips and barbed remarks about the manners and customs of her princely handed host of the oil wells. Miss Romeyn might be Victorian, but she had no silly prejudices against lampooning the climbers upon whom she so largely depended for a living.

Serena had never seen her looking so well. She hated to spoil the homecoming. But then she thought of Nan waiting and hoping.

"Listen, Aunt Sal. This is something unpleasant. I want your advice. A friend of mine asked me yesterday for some money—a lot of money. I know you haven't any more to spare, but—"

Aunt Sal frowned.

"One of your waitress friends? Got herself in trouble, you mean? And then runs to you because she thinks you're rich? That comes of your consorting with—"

"No," Serena broke in firmly. "This is one of my dearest friends, a girl who was at school with me. She—she just came out this season. She's—engaged—"

Aunt Sarah's face changed. She looked wizened and gray. It was obvious that to her mind sexual lapses of the masses and the classes were wholly different matters.

"Wait, please, Serena, till I take off my bonnet and change into something. Dear me—dear me, what are we coming to! A schoolmate of yours. The poor, poor creature! How perfectly dreadful! I'll be back directly."

She was deeply distressed. She walked out of the room, and Serena could hear her puttering around in her bedroom. Then she heard her in the bathroom—with the water running.

Serena found a cigarette and thought about Nan and everything. Presently the sound of splashing water broke through her thoughts. Probably Aunt Sal had forgotten to turn off the faucet, as she sometimes did, and the basin was running over. She called out. Then she went into the bathroom.

AUNT SAL was slumped on the floor and the water was splashing on her white old head. Serena turned off the water. Then she went to the telephone and called Dr. Hinsman.

"Leave her where she is, and cover her up and keep her head down. If it's just a faint, she'll be out of it in a little while. But I don't like the sound of it. I'll be over quick as I can."

Dr. Hinsman was over in scarcely more than ten minutes.

He gave one look at Aunt Sally's face and shook his head. Then he pushed the neck of her dress open and laid his stethoscope above the withered old breast. He listened for a few moments. Then he slowly folded his stethoscope and clicked it back into his pocket.

"She was a grand old girl," he said softly. "They don't come any better."

"She's dead?" asked Serena.

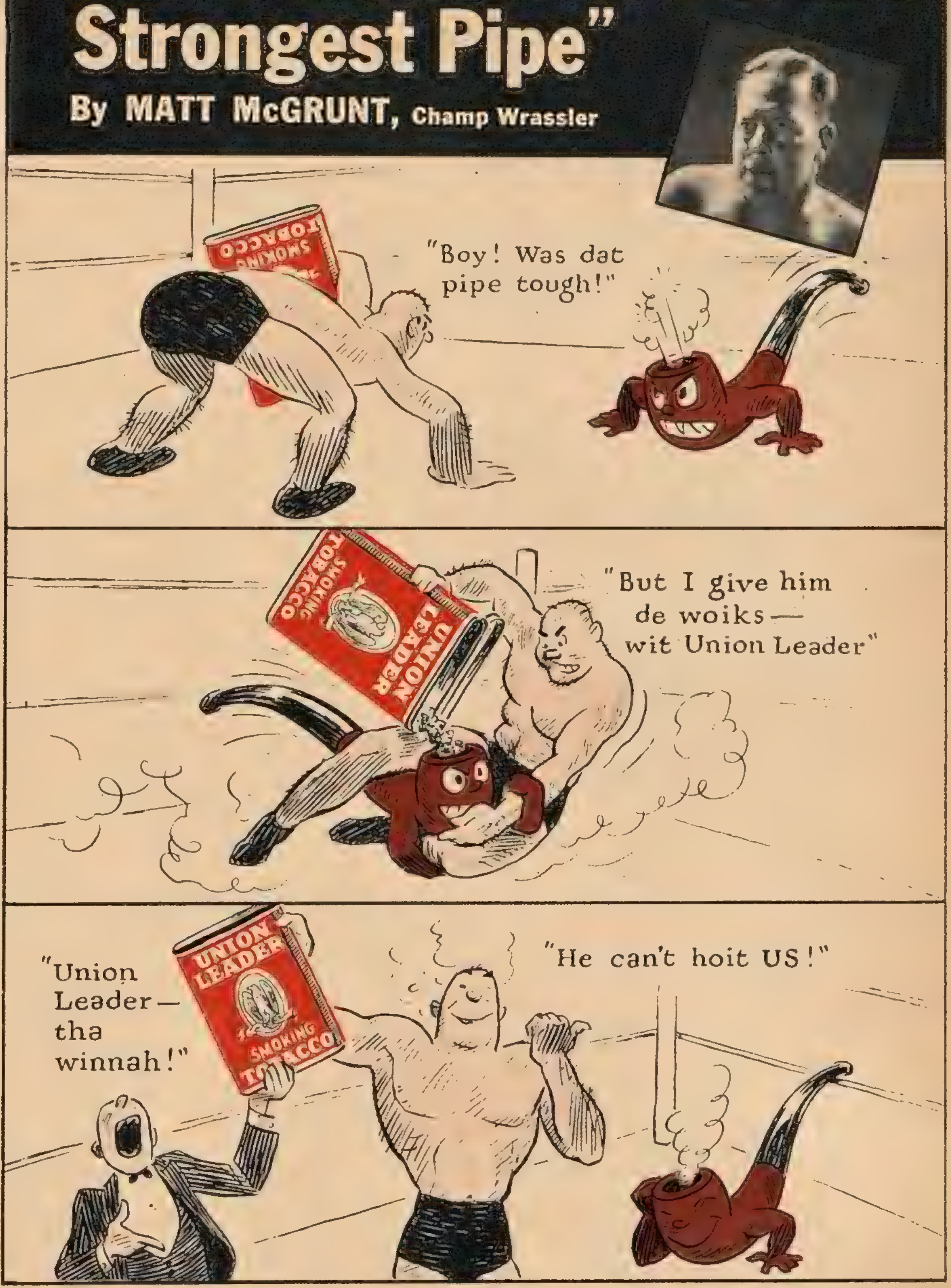
He nodded.

"Never knew what hit her. I hoped it would come this way. She's been due for it any time these last five years. Arteries like pipestems. They go"—he snapped his fingers—"just like that."

It was four days later. Aunt Sally's funeral was over, and Nan and Terry were married. It had been a hectic four days. Much had been thrust upon Serena, so much that she had neither time nor emotional capacity for any feeling beyond getting done those things that had to be done. She

"How I Threw the World's Strongest Pipe"

By MATT McGRUNT, Champ Wrassler


"Boy! Was dat pipe tough!"
UNION LEADER SMOKING TOBACCO
"But I give him de woiks—wit Union Leader"
"Union Leader—tha winnah!"
"He can't hoit US!"

You too, can subdue Strong Pipes

THIS EASY, INEXPENSIVE WAY!

Don't be bullied by an overpowering pipe! Don't take any more back-bite! Union Leader makes *any* pipe behave. Nature richly flavors the finest Kentucky Burley for Union Leader; ripens it to fragrant mellowness. But the extra "class" that makes champions is trained into Union Leader by patient curing and *aging in wood.* For a cool, comfortable, clean-tasting tongue—even if you smoke all day—get the big red tin of Union Leader at any tobacconist's. (Makes grand cigarettes, too!)

UNION LEADER 10¢

THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

UNION LEADER
SMOKING TOBACCO

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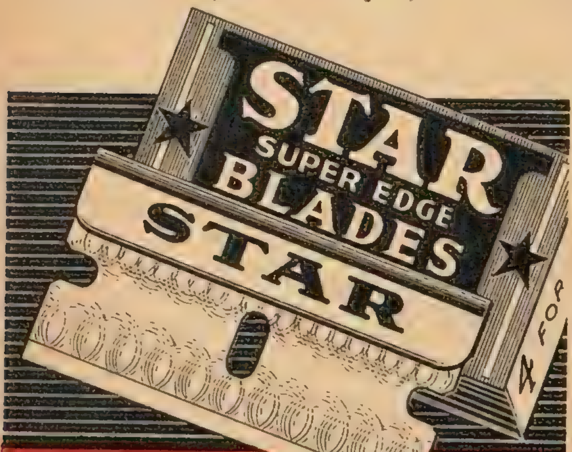
FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTE

FOILED

Scrapes are foiled forever—once you start shaving with Star Blades. Made since 1880 by the inventors of the original safety razor, Star Single-edge Blades are famous for their keen, long-lasting, uniform edges. 4 for 10¢ everywhere. Star Blade Division, Brooklyn, N. Y.



STAR Blades 4 FOR 10¢

FOR ALL GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS

was untrained to responsibility. But she had a latent instinct for command that had been stirred to action by the twin demands of death and the disaster that threatened her friend. Aunt Sal was dead and must be buried. Nan must be saved from disgrace. To link the two things, to push them resolutely and competently to an almost simultaneous conclusion, was no disrespect to the frail little old body that rested beneath the river window. Aunt Sally, with her quizzical blending of sentiment and common sense, would have done precisely the same.

Serena had learned to lead at the moment she had to. She who, to help Nan, had first flopped upon her mother and then upon her aunt, stood up and gave orders. Death in the bathroom cleared other things to a sharp focus of reality. Like it or not, Nan must be married at once: better that than the illicit horrors and degrading memories of the other course. And Nan agreed meekly.

They were married the day after Aunt Sally's funeral. Serena met them at the municipal chapel, and drove uptown in a taxi with them afterward. Terry was sheepish and diffident and slightly defiant toward Serena—like a patient with a trained nurse who knows his real history. Nan was subdued and dazed, but with a newborn and tentative possessiveness toward Terry that astonished Serena and made her feel suddenly old and cynical. Nan's hunted look had fallen from her. She was the married woman, and it was evident that the brazening-out period which still confronted them held little fears for her.

Serena left them at Forty-second Street and walked home. She reflected ironically, almost bitterly, that a two-dollar tip slipped into the hand of a hurried mumbling marriage clerk had apparently wiped from Nan's conscience the wrong she had done.

It was the next afternoon that Serena came across the advertisement in the morning paper.

She had saved the two-day-old paper in order to clip from it the short obituary paragraph that had been printed about Aunt Sal. Ordinarily she scarcely ever more than glanced at the headlines of the papers, let alone opening to the death notices. But lately—since starting her schooling—she had occasionally run through the HELP WANTED—FEMALE columns to size up the type of jobs that were to be had. Even so, it was more or less by chance that today she should happen upon the following item:

FOR GENERAL STENOGRAPHIC WORK in law office: Young woman who has also had experience as a waitress and some training in horsemanship.

Serena's oval gray eyes widened to astonished circles. It fitted her like—like a swimming suit. It was incredible! Hastily she clipped the item from the page. As a stenographer she was as a sophomore to his A. B. What of it? Trained or untrained—she proposed to answer that ad the first thing the next morning. Lightning like that didn't strike twice.

She glanced at the date of the paper. Two days old. Her heart sank. Then it occurred to her to find today's paper. The ad was still running. Splendid! Evidently New York wasn't overflowing with girls who rode to hounds with a breakfast tray in one hand and a shorthand notebook in the other.

THE next morning Serena presented herself at the address given in the advertisement. It was in East Fifty-fourth, between Madison and Lexington. An old brownstone front, with a bookshop in the basement. There was a brass plate at the head of the old sandstone stoop, WADSWORTH AND JAMES, Attorneys at Law.

Serena walked up a flight of old stairs with massive rickety banisters, and found herself in a musty anteroom. A half-grown boy was reading a tabloid propped against a small telephone switchboard. Serena scribbled her Sarah Raymond name on a pad and handed it to the boy with the clipping from the paper.

The boy glanced at it, nodded, and disappeared. In a few moments he was back.

"Mr. James'll see you now. Second door on your right."

Serena walked through to the front until she found the second door on the right. It was open, and gave into a large Victorian parlor that had been turned into a lawyer's consulting room. There was a big old-fashioned library table set diagonally in one corner between the window and the wall. And behind the table sat the man-with-the-magazine.

"Ah," he said with his faintly insolent smile, "the madonna of the coffee cups. So you do read the newspapers, after all."

Is this a coincidence or something deliberately planned? What was behind that last sentence of the man-with-the-magazine? Why that singular advertisement of his? You must get the next issue of Liberty, in which you will find the amazing new turn of the wheel of fortune for Serena.

Answer to the Puzzle on Page 23

The best answer requires eleven manipulations, which may be tabulated as follows:

1. Treasure down.
2. Boy down—treasure up.
3. Youth down—boy up.
4. Treasure down.
5. Man down—youth and treasure up.
6. Treasure down.
7. Boy down—treasure up.
8. Treasure down.
9. Youth down—boy up.
10. Boy down—treasure up.
11. Treasure down.

AN EXCEPTIONAL CASE

by ELIZABETH TROY

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THE doctor paused, his hand on the knob of the door leading into Mrs. Villier's library, his head turned in some surprise as he saw that George Villier was entering the hall.

"Better have a bracer before you go in there," George said gravely. He was shrugging his big shoulders out of an impeccably tailored overcoat. "When mother asks you to tea, she means tea," he went on. He smiled with his lips only, his eyes on the doctor's expressionless face. Dr. Horton jerked his head in a negative, said nothing, and opened the door into the library.

Mrs. Villier, tall, attenuated, her white hair expertly undulated and subtly blued, rose from a straight-backed chair near the fireplace and held out a thin white hand.

"It was good of you to come, Dr. Horton," she said.

He bowed over the brittle fingers. He murmured, "Not at all," rather clumsily. He was thinking, Royalty. It's her dramatization of herself. We all play up to it. But it suits her and it gets results—for her.

He seated himself in the chair she indicated. A perfect butler brought in an ancient silver tea service and set it upon a low antique table near the softly glowing fireplace. Mrs. Villier uttered beautifully enunciated remarks about the weather until the butler left the room. Then she sat up a little more erectly, if possible, than before.

"I have heard a rumor," she said without further delay. "It refers to a matter in connection with you as resident surgeon of the hospital. I have asked you here today to deny it."

Dr. Horton looked steadily upon this fragile woman who was the power behind the great hospital. He set down cup and saucer on a small table. He closed his hands around the arms of his chair.

"I do not deny it," he said. "I intend to present the matter to the board."

Mrs. Villier's cheeks showed a sudden flare of color. "You have an extraordinary courage, Dr. Horton. *I* am president of the board. My late husband occupied in the hospital the same position you now hold there. The standards upon which my activities for the hospital are based are the same ones by which he lived as a distinguished surgeon and gentleman. I do not choose to insult his memory by permitting you to present this case, with its unethical, even"—Mrs. Villier's low voice gave a hint of rising—"outrageous implications in my presence."

Dr. Horton gripped a growing anger. He said evenly, "This is an exceptional case. All the facts justify an—operation. Standards, laws, ethics—they must be ignored sometimes in favor of the—the humanities. This is one of those times."

Woman's primitive curiosity gleamed briefly in the chill resistant blue eyes before him.

"Who is this girl and why is her situation, which is certainly not uncommon to her class"—the thin lips curled—"exceptional?"

"The girl is Anna Svencik. She is seventeen years old. And she is ill. That is, she is unfit, on account of a serious motor accident several years ago, to bear a child."

"Unwilling, you mean, to bear the public disgrace that is the inevitable outcome of—"

"I tell you," snapped Dr. Horton, "the girl will die if she is forced to go through with this!"

"But the child may live?" Her tone was silky.

"Improbable but—possible. In my opinion, the child would not survive this—this useless sacrifice."

"You are remarkably clairvoyant, Dr. Horton, concerning the intentions of God," she said.

"God," he said coldly, "mercifully makes many of His intentions fairly clear to doctors."

"It must be quite clear, then," Mrs. Villier said sternly, "that to take a life is murder."

"There is also," Dr. Horton said, "*her* life. She is young and beautiful. Must she die—for ethics?"

Mrs. Villier set down her clanking cup. She became pallid with anger.

"You are an impertinent sentimentalist," she said. "Beautiful, indeed! Then let the man who found her so beautiful accept the responsibility. It is not the business of the hospital—an honorable institution founded upon the oldest laws of medicine. Compel him to marry the girl."

Dr. Horton smiled a little wearily. "Marrying her will not save her life. It will only, according to your outlook, save her—face. She knows that. But she is unwilling to marry the man, because she cares for him. She knows that by marrying her he must sacrifice a great deal. He is not of her class, so to speak. But she feels that she must marry him if she is forced to bear his child. For the child's sake."

"I am to infer," said Mrs. Villier, with a touch of grimly amused incredulity, "that the man is a gentleman?"

DR. HORTON felt his temper going. "There are certain aspects of a gentleman's life, Mrs. Villier, with which your protected life has made you quite unfamiliar."

Mrs. Villier was equally incensed. She rose, her tall figure tense, her hands clasped tightly before her.

"Again I find you impertinent, Dr. Horton. We will waste no more words. As president of the board I forbid you to present this matter to the members. Secondly, I request that you hand your resignation to the secretary, so that it can be acted upon at the next meeting."

Dr. Horton, standing, bowed. He tapped the breast pocket of his coat. He smiled faintly.

"I came prepared for that," he said. "I shall hand it to the secretary before I leave the house."

He bowed again and with no further words left the room. George Villier was waiting for him in the hall.

George said, "Well?"

Dr. Horton silently handed him a long envelope. George laughed noiselessly. He clapped the doctor on the shoulder.

"Keep it. I guessed the outcome. So I married Anna this morning. I'm going in now and break the news to mother."

He turned away then and went into the library.

THE END

UNDERWORLD NIGHTS

From Life—New, True Stories of Innocents in a Labyrinth of Crime—and This Is America, Today!

by EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

It was Mildred Harris and Cokey Flo, underworld women, who enabled Prosecutor Dewey to send Luciano to Sing Sing.

"ONE of the stories that impressed me most in my schooldays was the one about the Minotaur of Crete," said Cokey Flo. She was finishing her coffee, but her eyes still looked sleepy. So did Mildred Harris's. They two had moved from the "dump" into a light and airy suite in a suburban hotel, and I had come early, at their invitation, to see the new place. Both were in pajamas, negligees, and sandals.

"Every so often," Flo went on, "the citizens of Athens had to select seven boys and seven girls to feed this monster. The kids were delivered up by their parents, taken to Crete, and shoved into a labyrinth where the hungry Minotaur lived. Almost as soon as they entered the place they were lost.

"Sometimes at night I shivered inside my nightie, thinking of those kids circling around, going hungry and getting crazy and weak, getting nearer and nearer to the beast that would chew them up and spit out their bones. I used to argue to myself that no parents would let their boys and girls be killed that way. But what's the underworld but a labyrinth where you go crazy with fear, where you get lost, where you're eaten alive? And how many boys and girls are led into it every year? Maybe your kids are among those victims. I hope not. But how do you know? More boys and girls are being recruited by the underworld today than ever before."

As Flo went into the bedroom to dress, Mildred began to tell me the story of Opal, one of the tragic recruits. "Opal's family were hard-working immigrants. They lived in Chester, Pennsylvania. They sent Opal to school —but only because the cops made them. As soon as she was out of school they sent her to work."

"What is there but work for a poor gal?" Flo asked. "Work and more work." Thereafter she continued the task of dressing while Mildred talked.

The only fun Opal had was going to Saturday-night dances. Her people saw no harm in that. Opal met a fellow. He dressed beautifully. He was a good dancer. He was funny. He was polite. He made Opal feel he liked her. He never worked, but he had plenty of money. He made Opal feel that only suckers worked.

Opal fell in love with this young man, who turned out to be a thief, a gambler, and a procurer. She was only fourteen. So she was easy. She was his slave before she realized it. She acted as come-on for a crooked gambling game—like me at her age. She hung around drinking joints, let men pick her up, and had them trimmed.

She was pretty wise and pretty hard when she met the college boy. She'd never known any one like him. He was handsome and rich and nice. He made the procurer a deuce spot in comparison. She determined to save the boy.

"Let's not drink any more," she said. "Let's get out of this joint." She got up, took his hand, and led him out. The procurer thought she was readying another sucker. She'd put him in a taxi. The taxi would be stopped somewhere. The boy would be robbed.

He saw Opal and the boy walk past the taxi, and wondered what she was trying to do. Had she fallen for the sap? Was she trying to double-cross her boss?

He asked her a thousand questions that night. Opal wouldn't answer. "Let me alone," was all she said. "And keep your hands off that guy. He's all right."

"You falling for him?"

"For him? Hell, no. He wouldn't look at me if he was sober. But I ain't going to have him sapped or rolled."

Opal could deny it as much as she wished, but she used to go limp every time she saw him.

They were in a canoe when he asked her to marry him, and she was so agitated she almost upset it. She thought he must be kidding; but he wasn't. She wanted to marry him all right, but she felt it would be cheating him. It was too late. She realized that. She was a prostitute, a crook. She couldn't marry a decent kid like that. She'd spoil his life.

"Please, Opal," he entreated. "I love you so."

"No," she said. "I can't. I won't."

"You love some one else?" he asked her.

"No. Oh, I love you. I love you more than you love me. But—I won't marry you. Don't ask me why. Some day, maybe, I'll tell you. Take me home now, please."

All the way home he kept pleading with her, making love to her. She was caught in a trap. She ran away from him as they neared her room—ran in a panic.

But that night she began to change her mind. Maybe she could marry him, and go away—go so far the boss would never find her. Maybe her husband would never know what she had been, what she had done. The boy meant so much to her she'd take any chances.

While she was still wondering what to do, he phoned. He was going crazy, he said, thinking of her. He must see her. She agreed to meet him the next day. He named a place and an hour.

The procurer let himself into the flat that night.

"I've come for a showdown," he said. "You got to trim that kid and trim him good, or let him alone. What's the matter with you, anyway? Think you're in love?"

"Get out of here," she said. "Get out before I kill you. And stay away from me. I do love him. And, what's more, I'm going to marry him."

"You're crazy! That kid wouldn't marry you."

"Wouldn't he? He's already asked me to. And I'm going to do it. And if you try to stop me—"

"All right, kid, all right. So you're going to marry him. How long do you think you'll stay that way? As soon as he finds out—"

"He'll never find out," Opal said.

She'd told him what he wanted to know. He put on his hat, wished her good luck, and went out smiling.

Opal went to the trysting place the next day. She waited hours, but there was no sign of the boy. She called his home; he wasn't in. She sent him telegrams; he didn't answer. She wrote him; her letters came back.

Opal gave up. She returned to her work of roping suckers and getting them robbed. She drank heavily, continually.

One night, in a resort, she came face to face with the boy

In an early issue of Liberty, Cokey Flo and Mildred Harris will give further startling glimpses into the lurid lives of those in the underworld.

who had asked her to marry him. He was alone. He was drinking. Apparently he had been drinking as steadily as she ever since they had parted. She sat down at his table and stared at him. She saw his eyes fill with fear and disgust and anger. "Spill it," she said quietly. "Get it over with."

"You're a little tramp," he said. "I know all about you. Your—your guardian told me what you were."

"My guardian? You mean the man who made me a tramp?"

"You were a tramp when he picked you up and took care of you. He gave you a chance to be a lady. He spent money on you. He educated you. But you're still a tramp. You always will be a tramp. And I'd have married you! Only for him, I'd have married you! I loved you. God, how I loved you! And I was so green I thought you loved me. But all you wanted was my money. Well—take it!"

He reached into a pocket, took out a roll of bills, and flung it in her face.

She sat there silent for a moment, dazed and hurt. He was instantly sorry, tried to make apology.

Opal didn't answer until he was done talking. "You never loved me," she said then, "or you wouldn't have believed that man. Maybe I am a tramp. But I wasn't always one, and I won't always be."

She got up and walked away. The boy sat there, crying drunk. He never saw her again.

Opal came to New York and started looking for a job. She haunted employment offices, walked miles every day, waited in line, sometimes for hours. She was often hungry. She was sometimes ill. Finally she got work as a model in a wholesale dress house. She was a good model. She had a striking figure. She worked hard. Her employer discovered she was not only an excellent clothes rack; she was also a clever saleswoman. He became quite interested in her.

Eventually the procurer came to New York, looking for Opal. He found her by accident. He went into a restaurant one noon and saw her at a table near the door.

"Beat it," she said. "I'm through with you. I'm making my own way now. I'm legit, and getting by."

"But, kid," he said, "you don't understand. I'm crazy about you. I want you back. I went nuts when you lammed. Honest. I been hunting all over for you. I been through hell, kid."

She knew all this palaver was only a stall.

"There have been times," she told him, "when I thought seriously of putting a knife into you. That's over. I don't even think of you any more. But stay away from me. I might still get homicidal."

After that, he threatened her from time to time. He bought her presents, pleaded with her, promised her everything. But he couldn't do anything with her. So he disappeared for a time, and waited. Maybe he knew Opal's boss was trying to date her up, and getting nowhere. Maybe he figured the boss would marry her.

WELL, that's what happened. The boss married Opal, built her a little palace on Long Island, and gave her the key to the bank. Opal had made herself over. She'd come out of the labyrinth by her own efforts.

And then the procurer came back. "I hate to do this, kid," he said, "but I can't live without you. Pack up and come with me now—or I'll stick around until your husband comes home. And I'll spill the works."

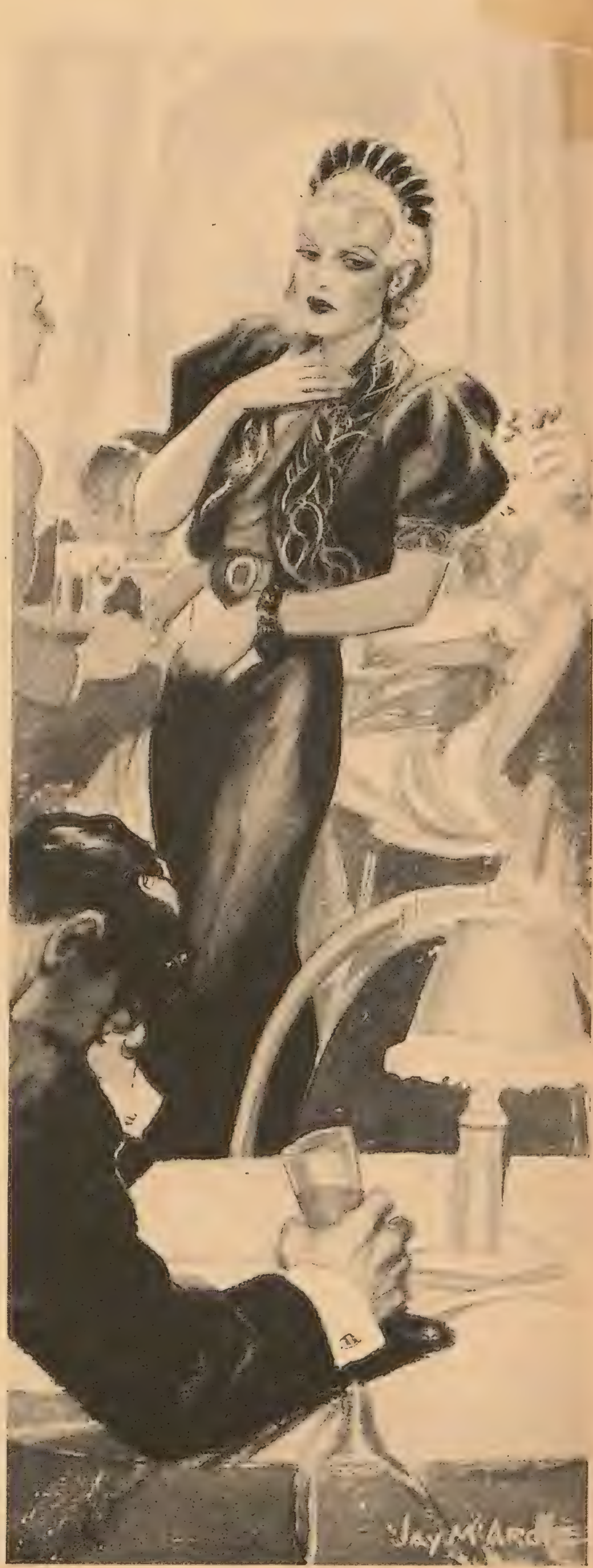
"Give me an hour," Opal said. She went upstairs and told a maid to pack. Then she called her husband. "Come home as soon as you can get here," she said.

When she saw his car shooting into the driveway she went downstairs, carrying two suitcases. She put them down near the front door. She expected to be thrown out. She was calm about it. There was a gun in one of the suitcases. That would even everything.

She opened the door for her husband, and started talking. She came clean, telling everything. The procurer took up where she left off. But he'd said only a few words before Opal's husband rushed at him and beat him silly. "I don't care what you've done, Opal," he said, after he'd thrown the fellow down the front steps. "I've done things as bad, or worse. You've been straight with me. That's all that counts."

"And that," said Cokey Flo, dancing into the room all in gray, "is one of the few instances I ever heard of where any one got out of the underworld scot-free."

THE END



Opal gave up. She returned to her work of roping suckers and getting them robbed.

CAMERA! ACTION!!

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PLUS $1,000 IN CASH PRIZES

EVERY OWNER AND USER OF 16-mm. or 8-mm. CAMERAS is eligible to compete! For details see back issues or send 3 cents in stamps for rules and entry blank. Address Amateur Movie Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, N. Y. If accompanied by postage ALL ENTRIES WILL BE RETURNED.

OFFICIAL guide for contestants! Reproduced from a 16-mm. amateur film, the Pete Smith Specialty, WANTED—A MASTER, will show you how to prepare your entry. Watch for it at your local theater. It will show you how easy it is to win a REAL HOLLYWOOD CONTRACT.

You Still Can Enter and Win in Liberty's

$1,500 CASH PRIZE MAN HUNT

BEGIN NOW!

YOUR CHANCE IS EXCELLENT

$500 FIRST PRIZE!

THIS is the third week of this great game. If you are intending to enter it, better not delay any longer. Time is getting short. Start right now and carry your entry through to triumph. You can win $500. Below you will find the names of fifteen movie stars. The name of one of them is hidden in the two groups of places. If the first name of the star is the name of a place in Indiana, you will find that the last name of the star is the name of a place in Nevada, and vice versa. When you have found the hidden name this week, file it away until your set of ten is complete at the end of the contest. Then, if you are just entering and have mislaid the two preceding issues of Liberty which contained the first and second stars' hidden names, send a request for reprints of the contest material, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing and handling, to the contest address in the rules. When you receive this material you can find the names and bring your entry even with the field.

INDIANA

Heston, Warwick, Elkhart, Scott, Howe, Orland, Freemont, Page, Ellis, Michigan City, LaPorte, Crumstown, Rupel, Jimtown, Packman, Elizabeth, Leroy, Burns, Williams, Emma, Metz, Edon, Avarado, Hamilton, Helmer, Valentine, Benton, Foraker, Wyatt, Pine, Dillon, Tracy, Magee, Alida, Haskell, Wheeler, Sedler, Hobert, Ross, Griffith, Beatrice, Albright, Hanna, Davis, Hamlet, Harris, Plymouth, Inwood, Hastings, Deeter, Hope, Concord, Atwood, Ormas, Lorane, Clunette, Argos, Culver, Aldine, Lamb, Lomax, Dunns, Dinwiddie, Thayer, Parr, Moody, Kents, Elmer, Montgomery, Fulton, Roann, Servia, Shedon, Bigen, Murray, Dora, Largo, Doyle, Dawn, Fletcher, Verona, Boon, Norway, Wolcott, Percy, Goodland, Barce, Alda, Fowler, Wadena, Flora, Colburn, Cutler, Jerome, Kokomo, Cole, Winamac, Blaine, Brice, Collett, Liber, Stone, Randolph, Conner, Parker, Muncie, Barker, Gilman, Aroma, Cicero, Clare, Waugh, Heath, Lebanon, Leo, Ari, Wesley, Tile, Byron, McCray, Nora, Shirley, Chester, Judson, Tilden, Clermont, Carter, Hunter, Ogden, Straughn, Dublin, Pershing, Earlham, Milton, Dana, Julietta, Gale, Nash, Morton, Brick, Bellmore, English, Jessup, Fillmore, Camby, Freeport, Blix, Gings, Sexton, Huber, Catlin, Witts, Liberty, Noah, Homer, Rays, London, Hall, Brazil, Burnett, Max, Grover, Turner, Wilbur, Numa, Banta, Whiteland, Needham, Vine, Milroy, Laurel, Bath, Fairfield, Riley, Raymond, Wilson, Lewis, Marietta, Adel, Amity, Anita, Carp, Cory, Keller, Bono, Romona, Cornelius, Burney, Tab, Adams, Clifty, McCoy, Logan, Morris, Horace, Clifford, Spencer, Martz, Vivian, Hubbell, Arney, Daggett, Dolan, Columbus, Kennedy, Nickel, Aix, Guilford, Kyle, Milan, Harper, Hege, Belmont, Woods, Freeman, McVille, Rincon, Paxton, Carlisle, Lyons, Koleen, Logan, Zelman, Norman, Mooney, Dunham, Fleming, Hayden, Lovett, Vernon, Dupont, Jay, North Patriot, Bennington, Evans, Redpath, Cana, Retreat, Bedford, Coxton, Mays, Ubee, Hyatt, Epson, Bramble, Williams, Mitchell, Tolbert, McKinley, Lambert, Kent, Craig, Florence, Verne, Scarlett, Georgia, Smedley, Leota, Otto, Saluda, Syria, Paoli, Rusk, Windom, Corning, Free, Thomas, Union, Rego, Purcell, Alford, Yenne, Austin, Willis, Starlight, Speeds, Galena, Coe, Hancock, Mifflin, Celestine, Jasper, Duff, Winslow, Dunn, Romney, Ade, Arthur, Mackey, Douglas, Graham, King, Nesbit, Martin, Cynthia, Earle, Rogers, Duncan, Wilcox, Davy, Zipp, Smith, Parr, Smythe, Jordan, Story, Jalapa, Ritchies, Leopold, Dexter, Borden, Ferdinand, Fulda, Ray, Roll.

THE RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Liberty and members of their families.
2. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two groups of place names in the United States or in Canada. Each group will contain either the first or last name of a well known motion-picture player. Only one player will be named each week. You may find the player's first name in the second group of places and the last name in the first group, or vice versa.
3. Save all names until you have a complete set of ten at the close of the contest. Then send them in at the same time, as a unit, together with a note of not more than 100 words on the subject, "The article, story, or feature that I have liked best in Liberty during the ten weeks of this contest, and why."
4. For the entry with the greatest number of correctly discovered names accompanied by the best letter of preference judged on the basis of clarity, logic, and convincingness, Liberty will award a First Prize of $500. For the next best entry on this basis Liberty will pay a Second Prize of $200. A Third Prize of $100, twenty prizes of $10 each, and one hundred prizes of $5 each will also be paid on this basis. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
5. Address all entries to Man-Hunt Director, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
6. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, March 31, the closing date of this contest.
7. The judges will be the contest board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Avoid ornamentation. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned nor can Liberty enter into correspondence concerning any entry. Authorities used: Rand McNally Commercial Atlas, 1936, and United States Postal Guide, 1935.

FIND THE CORRECT NAME OF ONE OF THESE:

CHARLENE WYATT
ROSS ALEXANDER
RICARDO CORTEZ
PRESTON FOSTER
CRAIG REYNOLDS
JAMES STEWART
JOHNNIE DOWNS
MIRIAM HOPKINS
ALLEN JENKINS
ROMNEY BRENT
JEAN PARKER
SIMONE SIMON
RUTH ROLAND
ROBERT KENT
MARY ASTOR

NEVADA

Benla, Ashdown, McDermitt, National, Owyhee, Rowland, San Jicinto, Amos, Aura, Vya, Decarter, Orovada, Platora, Willow Point, Midas, Eagleville, Jenkins, Hausen, Hills, Central, Sulphur, Jungo, Pronto, Tule, Elko, Izenhood, Red Rock, Buffalo Meadows, Rose Creek, Winnemucca, Smith, Eglon, Iron Point, Deeth, Gerlach, Humbolt, Imlay, Adelaid, Mote, Goloconda, Stonehouse, Herrin, Battle Mountain, Rosny, Argenta, Rixies, Kampos, Dunby, Carlin, Vivian, Moleen, Arthur, Tobar, Shafter, Proctor, Ruth, Wendover, Spruce, Antelope, Astor, Pyramid, Lovelock, Kodak, Woolsey, Rochester, Unionville, Galena, Dewey, Hot Spring, Miriam, Parran, Haws, Benice, Vaugns, Canyon, Tonkin, Oak, Reno, Derby, Clark, Wadsworth, Fernley, Hazen, Stillwater, Austin, Dayton, Sparks, Steamboat, Appian, Fallon, Frenchman's Marsh, Westgate, Carroll, Wilson, Ludwig, Belmont, Duckwater, Barnes, Preston, Simpson, Carson City, Minden, Rawhide, Ione, Nolan, Lockes, Butlers, Currant, Geyser, Wellington, Walker, Fay, Thorn, Garrison, Sunnyside, Nyala, Ursine, Lien, Sweetwater, Dover, Mina, Simon, Manhatton, Keystone, Silverton, Panaca, Aurora, Blair, Belleville, Candelaria, Rock Hill, Millers, Tonopah, Five Mile, Sharp, Coaldale, Paymaster, Silver Bo, Tempiute, Crystal Springs, Arlemont, Goldfield, Cuprite, Wellington, Alamo, Delamar, Caliente, Elgin, Lida, Hornsilver, Bonnie Clare, Pioneer, Springdale, Beatty, Acoma, Owens, Carrara, Roswell, Johnnie, Los Vegas, Dry Lake, Overton, Logandale, Arden, Goodsprings, Jean, Nelson, Eldorado, Searchlight, Crescent, Alunite, Moapa, Buckskin, Adorno, Contact, Jarbridge, Tecoma, Metropolis, Moor, Fennelon, Osis, Secret, Clover, Lamoille, Jiggs, Hobson, Simonsen, Romano, Birch, Strawberry, Winzel, Buckhorn, Union, Cortez, Hickerson, Grass Valley, Hamilton, Millett, Wonder, Dieringer, Steptoe, Melvin, Egan, Greens, Tungstonia, McGill, Ely, Tippett, Dolly Varden, Currie, Magnusons, Purdys, Silver City, Washoe, Franktown, Woodford, Minden, Nordyke, Ludwig, Terrill, Silverzone, Slat Springs, Clifford, Verdi, Round Mountain, Garden Pass, Virginia City, Huffakers, Genoa, Rhodes, Gardnarville, Lakeview, Mound House, New Boston, Queen, Round Hole, Hills, Flannigan, Glenbrooks, Topaz, Dyer, Bull Frog, Pahrump, Rayolite, Nixon, Good Springs, Sheepshead, Wabuska, Mason, Schurz, Hawthorne, Red House, Paradise Valley, Bonnie Briar, Rye Patch, Lower Rochester, Oreana, Mayuma, Seven Troughs, Fanning, Quartz Mountain, Burnt Cabin, Stewart.

YOU KNEW THEM WHEN . . .

The "Thin Man" Trio, the Black and Tans, the Ebullient Mr. Cagney—All Are Effectively on the Screen Again, Sharing the Week's Honors with the Golden-Voiced Miss Pons

by

BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 58 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ½ AFTER THE THIN MAN

THE PLAYERS: William Powell, Myrna Loy, James Stewart, Elissa Landi, Joseph Calleia, Jessie Ralph, Alan Marshall, Teddy Hart, Sam Levene, Dorothy McNulty, William Law, George Zucco, Paul Fix. Story by Dashiell Hammett. Screen play by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

THEY'RE back—that slick, debonair crime deducer, Nick Charles; his understanding wife, Nora; and even the dog, Asta—in a smash comedy-melodrama. This time Nick has to go to work to solve a series of murders involving Nora's own wealthy Frisco family. Bodies are stuffed into basement boxes; erring husbands are shot down in street fogs; dictographs listen in on gay night-club dancers' hideaway apartments; the police are properly baffled. And, unless somebody tells you all the answers, you'll never guess the identity of the culprit.

This denouement comes in as exciting a cross-questioning of all the cast as ever you will see on the screen. The suave Nick waits through the examination for the one slip that will tip off the guilty one. And when the telltale slip comes you will be surprised.

Bill Powell is again Nick, and Myrna Loy is once more Nora—and their performances are delights.

Myrna Loy and William Powell in After the Thin Man.

VITAL STATISTICS: Original Thin Man took no time to screen-concoct; was shot in fourteen days, coming out at superquickie prices; made a fortune, influenced movies in that thereafter 'twas considered no moral crime to have lead gent and lady married in plot. This yere sequel took a long year to concoct, everybody originally concerned had had their salaries doubled or gotten married, and twenty-eight days to shoot—so it comes out at $750,000—no thin pixprice. Critical feeling is that the Thin Man hasn't lost weight. . . . This begins where Thin Man left off: on a train from New York to Frisco. Actually Frisco crowds mobbed Loy and Powell so (even school was let out to see the curiosa cinema bigsalarius staribus) Van Dyke had to direct crowds so's he could get the work forward. . . . This's fifth time for Loy and Powell to be moviely married. Though it's not exactly a secret that Loy's Art Hornblow's loyal little woman in real life, thousands of our brighter fans think Loy is really Mrs. Powell and write her asking when they're going to have a leetle babee! . . . Director Van Dyke's read but one book in three years: The Thin Man. Gets his life from the newspapers. Thin Man Dash Hammett has written but one book in three years, and gets his life from having once been a Pinkerton detective. Hammett has stubby white hair, is married to a largish family. Wrote this as an original; book will come out later—probably only case in history where a best seller was written from a movie! Gets $2,500 a week to scribble. . . . Jessie Ralph doesn't spring from Belcher's pen but is of Gloucester, Massachusetts. Jessie's father, Captain James Chambers, died at sea, leaving Jessie youngest of thirteen. At sixteen she was an ingénue in repertoire, passing from Juliet to, in time, Juliet's nurse. Usually a screen softy, she suggested her ability to be cantankerous for this. . . . Naturally, there are a lot of jokes about the name Paul Fix. I think it's the ideal name for a traffic ticket squasher. . . . Frank and freckled Myrna Loy owes it all to men, who, out of disinterested kindness, have always boosted her out from failures. Was redheaded long-legged tomboy when young, the red ribbon in her hair her only mark of beauty. While girly-girlying at Venice (California) high school she posed for the statue of the Spirit of Education. Said statue still adorns campus. When cast in Oriental parts, Myrna used to read Oriental philosophy to get proper slant eye on things. Had awful nightmares during this period, always being chased by Fu Manchus and glitter-eyed producers. First time out of Oriental roles into whities, producers, afraid to take chances, carefully explained in script that "her mother was Egyptian"! Now irrevocably modern, she's no insomniac; prefers books to people; has had her married life inspired by her happy married screen life to Powell; hates crooners; is superstitious about walking close to street curbs; prefers a shower to a tub, contrary to usual femme feeling in the matter. She rises early to get scent of dew on the morning California scrub; wears gaudy pajamas indoors but never out; hates sports clothes; likes things formal; goes for peppery Mex dishes; is frugal; doesn't like necking unshaved movie heroes, no matter what their salary; has a mind of her own; has defeated M-G-M in salary combat; has survived. . . . Will Powell, who was almost a lawyer, was a cheerleader at his high school. Once lived for nine years between New York's Thirty-eighth Street and Columbus Circle, theater district. Big movie fame due to his turning suave villain into suave hero. Hated Dick Barthelmess for years. When forced to play heavy opposite him in early flicker, Spanish Shawl, they scowled so fiercely they grew uncomfortable, then became fast friends. Powell's proud of his musical ignorance; likes Florence (the Italian, not the feminine, one) for rest and prayer, Paris for play; hates parting with an old hat or taxes; is quite a gourmet and reader. . . . James Stewart had a happy childhood because his paw owned a hardware store in Indiana, Pennsylvania. Thought Hollywood a madhouse till he cracked it open; lives with three chums, six cats, two dogs: all share expenses equally. . . . Joe Calleia owns to birth on island of Malta; is priest-educated; tenored his way into theater; flopped as a Scotch Lauder-inspired comic; succeeded as a gangster-inspired heavy. . . . The wirehaired who stole The Thin Man and may swipe this is one Asta; got a doghouse with a star on it for this. Cute? . . . . Elissa Landi's busy with novel number five, Today the Rebels. She's Hollywood highbrow number one. She was eight years married; mints her own scents; keeps the encyclopedia by her bedside and rides it into dreamland; makes tapestry; practices ballet; loves Bach; hates jazz on pipe organ.

★ ★ ★ THAT GIRL FROM PARIS

THE PLAYERS: Lily Pons, Jack Oakie, Gene Raymond, Herman Bing, Mischa Auer, Frank Jenks, Lucille Ball, Patricia Wilder, Vinton Haworth, Gregory Gaye, Willard Robertson, Rafaela Ottiano, Ferdinand Gottschalk. Screen play by P. J. Wolfson and Dorothy Yost, based on a story by Jane Murfin. Adaptation by Joseph A. Fields. Directed by Leigh Jason. Produced by RKO Radio.

A MADE-TO-ORDER musical, running the gamut from night club to opera, for Lily Pons, who plays a little French girl with a glorious voice. Nikki attaches herself to an American jazz-band leader, follows him to America by stowing away in the musicians' cabin. She has just scored a hit with the band at a roadhouse when the immigration officers catch up. To allay your fears—if you have any over a musical film—the denouement is a happy one.

Miss Pons sings frequently and pleasantly. She does everything from a hot syncopated adaptation of Strauss's Blue Danube to an aria from Rossini's Barber of Seville—and does everything well.

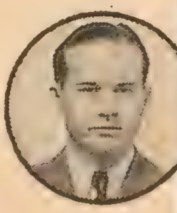
Gene Raymond is ingratiating as the pursued jazz specialist; Jack Oakie is very much present as a highly susceptible member of the band given to solving his problems with a deck of cards; Mischa Auer almost steals another picture as a gloomy Soviet-minded pianist.

Maybe That Girl from Paris is a little long, but it isn't dull.

VITAL STATISTICS: Every day during filming fancy swingster André Kostelanetz wired teeny coloratura Lily Pons a doz. fancy yellow

Saves Children Stalled in Path of Death

Texas School Bus Driver Averts Tragedy on Narrow Mountain Road



"With my school bus loaded full of youngsters, I started back home over the mountains from the county seat," writes Fred Harlan of Abilene, Texas. It was late and darkness had fallen.

"The narrow, winding road was steep and dangerous. I went into second gear and began a long, tough climb, when the motor sputtered once and died, the lights going out at the same time.

"I guessed it was a broken battery cable. With my flashlight and a piece of haywire it would soon be fixed. As I started rummaging in my tool box, a little girl screamed!

"She had seen headlights and heard a car roaring down the mountain at terrific speed! No room to pass. He would round the curve ahead of us before his headlights would show him the loaded bus... *Then it would be too late!*

"The flashlight!...if it would still work. Frozen to the spot with terror, I pressed the button, and its strong, bright warning beam raced past the bend in the road to save those kids. Brakes screamed, tires squealed as a white-faced driver brought the big car to a halt a few scant feet from our bumper.

"He climbed out, shaking. 'It's a good thing you had that flashlight,' he said, 'it would have been an awful crash!'

"A good thing, I'll say, that I had DATED 'Eveready' batteries, that were *fresh* when I bought them. That flashlight had lain in that tool-box a long, long time waiting for this critical moment. (*Signed*)

Fred Harlan"

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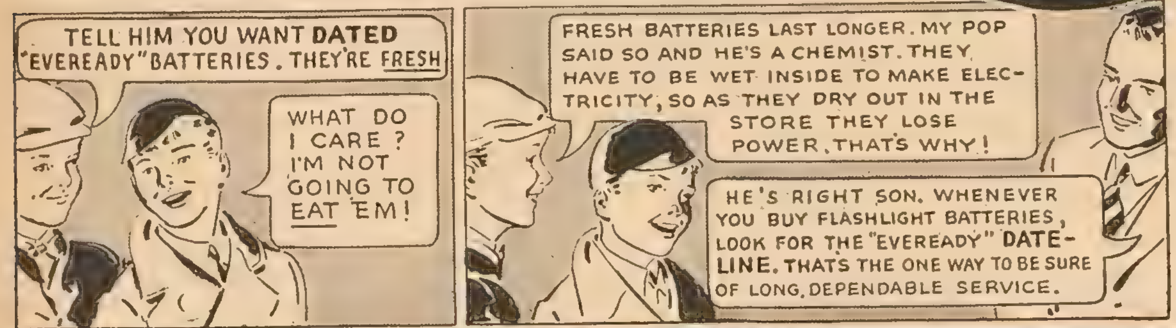
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roses; in return she air-mailed a bit of film from a day's take, containing her pretty face. Said events led directly to their engagement. 'Twill be number two trip to altar for Miss Pons. Lily's of Cannes, France. Wanted to be a concert pianist, but during performances her fingers "froze." Had her voice discovered when she was eighteen; got Met audition via phonograph records; specializes in operas with nut scenes. That foreign tone tinge isn't phony. She likes jazz and in offscene rowdyism she joined Oakie-Raymond-Auer in barbering Sweet Adeline. Hit high E in I Dream Too Much, highest point in vocal stratosphere ever recorded in pictures, special equipment being made necessary. In this, while vocalizing Una Voce Poco Far, she touches higher F. Insists she can top that! Being the calcium type, she can't gain, so weighs a steady 104, and the loss of a pound means she must cancel all singing engagements. She could sing five times a week and still not fill all radio, opera, concert engagements that pour in. Goes for 13 license plates, numbers, room 13 at hotels. Has gold locket, Kostelanetz-gifted, with 13 on one side, I Dream Too Much music phrase on other. Has 300-pound special flying piano, Kostelanetz-gifted, which planes everywhere with her; enables her to practice aloft. Biggest problem to find some one with tiny tootsies who can wear her old shoes, size 1½, of which she has several trunkfuls. Will quit in five or six years, probably retiring to her Silvermine, Connecticut, farm and sing the chickens into laying extra. . . . Ganglingly-bennettish Lucille Ball was the Chesterfield Cig Ad Gal. Is of Butte, Montana. Chorused in staged Rio Rita; mannequinned in screen Roberta; remains coolheadedly single despite new movie contract. Those falls she takes during her soaped-shoe dance are real, thirty-three of them sending her to bed for a day. Director Leigh Jason not only had her bump in her line of camera duty, but also out of camera range to get Oakie, Raymond, Auer reactions! . . . Des Moines' Frank Jenks went to U. S. C. in order to become a collegiate jazz player like the ones of the screen, in order to eventually crash Hollywood as a collegiate jazz player. After tromboning around niteries, he married a dancer, mothballed his trombone, got job as film salesman, and sold himself into Follow the Fleet. He says you get to look the way he does after years of pushing a trombone and listening to those sounds. . . . Word-chewer Herman Bing is one of best educated gents in pictures (no unmean task to be); is proud of his new naturalization papers; has a perpetually red face; is a widower, lives with mother and fourteen-year-daughter; relaxes with Bach. . . . Mischa Auer was sneering Polynesians, evil-eyed Chinese, nasty Chermans, gangsters, and Russcrooks before his laconic anemicomedy was recognized and laureled with contracts. Likes comedy better'n heavying; is married; lives with a wife, a great Dane, six cats, and a mutt: collects musidisks, of which he owns a $300 valued Melba-Carusoer, only existenter. . . . Jack Oakie really plays those traps, but that mustache is unreal, he hating beard farming. Gene Raymond taught himself to play that saxophone, is sensitive about jokes about same.

★ ★ ★ BELOVED ENEMY

THE PLAYERS: Merle Oberon, Brian Aherne, Karen Morley, Jerome Cowan, David Niven, Henry Stephenson, Donald Crisp, Ra Hould, Granville Bates, P. J. Kelly, Leo McCabe, Pat O'Malley, Jack Mulhall, Claude King, Wyndham Standing, Lionel Pape, John Burton, Leyland Hodgson, David Torrence, Theodore Von Eltz. Original story by John Balderston. Screen play by John Balderston, Rose Franken, William Brown Meloney. Directed by H. C. Potter. Produced by Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.

ANOTHER story of the Irish rebellion of 1921. Some one calls it "The Informer in Evening Clothes." That, in a way, describes it. Beloved Enemy is a highly romanticized glimpse—with a tragic note at the end—of the bloody, ruthless days when the Black and Tans patrolled the streets of Dublin. Dennis Riordan, leader of the revolt, falls in love with the beautiful daughter of Lord Athleigh, a British emissary sent to investigate the revolution. A price of ten thousand pounds is on Dennis's head, and the fair Lady Helen, prompted by duty and not realizing her love, at first tries to aid his capture.

There you have the story—another version of love versus duty. True, an elaborately and charmingly produced version, but still the same old story.

But the tale is lavishly masked. Armored lorries rumble through whole sections of a Hollywood-made Dublin; buildings are burned; even the fogs sweeping in from the sea are costly Grade-A mists. Samuel Goldwyn invests it with as expensive and detailed trappings as possible. He gilds the romance with the presence of graceful expert Brian Aherne and lovely sympathetic Merle Oberon. The surrounding cast, particularly Henry Stephenson as the distraught Lady Helen's father, is an able one. The direction of H. C. Potter draws out things just a little overlong.

VITAL STATISTICS: First time Merle Oberon and her lovin' man David Niven worked together in a picture, and much hand holding went on despite script. First day of some bike sequences, Merle fell off and bruised herself so thoroughly poor Niven almost died, falling with her every time in imagination. This's Merle's lastie in America for eight months, leaving for a new contracted Englisher for Korda. Said contract was made over trans-Atlantic phone; it's for five years and will make Merle a millionairess, not to mention make the income-taxers happy. She totes an enormous phonograph on sets, plays everybody's fave record from owner to props. Had narrow escape from being impaled by bayonet when an extra playing a British soldier stumbled into a twenty-foot-deep light-well on stage, and was saved only by Aherne's pushing her to one side as soldier fell. Extra received two broken wrists, broken nose, and other injuries. . . . English-born sideburned Brian Aherne, who plays the Irish leader, likes to reminisce about early English movies circa 1920. Bears scar across right knuckles from taking a swing at the villain and crashing fist into a camera lens. Says 'twas only a two-reeler; otherwise, had it been longer, he'd have severed the arm. Favorite other anecdote is of pompous extra hired to walk across bridge in top hat and A. M. clothes, not knowing two other extras had been hired to dump him in the Thames. Scene was perfect, but the pompous extra sued, won judgment, and bankrupted the company. . . . Jerome Cowan was discovered in B'way's Boy Meets Girl, playing smartly dressed, smartly cracking movie writer; so in his first pic he's naturally O'Rourke, down-at-heel ruffian who finally bumps off his best friend Aherne just so no one else will do it. Jerry's been on stage for years and years. Likes to build birdhouses in trees of his Laurel Canyon home; hossbacks on the desert; goes for long auto rides beginning at 2 A. M. Has fallen in love with Hollywood; will divorce stage if clamor is big enough; can learn any dialect within twenty-four hours. . . . Henry Stephenson has been pixing since '33; hasn't had a vacash in four years; is sixty-two but thrives on hard work; can't remember any of his past roles. . . . H. C. Hank Potter wanted to be a movie director as far back's he can remember; tried to be an actor after de-Yaleing; got so disgusted with getting only baby-faced juve roles he turned to direction on stage. Later put in eighteen months learning studio, from cutting the film to cutting the leading lady. Is only thirty-one. . . . Karen Morley suffers from thin-womanishness; tries out every newspaper or mag ad on how to be a Kate Smith and not mind it. Finally ate what she wanted; gained fifteen pounds in the best places in three weeks. . . . Donald Crisp helped D. W. Griffith in Birth of a Nation; is an unpublicized practical joker, working out on Cowan all during film, dropping old light bulbs during Cowan's debut lines; taking Aherne, leaving by plane to New York, a huge florist's box of old brown celery, then getting a traffic ticket on way back. . . . Idyllic Dublin Hills lie in hills back of Santa Monica. Ah, illusion!

★ ★ ★ GREAT GUY

THE PLAYERS: James Cagney, Mae Clarke, James Burke, Edward Brophy, Henry Kolker, Bernardene Hayes, Edward McNamara, Robert Gleckler, Joe Sawyer, Edward Gargan, Matty Fain, Mary Gordon, Wallis Clark, Douglas Wood. Screen play by Henry McCarthy and Harry Ruskin, from stories by James Edward Grant. Directed by John G. Blystone. Produced by Grand National.

THIS exposé of crooked politics brings James Cagney back to the screen after an absence of almost a year.

Cagney is an ex-pugilist who has become an assistant in the department of weights and measures of a big city.

This Johnny Cave goes about exposing the petty crooks who feed upon unsuspecting housewives.

If they argue, Cave clips them a fast one, along with a summons. Pretty soon Johnny is a marked man, being an annoyance to the higher-up grafters.

But Johnny goes on fighting with half a city arrayed against him.

Tough and hard as is Johnny Cave, this is a more sympathetically molded role than usual to Cagney. He gives a vigorous racy performance. Mae Clarke is again his sweetheart, unsuspecting secretary to the big shot of the city's graft racket. Edward Brophy makes the most of the comparatively small role of an ex-pug racketeer who has acquired a quick fortune and is en route to England to be a country squire.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is number one for James the Great Cagney for new company after his dramatic sundering with Warner Bros. At Warners Cagney was unhappy. Claimed Warners inserted him in five roles a year, not four as per verbal contract, thus causing possibility of audience surfeit. Actual case was not won over verbal agreement, but when Jimmy discovered Warners had billed Pat O'Brien over him in Ceiling Zero at Bevhills Theater, thus breaking an actual clause in an actual contract, court made James a free agent. Though Mae Clarke got historical slap in the face with that grapefruit in Public Enemy, Jimmy says first screen whack he ever ladled was the one he hung on Clark Gable, and first female bop was handed to one Mia Marvin, also in Public Enemy. Cagney hangs one on a gas-station attendant, a butcher, and a crooked politico in this, and as usual practiced his Debussy and with his water colors 'tween scenes. Will make two more for Grand National this year, and divide time between Hollywood and his new farm at Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts. . . . Picture made in twenty-four days, arriving on schedule, at $325,000 to $350,000. . . . Seventy-two-film-megger John Blystone hopes to direct 23½ Hours' Leave, to be made by MacLean in as many days. . . . Bernardene Hayes was the dumbdora in Hollywood's Three Men on a Horse; rode in the movies on said stalwart equus; is working on satire called Three Horses on a Man. . . . Douglas MacLean is unusual because he graduated from comic acting to producing. A Northwestern and Tech College grad, planned mechanical engineering; got into bonds; turned to la vie de ham while banqueting with Dan Frohman; morosco-stocked opposite Maude Adams; screen debutted for World Films years ago, with Alice Brady leading ladying; starred in 1919 in 23½ Hours' Leave; ten years later abandoned grease paint for office chair; writes his own when none are good and available; wants movies to divorce stage; returned from Orient recently with many Oriental recipes for nightingale tongues in apricot-almond sauce, and an all-China picture, Song of China.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★ — Winterset, The Texas Rangers, Romeo and Juliet, Nine Days a Queen.

★★★½—Banjo on My Knee, Gold Diggers of 1937, The Plainsman, Born to Dance, Lloyds of London, Love on the Run, Three Men on a Horse, The Charge of the Light Brigade, Libeled Lady, The Big Broadcast of 1937, La Kermesse Héroïque, Dodsworth, Valiant Is the Word for Carrie, Swing Time, Girls' Dormitory, Sing, Baby, Sing, San Francisco.

★★★—Sing Me a Love Song, Champagne Waltz, The Garden of Allah, Pete Smith Shorts, The President's Mystery, The Gay Desperado, Ramona, The Devil Is a Sissy, How to Vote, Court of Human Relations, Draegerman Courage, Lady Be Careful, Stage Struck, To Mary—With Love, My Man Godfrey, The Bride Walks Out.

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DUMB "JUSTICE"

The Case of the $427,000 Pushcart and a Loophole in the Law

They "Knew Nothin'"—The Story of a Killer-Gang and a Punishment that Was Too Light . . . Is Justice Deaf and Dumb as Well as Blind?

by D. THOMAS CURTIN

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THE waters of Gravesend Bay gleamed gold and blue in the August morning sun, and children of a peaceful Brooklyn neighborhood played gaily on the pavements, as a shabby man in a once-white apron trundled his pushcart down peaceful Bay Nineteenth Street and stopped outside the plant of the Rubel Ice Corporation.

It was 9 A. M., August 21, 1934.

The Rubel plant was buzzing with midsummer business. Eight men on the wooden loading bridge were shoving great cakes of ice into four delivery trucks. Still another truck was waiting its turn at the bridge.

As if discouraged by all this competition, the man in the once-white apron wheeled his humble cart across the street, parked it beside a busy public tennis court, and lay down on the grass to forget it all. Drivers and loaders paid no attention to him. Housewives on neighboring porches shelled their peas oblivious of him. Two hours later, Miss Bannister, the tennis pro, noticed him still lying there apparently sound asleep.

From his appearance and from the quantity of burlap bags that strewed the bottom of his cart, he was what is known as a "cellarman," who uses a dark hole under a bulkhead as combination office and warehouse and peddles ice in the neighboring streets. Or he might have been an ice-cream vendor. One little girl with a penny had taken him for that as he passed Cropsey Avenue on Bay Nineteenth, but he had pushed her roughly away.

Whatever his business, he was content this August morning to be a tired Brooklynite at rest.

At 12.25 a huge armored car belonging to the U. S. Trucking Corporation lumbered into Bay Nineteenth Street and stopped between the pushcart and the loading bridge. Its arrival caused no more stir than had the arrival of the peddler's cart three and a half hours before. These huge fortresses on wheels had long since supplanted the individual bank messenger on the streets of Manhattan and Brooklyn. By 1934 they were transporting from office to bank and bank to office a currency load that averaged over $19,000,000 a day.

This particular car, manned by Driver Joseph Allen and Guards John Wilson and William Lilienthal, had called at seven Brooklyn branches of the Bank of The Manhattan Company and at the offices of several private business clients. All told, it had collected about $457,000 in currency, to which it was about to add the regular Tuesday-morning deposit of the Rubel plant.

The business of armored trucking is conducted on a strictly military basis. Each morning the uniformed crew starts out under sealed orders. The envelope which contains the day's route is not opened until the truck starts. When the car stops to make a call, the procedure is automatic. The driver remains in the bulletproof cab of the truck. The guard whose duty it is to make the collection steps forward into the cab, opens the door, and descends—hand on revolver—to the sidewalk. The third man, weapon in hand, follows quickly and covers his companion's progress into the bank or office.

In accordance with this routine, Bill Lilienthal left his place with the money in the back of the truck, let himself down to the sidewalk, and started toward the steps which led over the loading bridge into the ice plant. Jack Wilson leaped to follow him. But Bill didn't reach

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2Y 30 65

Left: Part of the stick-up gangsters' arsenal. Right: Bill Lilienthal and Joseph Allen, a guard and the driver of the armored truck.

Prisoners in court. In the front row are Frank Daly (fourth from left) and Madeline Tully; in the backrow are Frank Daly's buxom wife, Mary, and the blonde Jean Martin, his "gun moll de luxe."

Left: Five minutes after the $427,000 stick-up! There, behind an automobile, stands the looted armored truck, and that mild-looking pushcart is the one in which the submachine gun was hidden.

the steps. Jack didn't reach the sidewalk. The sleeping pushcart peddler had suddenly come to life.

Throwing back the pile of burlap sacks in his cart and grabbing a submachine gun, he started for the open door of the big truck. At the same time a half dozen confederates armed with machine guns, sawed-off rifles, and automatics jumped from three sedans. In a jiffy they had disarmed the two men in the truck and the third man on the sidewalk, and forced them to crawl under the loading platform, while they swept with the threatening muzzles of their weapons the loaders on the truck and the tennis players.

Thus holding twenty-two individuals at bay, the leader of the gang, followed by three confederates, sprang into the armored car and began heaving bags of currency into the back of a big blue sedan from which the seat had been removed. Silently they worked, passing the bags from hand to hand, until they had collected all but twenty-two of them, or $427,000 of the $457,000 load. Then, fearing to delay too long, the leader gave the command, "Scram!"

They did, three carloads of them, toward Cropsey Avenue and the bay.

ALLEN, Wilson, and Lilienthal dashed from beneath the platform, jumped into their armored car, and started in pursuit. But the big lumbering truck was no match for the fast-going sedan. When it became apparent that it was hopeless to try to overtake the thieves, Bill Lilienthal opened fire on them with one of their own machine guns which they had dropped on the floor of the truck. But the blue sedan scooted down Cropsey Avenue, and disappeared in the woods of Fort Hamilton Reserve Park.

An hour later it was found nineteen blocks away, emptied and abandoned by the water's edge. Strollers along the water front recalled afterward that three men, one dressed as a uniformed chauffeur, had transferred two large and well filled canvas bags from the sedan to two waiting speedboats, one white and one mahogany-colored, which had set out forthwith across Gravesend Bay in the general direction of the Jersey shore.

No one knew and no one apparently cared what had become of the other two cars, until the New York Police Department threw a cordon of police across all main highways in Brooklyn, stationed extra patrolmen at all bridgeheads, and organized by teletype a five-state police dragnet, which should have caught any ordinary band of criminals.

Four hundred and twenty police cars, notified by radio, prowled the streets. Two police planes from Floyd Bennett Field scoured the near-by waters. Eight federal coast-guard cutters joined the search.

Meanwhile the detective force went to work on the clues which the crooks had left in their flight.

The blue sedan, license number 1-L-5075, proved to be a stolen car belonging to a thoroughly reputable citizen. The machine gun yielded no fingerprints but Lilienthal's, which had doubtless covered the gangster owner's. None of the twenty-two witnesses had taken his eyes from the gun muzzle in front of him long enough to get a good eyeful of the gunman, and prolonged study of rogues'-gallery portraits failed to produce a single identification.

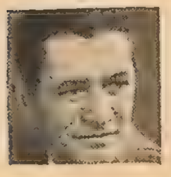
In broad daylight, in the presence of twenty-two witnesses, in a crowded neighborhood three and one half blocks from a police station, seven bandits had got clean away with $427,950, the biggest cash holdup in New York history. And, since all this money was in easily negotiable one-, five-, ten-, and twenty-dollar bills—not arranged by serial numbers and unmarked—there wasn't one chance in a million of ever returning one dollar to its rightful owner.

This fact did not prevent the department from continuing its search. Friends of mine on the force rushed off repeatedly on false leads to Boston, Providence, Philadelphia, the Catskills and the Adirondacks. For months they, and the G-men too, followed without success hot trails through Jersey towns.

Once they were sure they had their men. There was a decent chap in Brooklyn who would be able to tell them just what they wanted to know; but before they could reach him he was shot dead as he lay beside his wife in the conjugal bed.

Supposing they did catch this heavily armed gang, as sooner or later they were almost sure to do, what could they do with them after they got them? Criminal laws

They often go hand in hand —winter discomforts and *low general resistance!*



If you think back at past winters, you'll probably recall that January and February have always been months of special hazard for you. You've had to be extremely cautious not to be affected by winter discomforts.

Newer scientific facts help to explain why. You find it more difficult to keep well in these particular months, because it's the time of year when your *general resistance* is likely to be low!

The sensible thing for you to do this winter is not to wait until you're made uncomfortable, but to prepare yourself ahead! Use certain measures *while you are well* which help you remain in good health. *Adex* may prove an invaluable aid.

Each Adex tablet or capsule supplies Vitamin A, which contributes more directly than any other vitamin to good general resistance; also Vitamin D, the "sunshine" vitamin so necessary these dreary days.

Both vitamins—A and D—are taken only from rich *natural* sources, such as good cod and halibut liver oil.

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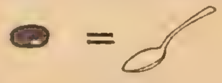


One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

and criminal lawyers being what they were, they could hardly hope to pin the Brooklyn robbery or any other specific crime on those daring and elusive crooks. After a long and expensive trial—in which they would plead the "I don't know nothin'" defense—the gang would once more thumb their noses at justice and go back to their death-dealing business.

The New York Police Department had been up against this Arsenal Gang before. The "pushcart holdup" was the third raid that had been pulled off under suspiciously similar circumstances within a brief period in and around New York. The $23,000 robbery of the Prudential Savings Bank in the Flatlands section of Brooklyn had borne the earmarks of the same gang. So had the unauthorized withdrawal of $130,000 from a Penns Grove, New Jersey, bank earlier in that same year.

"Yes, I killed him," she said. "But—" And the jury let her go free, a masterly lawyer having guided her through the law's "emotional appeal" loophole. How? Mr. Curtin will show you in Liberty next week.

But it took the superlative effrontery of this Gravesend robbery and the superlative amount of cash involved to rouse public sentiment. In one way and another the public, including the legislators, was made to believe that something would have to be done about this machine-gun business.

It was time. A large and growing group of liberty-loving Americans was coming to rank these mechanical toys, along with toothbrushes, radios, and streamlined automobiles, as necessary to the happiness of every American home. But now there came into existence a statute known as the Machine Gun Law, which made the felonious possession of an instrument which could fire six hundred shots a minute a crime punishable in the case of first offenders with three and a half to seven years in prison; and in the case of old offenders, seven to fourteen years.

ARMED with this new legal ammunition, the New York Police Department went after the Arsenal Gang with new hope. These desperadoes, if brought to bar, might not get what they deserved, but they would get *something*. For seven to fourteen years the sidewalks of New York would be free of them. Henceforth traveling men with suitcases were objects of immediate suspicion, and musicians with violin cases were not safe at large!

But for all this police vigilance, the gang successfully maintained their heartbreaking elusiveness.

It was not until March, 1936, that the tip-off came to my friend Captain Martin Owens of the Seventeenth Precinct. A woman with a peeve spilled the news that the Arsenal Gang was hiding out right in Marty Owens's district, in a seventeen-room boardinghouse on West Ninetieth Street near Riverside Drive.

Owens sent his picked men to a near-by café for a solid evening meal. "Better eat a good one, boys," he said. "It may be your last."

There was nothing humorous about this remark. The big-gun boys would be alert. Owens knew that. They weren't the cheap type of gangsters. They didn't drink or take dope. They were fighting men, accustomed to shooting their way out.

Knowing these things, Owens and his boys—Crimmins, McFarland, and McGowan—didn't rush the Ninetieth Street house. Once inside the door of that armed stronghold, they knew they would be like soldiers crossing no man's land. What they needed for their tour was a guide, a man or a woman from Cook's.

An hour of patient waiting gave them their woman—an obviously respectable young lady who had been visiting another, a hard-working secretary who chanced to have taken a room in this house. A flash of their shields was all that was needed to persuade her to turn back, ring the bell, and gain admittance on the excuse of having left something in her friend's room.

THE landlady opened the door. And such a landlady! The moment she stuck her head through the crack, Owens, standing at the side, recognized her as Madeline Tully herself, the best known—or worst known—landlady in New York, to whose house in the Gay Nineties, the morning after Vivian Gordon was killed, Harry Stein took the mysterious mink coat and the thousand-dollar ring. Hell had broken loose one night in Madeline's house when she was doing business on the East Side—but we won't go into that now. East Side, West Side, Madeline Tully was a "good" landlady who always watched over her boys.

It was a cinch for a fast man like Owens to slip in after the girl and forcibly persuade Mrs. Tully to make no outcry. He perceived at once that the occupants of the front hall could be seen and fired upon, down the stair well, from any of the three upper floors.

Four detectives downstairs with revolvers. Seven killers upstairs with machine guns.

Every move now was life or death.

Marty Owens is an Irishman and a gallant. But he didn't waste any time on ceremony as he backed Mother Tully into her first-floor front and nodded to his companions to close the sliding doors.

"Sorry to bother you, Mrs. Tully," he began, "but I want a list of your boarders, and I want it quick."

"Certainly." Madeline, as was her unbroken custom, maintained a landladylike calm. "There's Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So in Number Nine, a most desirable couple, and Miss What's-Her-Name, the secretary lady—"

"Look here," said Owens. "You know who we're after. Where are they?"

Well, Mr. Daly and five of his friends were playing cards in Number One, and Mrs. Daly and Miss Martin were doubtless engaged in some equally innocent game in Number Two. Number One, Madeline said, was Mr. Daly's sitting room, Number Two his bedroom.

"O. K.; take us up to Number One," whispered Owens. "Knock on the door. Say you're Mrs. Tully. *Nothing else!*"

The woman led the way up the stair. The detectives, facing instant death, followed. At the top she veered suddenly toward Number Two. Owens was too quick for her. He knew well that if he and his boys turned that way, they would be shot in the back from Number One.

"Knock on *that* door!" he commanded, pulling her sharply around and heading her toward Number One. "Just say you're Mrs. Tully—not another word!"

The landlady obeyed, then started to add, "There's—"

Marty Owens's hands closed over her windpipe. The door opened, and he, McGowan, and McFarland rushed in, the first two with one gun each, the last with two. Officer Crimmins guarded the corridor outside.

The man who opened the door, presumably Daly, was told to reach for the ceiling. He did. The other five—Murphy, Kane, Campbell, Devine, and Ackalities—jumped to their feet but were covered. In the room, but fortunately beyond the reach of the surprised gunmen, was a fitted suitcase—fitted with three sawed-off shotguns; also tools and dies, handcuffs, the retractor pin of an automatic, and three silencers for rifles.

Daly, obviously the leader of the gang, expressed pain and surprise at the contents of the case. No; bless your sleuthing hearts, it wasn't *his!* It just happened to be in his room because a careless fellow lodger, one Thompson, had left it there when he shuffled off to Buffalo a few days before.

The old army "I don't know nothin'" game again!

Owens marched his prisoners across the hall, where Mother Tully was closeted with as strangely assorted a pair of gun molls as ever met the detective eye.

Mary Daly, the gang leader's wife, was—well, Marty Owens had seen all kinds, but he had seldom seen so young a woman—she was only twenty-two—who was so fat. Jean Martin, Daly's mistress, although three years older than his wife, was in the full bloom of her accentuated blonde beauty, a gun moll de luxe.

But Owens and his men were not in the mood for the fat or the symmetrical. They were looking for rods—and they found plenty of them: .30-30 high-powered rifles, whose bores fitted the silencers found in the absent Mr. Thompson's bag. Like their lord and master, the ladies were surprised and pained when crude detective hands, mussing around in a closet among their smart street and evening frocks, produced these instruments of death.

Guns, in the Gay Nineties, must get into closets like moths—but a good lawyer, no doubt, could explain away such embarrassing afflictions.

Lawyers, however, were the last resort, not the first, of this shoot-to-kill gang. Frank Daly had edged himself to the far end of the long line of prisoners, near the window, which was open two or three inches. On the window sill outside, cocked for just such an emergency, lay a .45 automatic. A fast step, a thrust of the hand—

"Look out, Frank!" shouted McGowan to McFarland.

But it was Crimmins who sprang at Daly's neck before he could turn with the pistol, and felled him. Later, at his trial, Judge Collins told Daly:

"If they had been G-men instead of New York detectives, they would have shot you instead of hitting you."

On the third floor—where, by the way, Ryan, a seventh member of the gang, was discovered in bed—the detectives found a heavy steel safe six feet high, the combination of which Mrs. Tully professed not to know. "It just came with the house," she explained. "It hasn't been opened since I took over the place, several years ago."

Captain Owens decided that it had better be opened now. An acetylene torch neatly accommodated. Within were two machine guns, three Colt automatics, one of which—an army revolver, the property of the United States—was mysteriously shy one retractor pin; two

WHAT A LUCKY BREAK THAT TOOTHACHE WAS!
LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT IT. I HAD JUST BEEN FIRED—ALTHOUGH I KNEW MY WORK WAS GOOD...
SORRY, BROWN, BUT WE'RE CUTTING DOWN
THEN MY GIRL THREW ME OVER
YES, PHIL, I LOVE YOU, BUT I WON'T MARRY YOU
AND TO TOP IT ALL, THIS TOOTH BEGAN TO ACHE. SO I WENT TO THE DENTIST. HE PULLED THE TOOTH AND THEN SAID...
BROWN, DO YOU KNOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH? THAT'S WHY I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS
AND SINCE THAT TIP ON COLGATE'S...
I HAVE MY JOB BACK... HELEN'S CHANGED HER MIND... AND I'M THE HAPPIEST MAN ALIVE!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau
20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from *improperly cleaned teeth.* Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special *penetrating* foam, removes the *cause*—the decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth which are the source of most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel—makes teeth sparkle!

MAKES TEETH CLEANER AND BRIGHTER, TOO!

THIS BEAUTY SAYS:
"When nature's lax I take Olive Tablets"

Most people would rarely have to resort to harsh purges if they kept tabs on Nature.

Usually a mild laxative like Olive Tablets is all one needs to assist Nature on the second day.

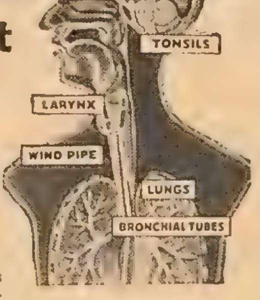
Once the exclusive prescription of a practicing physician, Olive Tablets are now an established proprietary, welcomed by millions because they are so easy to take and so mild.

It is simple to keep tabs on yourself. Always have Olive Tablets on your bathroom shelf as a reminder on the second day. Three sizes, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All druggists.

DR. EDWARDS'
Olive Tablets
THE LAXATIVE
OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

1937 GOV'T JOBS
Start $1260 to $2100 year
MEN—WOMEN. Many 1937 appointments. Social Security means many jobs. Write immediately for free 32-page book, with list of Civil Service positions and full particulars telling how to get them. RUSH.
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. A 220 Rochester, N. Y.

COUGHS...
Get After That Cough Today with PERTUSSIN



Pertussin is so good for coughs that over ONE MILLION PRESCRIPTIONS were filled in a single year. This estimate is based on a Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by the American Pharmaceutical Association.

It relieves coughs quickly by stimulating the tiny moisture glands in your throat and bronchial tract to pour out their natural moisture so that sticky, irritating phlegm is easily raised. Coughing is relieved—your throat is soothed.

Save money by buying the big economical-size bottle—enough for your whole family. Or, try Pertussin first at our expense. Use coupon below for FREE trial bottle.

30¢ Prescription FREE
PERTUSSIN
Seeck & Kade, Inc., Dept. AC-13
440 Washington Street, N. Y. C.
Please send me 2-oz. prescription of Pertussin FREE . . . by return mail.
Name____
Address____

.30-30 rifles, one with a homemade sawed-off stock; and thousands of rounds of ammunition.

Several of these weapons were carefully wrapped in newspapers to prevent giveaway rattlings when taken out on the job. The papers, in view of Mrs. Tully's assurance that the safe had not been opened in several years, were especially interesting. They were dated January 10, 16, and 20, 1936, and March 5 and 11, 1936.

In the garage, in back of the house, the detectives found more guns and ammunition, loaded clips for automatics, New York and Michigan 1936 license plates, and two gang cars with expensive two-way radios.

The Police Department of New York City is still forced to operate on a one-way radio system!

The trial? Well, it was hot stuff. The ten prisoners—Madeline had been taken along with the others after the incident of the unopened safe—and an almost equal number of attorneys, known to the Bar Association as criminal lawyers but referred to by the underworld and the police as mouthpieces, were strung along the inside of the rail in baffling promiscuity.

AGAINST this array stood Charlie Pilatsky, bantamweight Assistant District Attorney, assigned by District Attorney Dodge to try this most important case. Pilatsky—the "bloodhound" of the D. A.'s office—measures, when he draws himself up to his full height, five feet one. But his vibrant voice reaches the most slumberous corner of the courtroom, and his eyes pierce a witness to his conscience or a juror to his guts.

Charlie enjoyed this trial eight times as much as he did most, because he had eight times as many lawyers to fight!

Arbiter in the seemingly uneven combat loomed the hefty form of Cornelius Collins, perhaps the best known judge in New York, whose Irish eyes can flash thunderbolts or can radiate humor and kindliness.

Perhaps arbiter is not the word for Judge Collins. He refuses to accept the prevalent conception of a presiding justice as a referee on rules in a sparring match between the D. A. and counsel for the defense. His attitude is more like that of an English judge, whose sole purpose is to arrive at the truth of the matter by common-sense methods and not waste time on pseudo-legal bunk.

In a case of this character he is magnificent. When a high-salaried defense lawyer starts on a line of sharp, unethical, or illegal procedure, his square jaw hardens until it looks like the Old Man of the Mountains up in New Hampshire. Several times a day in this Arsenal Gang case, his jaw turned to granite. And it helped a lot. For it was Judge Collins's courageous rulings, backed by the rapierlike tactics of Charlie Pilatsky and that exhibit of telltale lethal weapons which made possible the conviction of all ten defendants under the newly enacted Machine Gun Law.

In theory the result of this case was a great victory for a vigilant Police Department and a courageous District Attorney. In fact it was a burning shame.

These men were no ordinary stick-up artists, second-story workers, or gypping racketeers. They not only shot their way into and out of banks, killed policemen who dared to pursue them, and terrorized the community generally, but they were determined to control, absorb, or drive out all competing bank-robbing and holdup gangs in the territory over which they chose to exercise their feudal sway. Already this realm embraced Pennsylvania, New York, and New England. Soon it would embrace the nation.

In short, these men—whose one and only punishable offense in the eyes of the law was the possession of a machine gun—aspired to be, and were in a fair way to become, the Gang of Gangs.

Beginning with young Mickey Kane, whose skin was as delicate as that of a girl who follows the soap ads, and who came into court, as Marty Owens expressed it, "all shined up like an altar boy," and ending with tough red-eyed Joe Murphy, whose ill-assorted features seemed too crowded for comfort, and not forgetting Joe Devine, the poet laureate of the gang, these men were killers.

Every one of them should have got from twenty years to life.

Yet District Attorney Dodge and his advisers, knowing well the loopholes in the law—especially the always useful "I don't know nothin'" loophole—were forced to try these robbers and murderers on a technical statutory charge which carried with it a maximum penalty of from seven to fourteen years. Justice, in these 1937 United States, is indeed deaf, dumb, and blind!

THE END

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

Pushcart versus armored car!

To the layman there would seem to be only one possible result of such a battle. But in this amazing tale of the notorious Arsenal Gang the humble pushcart came out on top to the tune of nearly half a million dollars.

Police Chief Thatcher Colt says that this result was no accident. He believes that local ordinances should be passed in all communities requiring the policeman on the beat to make a thorough inspection of the innocent-looking litter in every itinerant huckster's wagon which comes within his jurisdiction.

The fact that such inspection might be made at any moment would soon rid our streets of a too little recognized menace and successfully forestall a repetition of such costly and dangerous incidents as Mr. Curtin so eloquently describes.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3 P. M., E. S. T.

Mr. Dunkle's DIARY

Travel by Thumb . . . Use for a Canyon . . . A Saga of Trouble for Two

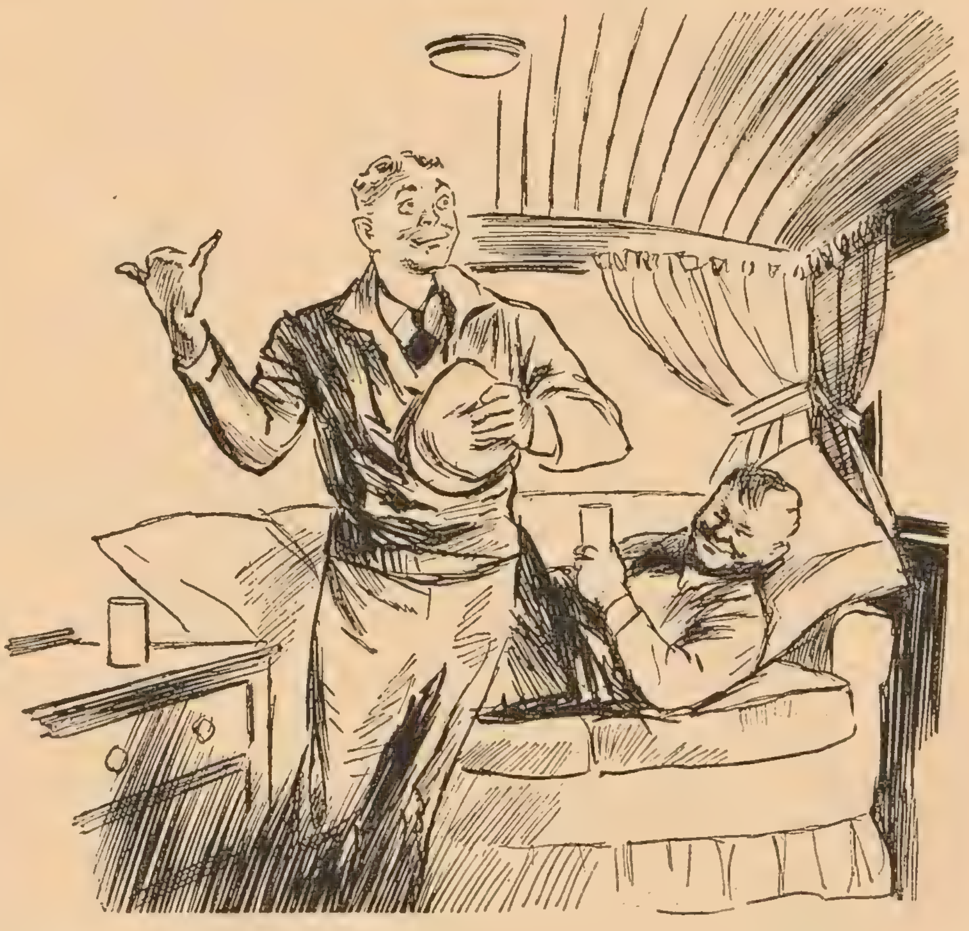
by NORMAN ANTHONY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

MONDAY: *En route to California.* Up betimes, leaving Salt Lake City and heading our trailer southward, singing to my dear wife, "Utah the high road and I'll tah the low road," and we did pick up a gentleman named Crunch, who did inform us he had graduated "thumb laude" from a hitchhiking school and thumbed his way to the top of his profession.

He did add that the hitchhiking business was becoming overcrowded and that recently he had dislocated his thumb trying to hail a woman driver.

So on until dusk, Mr. Crunch regaling us with his experiences, and we did stop for the night in the Fishlake National Forest, where I did suggest to him that if he so desired he might sleep in the back seat of the car.


He did give me some lessons in advanced thumbing, amazing me with the complexities of the art.

TUESDAY: Up late, my dear wife offering to drive; so Mr. Crunch and I did repair to the trailer, where we did indulge in a little light drinking and he did give me some lessons in advanced thumbing, amazing me with the complexities of the art.

For example, when hailing a Ford the thumb is wiggled in a jerky motion, whereas in thumbing a Rolls-Royce the little finger is extended and the hat held against the heart.

After that he did teach me the college yell:

Who are we! Who are we!
We're the thumbing fraternity!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Sis! thumb! Ah!
Hitchy Koo! Hitchy Koo!
Hitchy Koo!

My wife came to ascertain the cause of all the shouting, and she did inform us that we were on the edge of the Grand Canyon, whereupon Mr. Crunch and I did collect all the razor blades in the trailer and did throw them in, my dear wife remarking *sotto voce* that she wished I would do the same with Mr. Crunch.

WEDNESDAY: Up late, spending most of the day inspecting the canyon, and as I did lean over the edge I did remark to my wife that this was undoubtedly the greatest hang-over I had ever experienced, causing her to retort that between us she didn't know which was the biggest void.

So on our way, parking for the night near the Hualpai Indian Reservation, but we did find ourselves unable to sleep owing to the war cries of the natives and I did remark to my wife that there must be an Indian uprising, only to find out later from Mr. Crunch that the noise came from a party of revelers in a neighboring trailer.

THURSDAY: Up betimes browsing about the reservation, where we did purchase a couple of Indian blankets for Mr. Crunch, and after paying the bill I did remark to my wife that now she knew how it felt to be scalped, and when she did discover a label on one of the blankets which said, "Made in Connecticut" she did let out a war whoop which would have made any chief jealous. So on until dusk, parking in a spot which, until I sat down by the side of the road, I didn't know was Cactus Pass!

FRIDAY: Up and away early, arriving at Boulder Dam around noon, and upon seeing it I did make comment to Mr. Crunch and my dear wife that if all the holes in the pockets of the taxpayers were put together they'd make a much bigger depression, my wife adding that my profound statement almost boulder over. So with a party of tourists we did descend some five hundred feet in an elevator, and when I did ask the guide to stop at the bargain basement my wife did poke me with no little vigor.

So up again, and when my dear wife did inquire why they had dug such a tremendous hole I did inform her that it was none of her dam business.

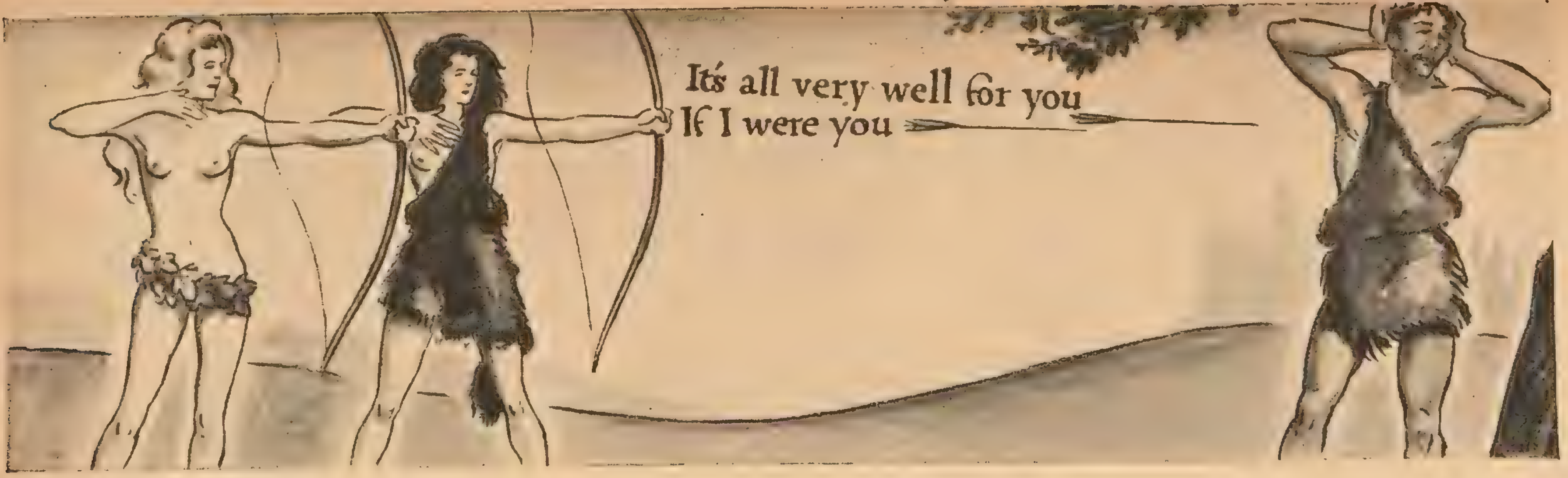
SATURDAY: Up betimes, heading toward Needles, California, and although we did come upon numberless signs saying "Needles—10 Miles" we did get lost and could not find the town for the life of us until Mr. Crunch did spy a haystack and exclaim, "That must be it!"

And strangely enough Needles did prove to be just beyond the haystack and we did park for the night.

SUNDAY: Up early, Mr. Crunch and I both singing "California, Here I Come!" my dear wife remarking that undoubtedly the people in Los Angeles could hear us.

So westward ho-hoing, finally arriving at San Bernardino, where we did pick oranges right off the trees and make Bronx cocktails, and I did remark to Mr. Crunch that California might have something to brag about if gin bottles too grew on trees.

You'll follow the Dunkles again, in an early issue, on their trail strewn with perils and wisecracks.


It's all very well for you
If I were you

THE Sins OF MY SEX

MAKE no mistake about it: I like women. I even like being a woman, which is considerably more significant in these days when about half of my sex is convinced that men have all the luck and fun. Most of the charges against us aren't charges at all: that we're changeable, that we jump to conclusions, that our own come first in our eyes and strangers a long way after them, that no one but ourselves may criticize those we love. It is easy to see how these feminine characteristics must seem bewildering to men and lead to their making legends about us in which we show as everything from unmitigated evil to mercy incarnate. But those characteristics are valuable, and the world would be in a sad state if we suddenly took the masculine legends to heart and became as nearly like men as we could.

No; as a matter of fact, I'd fight to retain most of the things which are pointed out by men, and by the women who are too much influenced by men to think in true feminine fashion, as our foibles, weaknesses, and faults. But there are a couple of others I could well do without. So could everybody. The world would be a better place if we would drop them. They are the true Sins of My Sex, though they may be too ingrained to be rooted out; I've just had proof of that. They were probably firmly entrenched while we were still in the Garden of Eden.

I know the advice Eve used to give Adam; and I am willing to swear that she offered it unasked. Adam may have been pretty tired with his job of naming all the beasts of the field; he may even have had man's first headache. And what Eve said to him was this: "My dear, why don't you just try that apple and see if it helps you?" In other words, she was off to her flying start: She had uttered her first sin, given the first unsolicited advice, and said for the first time, *Why don't you . . . ?*

It can almost be held that when we women stop giving unasked-for advice the world will be within sight of the millennium. Listen to your women friends for a while as they talk to you, to each other, or to some poor man: "My dear, why don't you get yourself one of these half-time maids and get out to see your friends more?" "My dear, why don't you wear black? It takes *pounds* off you!" "My dear, why don't you just tell him you won't go to the suburbs?" And so on.

Once upon a time I had to confess to having an infected sinus to four female friends within an hour. *That* was the time Eve's original sentence struck me full force! "My dear," said Friend the First, "why don't you just go and see that wonderful little doctor of mine? He'll fix you up in no time." (I had one of the best men in town, myself.) "My dear," said Friend the Second, "why don't you drop everything and go to the Adirondacks? You'll never get well in this climate!" (Fine advice; but it overlooked the fact that my job was in New York and my son and I dependent on my keeping it.) "My dear," said Friend the Third, "why can't you stop being so vain and just wear woollies?" (She lived in a cool country house; I shuttled back and forth between an overheated hotel and an underheated office.) "My dear," said Friend the Fourth, "why don't you realize that you are God's perfect child and that you cannot have an infection?"

We all do it. I do it myself. We recommend to others that they should live lives as exactly like ours as they can possibly make them. Why on earth *do* we? We love all the stimulation that comes from contrast. The world would be a horrible place if we managed to fix up all our friends so that there was as little difference as possible between our lives and theirs.

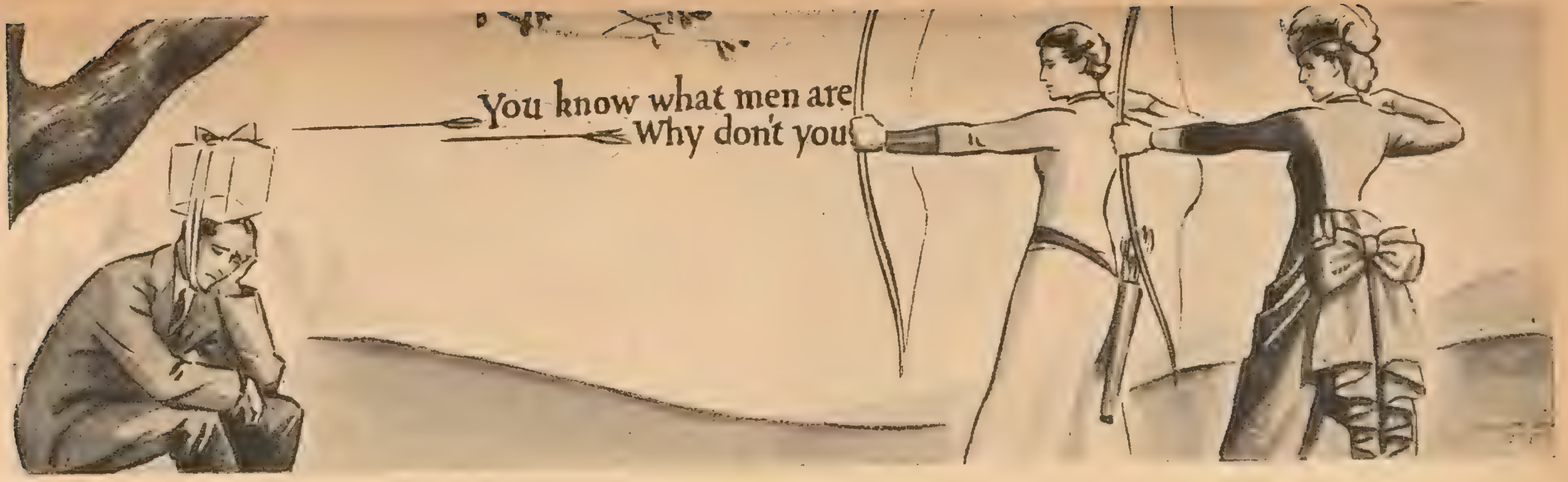
Next, if Adam hung back or asked, "Would you?" Eve went on like this: "If *I* were you—" And she meant it.

If I were you— I mean by that that when she *was* asked for advice her advice was no good. When it comes to giving advice on request, women fall into one of those distortions of their most valuable feminine quality: that of being truly sympathetic and intuitive.

We almost read the minds of those who are asking for our help and then tell them what they are already hoping to hear. How many times have you heard a wife say to her husband, "If I were you I'd just *tell* Mr. Smith that I wouldn't stand it! It's not what he's paying you for!" Now, the trouble with that advice is that the husband is already chafing at some difficulty or injustice; he is having a hard enough time, as it is, to remember that on the whole the work he is doing is fairly satisfactory, and that it is certainly no time for him to step up to Mr. Smith (who is probably being unfair to his employee at least partly because he himself is busy and worried and anxious) and add one more thing to the list of matters that are going wrong in the office.

Yet when we are asked for advice we are in a position to act according to our real nature as at few other times. When we should be balancing, straightening, holding to the true line, standing steady in the center, we too often yield to the temptation to oversympathize. Now, it is almost never as much fun to hold oneself steady, look at all sides of the question, make ourselves recommend the undramatic action to the hothead, the courageous action to the timid man, as it is to swing over fully into another's mood and pile fuel on an already burning flame. We get more praise if we counsel what is already too likely to happen.

You know what men are! And then Eve probably said


You know what men are
Why don't you

to her first daughter-of-earth-in-law, “Oh, well, you know what Adam is like when he gets stubborn!”

This sin is a hard one to define, but way down at its root it is bedded in disloyalty. It can take place between husband and wife, parent and child, friend and friend—everywhere where there is a fundamentally deep and significant relation. For a moment's sympathy, or to get a reputation for being witty, or to disclaim one's own responsibility for discomfort or trouble, or to appear a martyr to marriage, we rob the real relation of some of its riches and throw it away to a casual stranger or an unimportant acquaintance.

WHY . . . OH, WHY . . . DO WE DO THESE THINGS, ASKS THE AUTHOR OF WAKE UP AND LIVE!

by DOROTHEA BRANDE

READING TIME
8 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

I know a woman married to a man shorter than she who regularly speaks of him as “my little husband.” It is true that her pride and her affection shine through these words, and that whenever she uses them she is usually about to boast about the very masculine qualities she fears her friends deny him; but nevertheless her husband is a figure of fun in the eyes of her friends, who never thought of him as funny before his marriage.

When recently he was refused a position for which he was well suited because a friend's husband thought he “hadn't quite the personality we need,” she was indignant. It never occurred to her that her condescension to him, reaching that possible employer via his amused wife, was responsible for his being passed over for a stupid man who was godlike in his wife's eyes.

Too often this kind of disloyalty goes on, though, without even a hint of affection or pride to counteract it. The affection and pride may *be* there, but some awkwardness, some self-consciousness about the personal relation, makes many a woman speak slightingly of her husband or child or friend in public.

“Oh, well, you know what men are!” is one form of the same trouble. But—well, what *is* a man if not the bringer of the greatest good and happiness into our lives, the mainstay, the glamour, the help, the reward, the joy and the job of being feminine? The eternal malicious scratching at the fundamental qualities of one sex by the other does more to disrupt happiness than any other thing. If we have our men we are lucky and should be working with and for them, present or absent; if we haven't our men we are unfortunate, and that's the simple truth, however we may talk and act for public consumption.

It's all very well for you— One more side light on Eve and I'm through. Any bets that when Adam delved and Eve span Eve greeted Adam in the evening by saying, “It's all very well for you to fall down in front of the fire and take naps all evening, but what about me? I've been in this cave spinning all day while you were out in the fresh air. Well, *I* want a little fresh air, too, and you can just take me out for a walk or I'll find some one who will”? I'm afraid she did. And she has been saying, “It's all very well for you” ever since. There are very few households in which the man goes to an office and the woman does not where this complaint is not heard.

Where this problem arises, it must come up in just those homes where the woman is—or should be if her whole heart and good will were in the business—the adaptable factor. Not every man works too hard in an office day after day just out of sheer pigheadedness. There are American business men who work too hard to play several nights a week, not because they are stupidly obsessed with business but because if they are to support their families and prepare for a secure old age they cannot do otherwise. Yet the hard-working husband goes home to scenes running from quiet martyrdom to wild hysterics, all turning on this point: that he and his wife do not reach the same point of fatigue at the same moment of the day.

I think if I were to advise (I haven't been asked, please notice!) girls who were about to marry as to how they might make their marriages happiest, I'd be inclined to say, “Get as accurate a picture of your husband's office hours as you can. Discover how much energy he *regularly* brings home from work with him. Then find good hard work of your own to do which will make your life more interesting, but mainly—and here is the important point—which will result in your meeting your husband in a state of balance: not bursting with energy when he needs rest, not sullen with fatigue when he is ready for mental companionship, but as nearly as possible in the same state of energy-free and energy-exhausted as he is. With a little sense, you can still be honeymooning on your golden wedding day.”

Why do women *insist*, since they are the ones in our society who have the more flexible lives, in acting as if they were victims of a day's iron routine? Why—

Right here I got a demonstration of the difficulty of rooting out the traits I've been writing about. The telephone rang, and a friend called to tell me of her latest move in what is her lifelong attempt to get more attention from her husband than that busy man can afford to give. Sentence by sentence I had to strangle the impulse to say these things: “Well, *why don't you* let up on the poor man for a while? . . . *If I were you* I'd take a couple of courses and get my mind off Jack's imperfections this winter. . . . *You know what men are like* by this time, don't you? . . . *It's all very well for you—*”

Oh, Mother Eve!

THE END

Untold Tales of the SECRET SERVICE

by HOWARD R. MARSH

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THE justly famous if inconspicuous Secret Service Bureau is but one of six law-enforcement units under the United States Treasury Department. All six are forever fighting organized crime, and you can always bet the baby's shoes on any one—or on any combination of them, for that matter—to win a given fight, however powerful or subtle the public enemies concerned may be. Mr. Marsh's Untold Tales are demonstrating this, unit by unit. He began with the long withheld facts about the downfall of Al Capone. Last week he disclosed how the Federal Narcotics Bureau, by shadowing an international drug trafficker, "Little Augie" del Gracio, had enabled the police of three nations to smash the "Drug Barons of Europe."

PART THREE—HIDE-AND-SEEK WITH JOHN BARLEYCORN

THE little village drowsed peacefully at the foot of the Great Smoky Mountains. Its two dilapidated general stores and its cluster of weathered houses were scarcely visible against the steep shoulder of the wood-covered slopes.

Everything seemed serene and oh, so lawful!

Suddenly from the back window of the larger store there catapulted a stick of dynamite. Its detonation echoed and re-echoed through the mountains. In definite terms, understood by every one in that lonely valley, it announced:

"Rev'noo is coming!"

Up the rough tortuous road climbed a dust-covered automobile. Two investigators for the Alcohol Tax Enforcement Unit were jouncing over the ruts that led to the village.

Backed by a new law which enabled them to check the sale at the source of all raw materials which go into liquor—molasses, sugar, yeast—they had discovered that one of those two ramshackle stores had purchased 1,500,000 pounds of sugar in the past year. The other store had purchased 1,800,000 pounds. A lot of sugar for five hundred people!

At the edge of the town a decrepit flivver fell firmly in behind the government car. From that moment until "Rev'noo" departed, the Ford with the mountaineers in it followed grimly and angrily.

The two "alky" boys stopped their car at the first store, got out, and talked amiably with the storekeeper about local conditions, questioned him as to the price of his sugar and the amount on hand. Soon they ambled out and selected a path which zigzagged up the mountainside.

After two hundred yards of steep climbing they saw a faint side trail. To their nostrils came the unmistakable odor of fermenting mash. A hundred yards ahead they came upon the still, half concealed in the thicket, a fire simmering under the pot. Methodically they broke the still, punctured the coils. One of the investigators casually drifted down a second trail. There his training and his nose led him to several barrels of mash.

He studied it with experienced eye, tasted it. When he returned to his partner he reported:

"That batch will be ready next Thursday night."

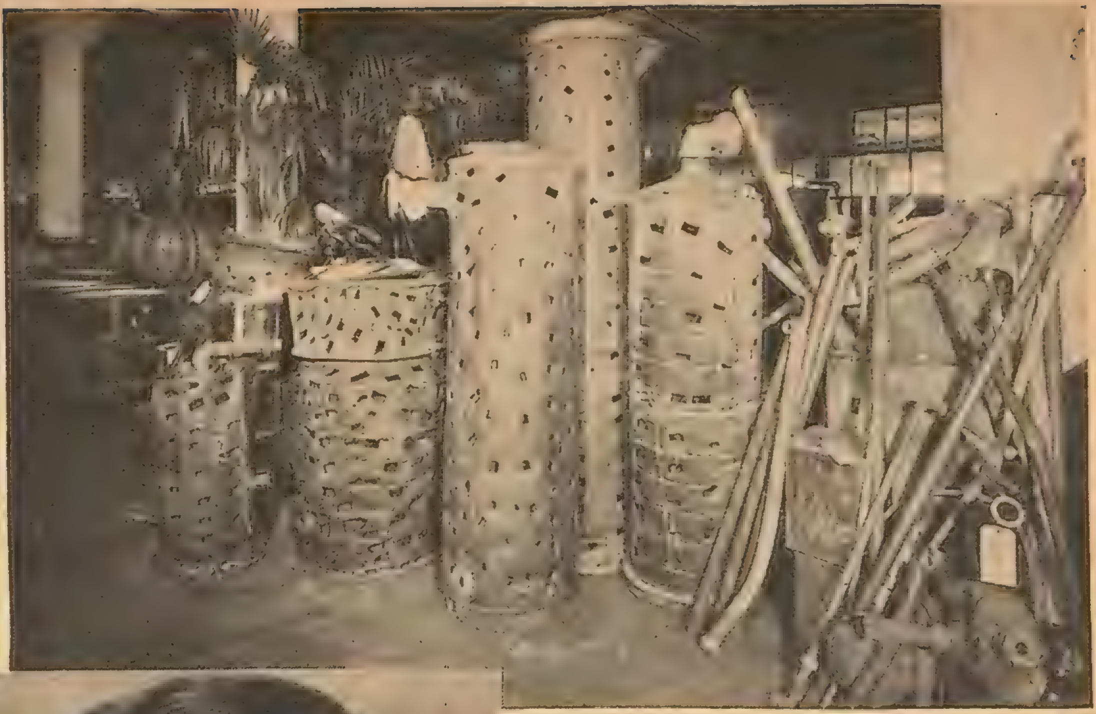
"O. K.," the other agreed. "We'll be camping out here that night."

On up the mountain the two trudged, zigzagging back and forth. Ahead of them they heard occasional movement, but they saw no one. During that day they destroyed three more stills. Far more important, they made their plans to "camp out" Thursday night, Friday night, and if necessary Saturday night, near those stills at which they judged the mash was ready for distillation.

"That is the only way we can catch the actual moonshiners," one of the revenue men explained. "Our men rarely find the real moonshiners working at the still during the daytime. They are too busy cutting wood to keep the fires going or toting sugar up the mountainside. During the day they leave their youngsters to feed the fires. The moonshiner himself is invisible. In fact, when that dynamite stick is thrown out of the back window of the village store, damn near the whole

Fleischer of the Purple Gang. Below: The alky tanker Charles D. Leffler.

Moonshine and "Alky"—How the Seven Seas Are Scoured for the Flying Dutchmen of Post-Repeal Bootlegging . . . A Series of Thrilling Revelations



© Harris & Ewing

Parts of a mass-production alky still uncovered in Chicago. Left: Alcohol Unit's head, D. E. Avis.

community becomes hard to find.

"Of course we can break up the stills if we find them. We do break up scores of them. But by next week they have been replaced. The only way to accomplish much is to catch the moonshiner himself on the job. That means a lot of night work, hours of watching and waiting for a single arrest. And let me tell you, it's no sissy's business traipsing in the dark through those black mountains and arresting moonshiners in their own territory. By Saturday night we had pretty well cleared up that particular village of five hundred people—but it was no tea party we were attending."

"Do they ever take a pot shot at you?"

"Do they! You should have met up with old Thomas Quesenberry over in Virginia. He had a first-class still at Evergreen Mills, near Leesburg. A couple of our boys, Morris Rosenberg and George Kirkpatrick, went after that still. Quesenberry was a real mountaineer, one of the best squirrel shots in the country. For lookout he had an old Negro named Shelby Cole. At sight of our investigators Cole gave the warning. Our men were still far away, but Quesenberry took one shot and brought down Kirkpatrick. Thereupon Quesenberry took to flight."

"Did you get him?"

"Sure! We always get 'em. After Quesenberry's gunplay, reinforcements flocked to the Virginia mountains from the neighboring districts, and they were in no pleasant state of mind. They sent airplanes to watch for Quesenberry. They formed posses which local police joined. The next day Quesenberry took another pot shot, this time at a local police officer from Alexandria, Virginia—killing him.

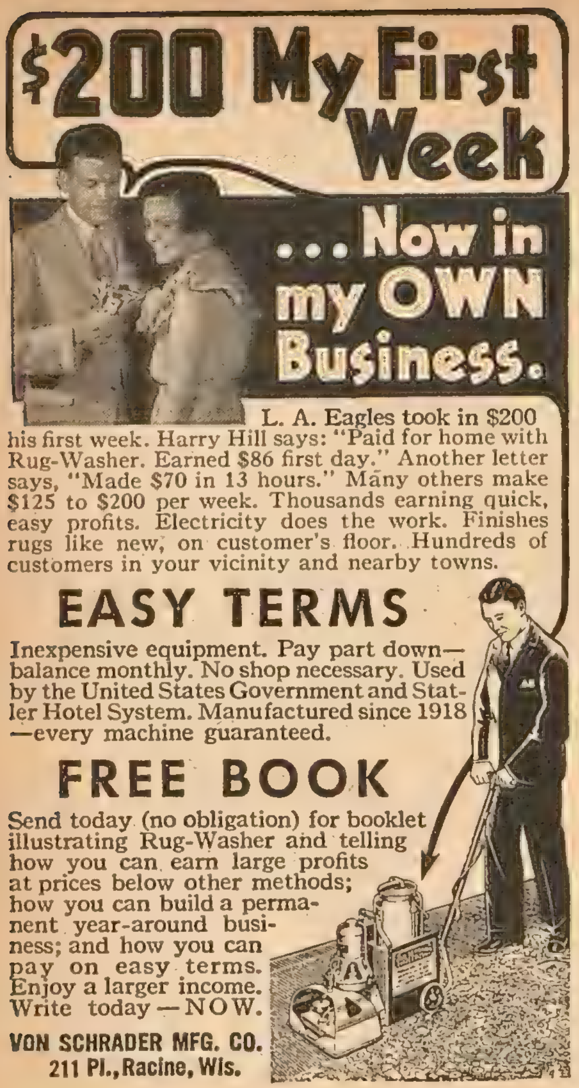
"The boys were more cautious after that but also more determined. Slowly they closed in, cornering the moonshiner on a high ridge. They saw him, trained their guns on him. Very wisely he resisted the temptation to take the third pot shot. Those two he had taken brought him a very prompt sentence of twenty-seven years in prison."

SMALL-TIME stuff, you say, chasing moonshiners in lonely countrysides. But the Alcohol Tax Unit of the Treasury Department also goes up against big city gangs of illegal distributors, like the one headed by Peter and John Bushouse, the fat boys of Kalamazoo.

Those two sizable brothers operated at least nine large alcohol distilleries in Michigan alone. When the cities got too hot for them they turned back to the isolated farms. In the largest barns they could find they put up two-story stills, some with copper columns thirty inches in diameter and twenty feet high. In a single day they often turned out eight hundred gallons of finished alcohol.

The Treasury sleuths—who have numbers but no names—checked the Bushouse case from two angles. First they traced the unusually large shipments of sugar and molasses from Ohio. Then they watched for the trucks containing the finished alcohol and checked backward. They weren't satisfied to make arrests until they

Bootleg by the truckload. This load had been brought ashore near San Diego.


$200 My First Week

. . . Now in my OWN Business.

L. A. Eagles took in $200 his first week. Harry Hill says: "Paid for home with Rug-Washer. Earned $86 first day." Another letter says, "Made $70 in 13 hours." Many others make $125 to $200 per week. Thousands earning quick, easy profits. Electricity does the work. Finishes rugs like new, on customer's floor. Hundreds of customers in your vicinity and nearby towns.

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were able to round up all twenty-two of the conspirators, including Peter and John.

The federal judge gave these two boys, whose combined weight was in excess of five hundred pounds, a sentence corresponding to their size and their crime. Each of them received ten years in the Federal Penitentiary at Leavenworth and large fines. Their fellow conspirators were treated with the same degree of judicial sympathy.

Another big city outfit which the young bulldogs of the Alcohol Unit took a bite at was the one involving Harry Fleischer, a member of Detroit's notorious Purple Gang, who figured in the Lindbergh case. The Treasury Department is particularly proud of this success because Fleischer had previously been arrested thirty-two times for crimes which included counterfeiting, extortion, robbery, kidnaping, and murder, and had always escaped punishment. But when he started violating the Internal Revenue law relating to alcohol, he met his nemesis.

The "alky" boys camped on his trail for weeks, tracing large amounts of sugar from Cleveland, following it as it zigzagged through the streets of Detroit. As always, they waited until they had enough evidence to convict Fleischer and all of his conspirators. This thirty-second-degree criminal suddenly found himself fined $20,000 and sentenced to Leavenworth for eight years.

Similar cases could be cited in all parts of the country, ranging from the petty and sordid one of Sheriff Gordon Davis of Thomasville, Georgia, who grafted only $2.50 a week from each bootlegger but beat up those who failed to pay, to the huge Warner Gang, which operated in the Midwest with airplanes, speedboats, secret codes, and private bankers.

TO indicate the magnitude of the illegal operations which the Alcohol Unit continually fights, it is only necessary to cite the actual seizures during the fiscal years 1935-36. These included 15,726 stills, ranging in size from the "kitchen" variety to huge three-story columns, approximately three quarters of a million gallons of distilled spirits, and the astounding total of almost fifteen million gallons of mash.

All of which, as you may have noticed, happened a good four years after the repeal of prohibition!

Laws change, but the proclivities of the dwellers in Southern mountains for making corn liquor never change. It is unlikely that Chief Avis and his young men of the Alcohol Tax Enforcement Unit will ever stamp moonshine out entirely—certainly not while it can be made for thirty-five cents a gallon and the tax on it alone, if paid, would run to about six times that figure.

Today, with the backing of the big city racketeers, the traffic is more firmly entrenched than ever. One of Alcohol Unit's major jobs, therefore, is to keep the supply of moonshine liquor from flooding the legitimate market and crowding out the products of manufacturers who pay the government tax.

Not only is bootlegging a continuing art but many of the practices born during the so-called bootleg era remain as menaces to the public health and the public treasury. For example, industrial alcohol diverted from lawful business.

On this front Alcohol Unit has waged a conspicuously winning fight. Not only has it dried up practically all of the diversion at the source, but it has encouraged new formulas for the denaturant, which make industrial alcohol increasingly difficult to "clean." Any drink made from it is distinctly unpalatable, if not nauseating.

The smuggling of pure alcohol tax-free from other countries has proved a more complex problem. This is the new "alky" business which has entirely replaced old-fashioned bootlegging as a coastwise sport. The difference is simply this: In prohibition days the smugglers brought in their whiskies blended, bottled, labeled, and ready to sell—a process whose profits under repeal do not justify the risks; nowadays the smugglers bring in their liquor in the form of raw alcohol, which can be diluted and flavored and colored in this country, and sold under forged labels as supposedly high-class whisky—a process whose profits still make the risks well worth running.

As we shall see in the matter of Coast Guard Lieutenant Fahey and the bad ship Popocatepetl, and of Customs Inspector Romberger and the one-man battle off the Florida coast, the Alcohol Unit is not the only Treasury law-enforcement division interested in this new post-repeal form of bootlegging. In fact all of them are. The Coast Guard and the Customs Service are naturally the right and left arms of the Alcohol Unit in this fight. But the Narcotics Bureau is also active, because it has found that the same men who smuggle liquor often smuggle drugs. Similarly, Secret Service has discovered that counterfeit money often plays a part in the pay-off. And lastly, Intelligence Unit is out to get the alcohol smugglers, who in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred have committed fraud on their income taxes.

To see how these various units work together under the new Treasury Department slogan of "co-ordination," take a look at the mammoth alky-runner Hillfern, which was one of the last of her breed to sail from Antwerp this last spring, before the signing of a treaty between the United States

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Paul Sullivan, rapidly becoming one of the best known and most widely followed news commentators, speaks over WLW from Monday to Friday nights at 11 P. M., E. S. T., and 10 P. M., C. S. T. Get the latest news before you go to bed by tuning in on WLW, Cincinnati, the nation's station, 700 kilocycles on the dial.

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and Belgium which makes such shipments unlawful from Belgian ports.

First, an American Treasury agent in Antwerp cabled that the Hillfern, equipped with seven special tanks built into its hold, was loading up with approximately 185,000 gallons of bulk alcohol—enough to float an ordinary vessel, and worth $1,200,000 to this country in revenue alone. That agent took photographs of the boat and of its loading. He rushed them across the Atlantic by cable-wire photo.

Meanwhile the Treasury Department in Washington was camping on the case. It not only called in those of its own units most concerned, Alcohol Tax Enforcement Unit, Customs, and Coast Guard, but enlisted the aid of the State Department. Warnings and photographs were distributed among the other three units. All joined in the warfare against the Hillfern.

Cables from various parts of the world began to carry their messages. From London came an account of the Hillfern's ownership and registry. From Newcastle upon Tyne came a complete description of the rebuilding of the Hillfern with its new tanks. The Hillfern's cargo was ostensibly consigned to a legitimate firm in Montevideo, Uruguay; but cables from that port stated that the pretended consignee was not buying any 185,000 gallons of alcohol. Another agent cabled the name, make, and size of a complete radio outfit consigned to the Hillfern.

The law-enforcement agencies of the Treasury Department didn't wait for her to appear. Alcohol Tax Enforcement Unit, Customs, and Coast Guard began a minute study of the American coast line, literally examining every yard of it for a possible landing place. Primarily the men were seeking huge tanks into which the alcohol could be reconveyed. Undercover men were also working in the underworld, hoping for a clue to the gang.

NOW began a game of hide-and-seek. From every European port at which the Hillfern touched, an American agent immediately cabled the Treasury Department. At that, the huge freighter and its contraband was lost for a few days, and many were the theories where it would reappear. Vigilance increased. Coast Guard planes and cutters patrolled far to sea, and finally located the huge "rummy" before it reached our coast.

"The Hillfern shall not land," seemed to be the slogan. As a matter of fact it became increasingly apparent that the Hillfern had herself thought better of trying to land. On April 24 she pumped 55,000 gallons of alcohol into the Charles D. Leffler. The very next day that ship was seized at Bayway, New Jersey, with its entire cargo. Six of the crew were arrested. The vessel had already been forfeited and its crew will soon go on trial.

With her powerful radio equipment the Hillfern soon learned of the fate of the Leffler. She hovered off our shores for a few days more, constantly under surveillance. Then, thoroughly beaten and with supplies running low, she set her course for the Azores, and cleared from there four days later for Antwerp, the port from which she had sailed.

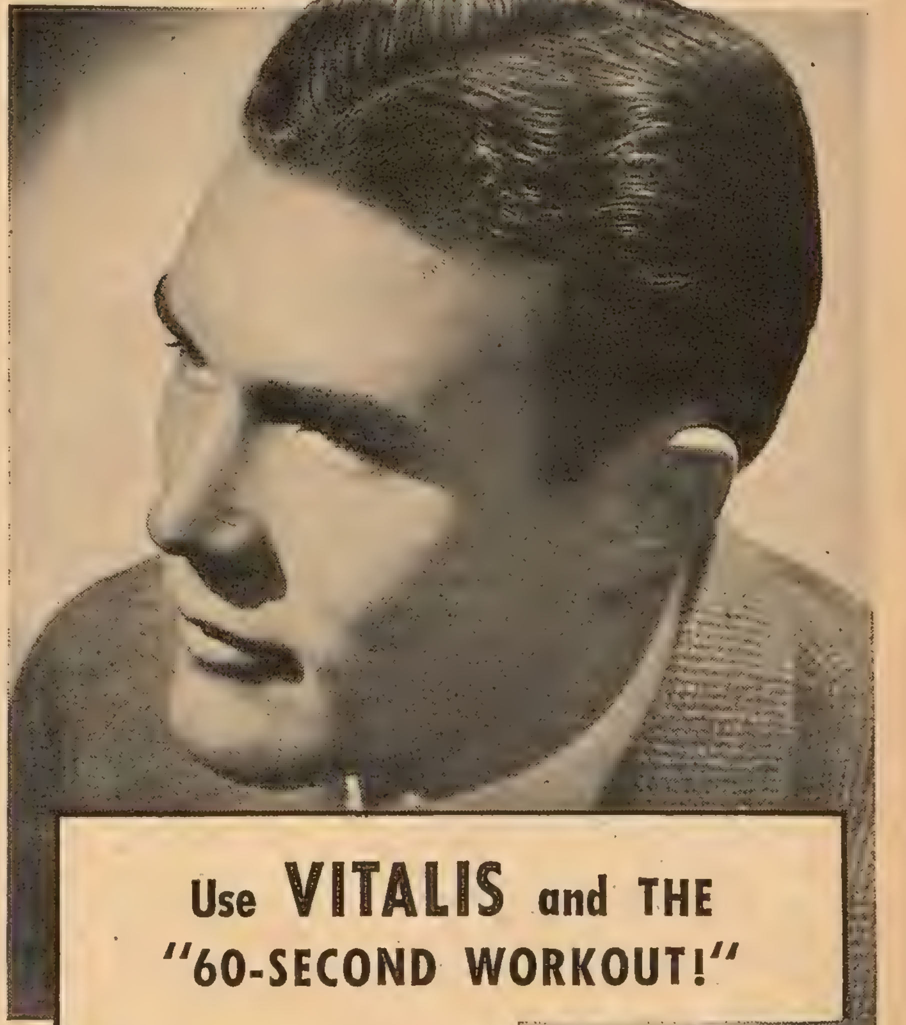
Some tribute to the thoroughness with which the campaign has been organized! But if you wish to see Alcohol Unit at its very best, you must go up to its busy headquarters in the new Internal Revenue Building in Washington, and get the agent in charge to tell you about the Jerry Wood case.

"The Jerry Wood conspiracy, we call it," he said as he patted a "jacket case" on his desk at least eight inches thick and containing thousands of papers, "and it took two years to solve. It led Alcohol Tax Enforcement investigators a chase up and down the entire Eastern seaboard. Coast Guard and Customs worked with us on it night and day for months. Its ramifications—the gangs within gangs—are enough to make you dizzy.

"The hundreds of pages in this report are not even half the story. One single flimsy sheet like this"—he pulled out a page of almost transparent yellow paper—"might comprise the complete report of more than two weeks of work of a pair of Enforcement men patiently shadowing a conspirator or 'sitting on a telephone' for twenty-four hours a day.

"Another page—this one from New Orleans—is

Good-looking hair is worth "60 seconds" of your time!



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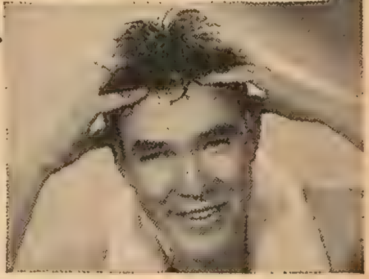

• 50 SECONDS to rub—circulation quickens—needed oils are restored—your hair has a chance!

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Dr. T. J. RASTELLI
London Physician

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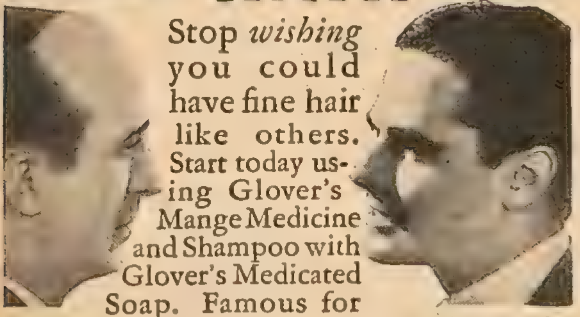

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GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

almost painfully matter-of-fact, yet the men who reported the seizure of a rum vessel in a hundred words waited in the swamps of the lower Mississippi every night for weeks. They fought the ooze, the mosquitoes, the black discomfort, and finally fought the rumrunners themselves; but their report is one page long and without adjectives."

"Jerry"—whose real name was Thomas—Wood was a Louisiana boy. Originally he gathered around him a gang of thirty-four, including such characters as Salvadore Guarnieri, alias Kansas City Sam, a fugitive from a murder charge, a racketeer associated with Kid Cann, lately conspicuous because of his trial after the St. Paul murder of editor Liggett.

Other gangsters were gradually brought in until—when the case finally came to trial—a grand total of 104 persons and firms were charged with conspiracy. The amount of money of which the government had been cheated was more than two million dollars.

Alcohol Unit knew about the Wood gang but did not have the evidence to convict. Partly because of their cleverness, and partly because of the favorable locale in which they operated, Jerry's mob were peculiarly difficult to nab. With the precision of clockwork, from ports in Mexico and Cuba would steal out the mother ships, the "rummies," heavily laden with alcohol. Guided by radio, they would take their positions in the Gulf of Mexico. One of these "rummies" in the earlier days of the gang was the notorious I'm Alone, whose rights are still a matter of adjustment between the governments of the United States and Canada.

IN the darkness of night, speedboats, also radio-controlled, would slide alongside the mother ships, load up with illegal alcohol, and dart for shore. Somewhere in the hundreds of miles of swampy Louisiana coast, among the islands of the delta, or on the levees of Old Man River, the load would be discharged.

High point in the syndicate's operations was the extensive use of radio. Since its purpose was to smuggle Mexican alcohol and Cuban liquors into New Orleans, it proceeded to set up powerful private radio stations, linking New Orleans, Cuba, and Mexico. Another station kept in touch with the rumrunning vessels which skulked in the Gulf of Mexico.

The secret code for these radio messages was one of the best ever broken down in Washington. Three-letter words were used exclusively, and each one was packed with meaning. Here are some actual examples:

DAG—"Saw cutter just before sunset but got away from him."

DAW—"Do not let cutter pull you in at any cost."

DEA—"Cutter in vicinity of your position; lie low."

Or perhaps a message would flash from the shore, CER—"How many cases have you aboard?"

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A cough is annoying, breaks up sleep. Depend on Piso's; for Piso's modern formula is backed by 70 years' experience treating coughs from colds. Piso's (1) helps loosen phlegm congestion; (2) soothes bronchial channels; (3) helps clear air passages; (4) relaxes cough impulse. Piso's (pie-so's) In bottles.

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The answer might come back, "One thousand cases." Instantly the warning would crackle out, CLU—"Do not send in English. Use your head and use code."

Thirty-eight pages of these three-letter words were listed. So complete was the code that it provided for every minute and degree of latitude and longitude, for every shift in the wind, for every minor mishap, even for gossip.

Those three-letter words eventually caused the downfall of the Jerry Wood conspiracy.

For exactly twelve months, beginning September 1, 1933, Alcohol Tax worked on its "build-up." As soon as the magnitude of the enterprise was realized, Coast Guard and Customs were called in. The Customs men watched all the possible ports of entry. Out in the Gulf, Coast Guard vessels steamed up and down, harassing the mother ships, chasing the speedboats to shore, keeping the contraband merchandise beyond the legal limit. Meanwhile the Alcohol Tax investigators followed Jerry Wood through the months and miles. Alcohol Unit knew when he attended conferences, when he visited a fellow conspirator in a hospital, when he journeyed to New York to finance his boats and the delivery of alcohol.

More than that, the Alcohol boys knew word by word almost everything which happened in the Italian restaurant which became headquarters for the gang. Perhaps Jerry Wood became suspicious. Anyway, the gang headquarters moved, and the boys moved with it. The gang's telephones were unlisted. The boys managed to record most of the conversations on these unlisted phones.

One by one, they pieced together bits of evidence, secured copies of bills for repairs on certain speed ships, found a gangster or two a bit indiscreet in conversation. Occasionally they made a seizure of automobiles and trucks; sometimes they actually rounded up some of the gang as the alcohol was being unloaded in the darkness of a bayou.

Most important of all, they were intercepting day after day the radio messages between Cuba, Mexico, and New Orleans, and from boat to shore.

The break came when one of the government boys found a portion of the key to the gangsters' baffling code in the engine room of a speedboat which had been seized. The rest of the story is that of the cat and the mouse—with Alcohol Tax Enforcement Unit as the cat.

Out in the Gulf of Mexico the large and fast yacht Sylvia slid along through the darkness with a cargo of 6,000 gallons of alcohol. To the master of the Sylvia came a message in the regular secret code: "All clear. Come close in for contact and unloading." The message, unfortunately for the Sylvia and its master, did not come from the smugglers on shore. It came from the investigators of the Alcohol Tax Enforcement Unit.

Confidently the Sylvia halted at the appointed spot. From the shore three speedboats darted out.

"Here come the contact boats," the master of the Sylvia said. "Hi, fellows! Everything all right?"

"All right," came the answer.

The speedboats were soon made fast to the side of the Sylvia. From them climbed the crews. "Everything O. K.?" one of them asked of the Sylvia's captain.

"Everything fine. Didn't see a federal."

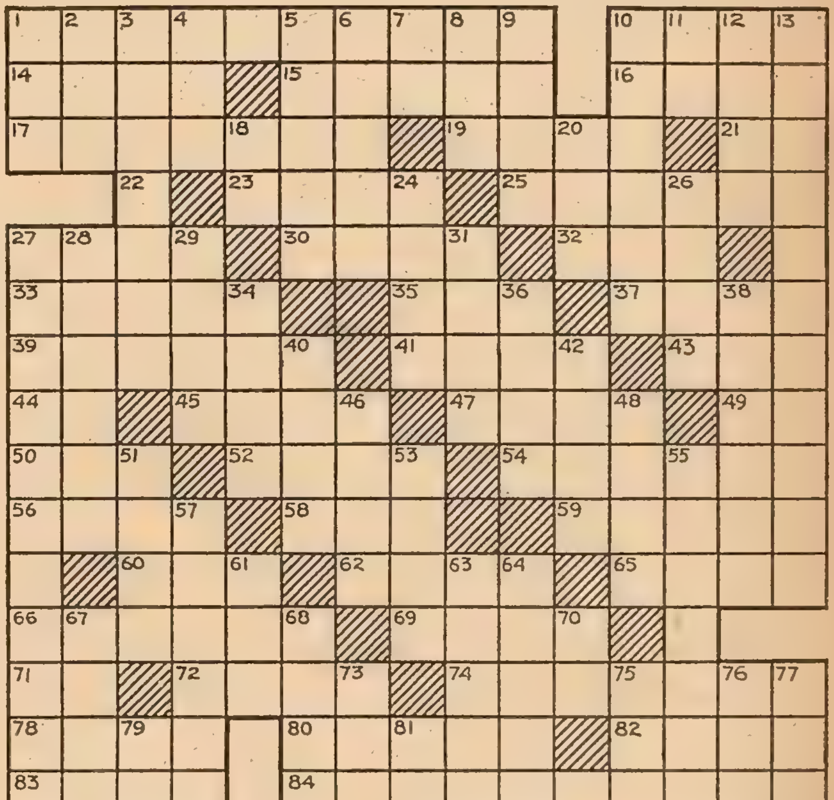
"Well, you're seeing one now. You're under arrest."

So nicely had the Sylvia been lured into the trap that her master, no softy, didn't even pull a gun.

For that matter, even Jerry Wood didn't pull anything very important after that night—and won't for some time to come. He's in Atlanta now.

"Queer," they call it. You call it counterfeit money. Did you know that, but for Secret Service, it might flood the country, wash the value out of good currency, cause a catastrophe? Mr. Marsh will prove this to you in his gripping untold tale of the uncovering of a $3,000,000 "queer" ring headed by a wizard at counterfeiting. In Liberty next week!

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Baby dowagers
10 Brains of a cigar-store Indian
14 If I were a gal I wouldn't give this for most men
15 Gigolo rhumbatism
16 No pro, this
17 Chaps on old-fashioned girls' ribs
19 He bane vun vell known Scandinavy man
21 Operates a ticker
22 Half a horse; $1,000
23 A phony gadget
25 Not much up above
27 They stimulate the flow of gas (fem.)
30 What the idol's dogs are
32 What every woman wants of her husband
33 A remarqucable fellow
35 It gets full of beer and rolls around saloons
37 Elmer (fem.)
39 They're tipsy
41 These get glued to cracks
43 What Eddie Cantor wants on his program
44 Subcollege brain factory (abbr.)
45 This is nosey and often disagreeable
47 The rooter's berry (pl.)
49 What to say when the doctor comes
50 A bill for the Audubonians
52 A lot of change's been made in this
54 It hangs out with a yellow bunch
56 Member of the press department
58 What they threw during Custard's Last Stand
59 Painted gadgets to hang furs and diamonds on
60 New York's diamond gem
62 A little round thing that spoils easily
65 The last thing a woman expects in an argument
66 High-brow for low-brow
69 Golden treasurer, usually broke
71 Legal part of a degree (abbr.)
72 Flea studying to be a fly
74 Wild Westerner
78 Mild profanity
80 Four-legged durante
82 A mitey bopp
83 Landlord hush money
84 They believe in Atom—not Eve

```
CODGER ONCE TAMERS
ORIOLE LOOM ANIMAL
LIMBER DUMBEST■EVA
OG■SCAB■SPEAK■FRET
RID■TIES■ART■BUGLE
SNIP■DETERS■DURESS
  SEA■RAVE■MOSS   
STARRY■RESPECT■ERN
PAVEMENT■■IRK■FLUE
EROS■LEE■■NEEDIEST
DEW■GLADDEN■DELVES
   POET■ROAM■NEE  
SPREAD■RANCOR■SNOW
CREEL■GEM■EWES■SPA
ROLL■HUMAN■SACS■IT
ALE■SEMITES MALONE
PINDAR TIRE ELUDER
EXTOLS SCOW REMEDY
```

Answer to last week's puzzle.

VERTICAL

1 Things are picking up for this organization (abbr.)
2 A 1 in reverse
3 Feminine lure
4 They elevate things for the bettor
5 Topper
6 Kind of passage prominent on Yankee maps
7 Outskirts of Trenton
8 I am I
9 Musical take-off by Lily Pons herself
10 Nonskid pancake
11 Looking at Simone Simon you'll see this double
12 Elevating fellow
13 Cook's trouble with paw (two words)
18 How editors get started
20 Movie organization going places (abbr.)
24 Jumper's destination
26 Causes for complaint
27 Did this make Marlene Dietrich's face red!
28 How to get rid of Miss Take
29 Spendthrifty fellow
31 Recent newie
34 It's not this that bothers you in the summer
36 Kind of bag for the politicians
38 He has and gives a pain in the neck
40 A little spunk
42 The white-muffed Bird of Paradox
46 Swivel-tongued
48 Lacy white drops for the cold weather
51 Last name of saccharine dame of notes
53 Last word in discontinued air travel
55 In the market for mush and moonlight
57 Nothing to this
61 Sinkers, American style (abbr.)
63 The man scared golfers try to shoot around
64 What Englishmen do when they desire things
67 Monday mauve
68 Wulgar wictuals
70 Exchange of complimentary letters
73 What Mac sat on and got the point of
75 China mayn't get around the Japs but this does
76 A violent bust-up
77 City ways (abbr.)
79 Crooning Neurotics (abbr.)
81 This figures in the best of circles

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Vox Pop

From One Who Grappled with "Strangler" Lewis

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Regarding Robert Considine's story, Africa Speaks—Again, and the recent letter in Vox Pop crediting me as a source of the yarn, I can say that the story I related to Considine was an original one so far as I know. It was told to me by World's Heavyweight Wrestling Champion Dean Detton, and just the other day I mentioned it to him, and he stated that it was a story of his own conception.

I have just read Norton B. Jackson's article (December 19 Liberty) on wrestling, and needless to say the contents amazed me. Jackson was a professional matman himself, so I presume his exposé includes his own experiences. I am a manager of wrestlers and was a wrestler myself for years. Jackson's little contribution was educational even to me, a man who has grappled with "Strangler" Lewis, Joe Stecher, and almost every other top-flight bone-crusher. I have met them all, lost to some and won over more, and was never asked to lay down or carry a man.

Jackson's article smacks of the sour-grapes attitude from a preliminary matman. Down through the years of wrestling the men with ability have remained as champions, and if Jackson's exposé were correct it would be easy for the so-called master minds to easily rid themselves of such champions in the past as Frank Gotch, Joe Stecher, "Strangler" Lewis, Stanley Zbyszko, Jim Londos, Richard Shikat, Don George, and Henri De Glane, who held on to the title for long periods each time they won the heavyweight wrestling crown, despite the fact they were anything but popular with the vultures who at all times were trying, by fair means or foul, to defeat them.

Consider that there are some thousand professional heavyweight wrestlers appearing in clubs all over America and you can grasp the huge job ahead of any wrestler or manipulator trying to control the mat situation through the United States and Canada.

Jackson had better go back to wrestling and learn something about the sport he's trying to expose.—*Joe "Toots" Mondt.*

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—Your article in December 19 Liberty entitled Peeking Under the Mat was most interesting if one likes to read trash. If it is true that Mr. N. B. Jackson has participated in several hundred of these so-called "fixed" matches it is also probable that he has amassed a small fortune. Therefore Mr. J. should be arrested for obtaining money under false pretenses and swindling the general public. He should be horsewhipped for knocking his own game.

We the undersigned have wrestled eight years as amateurs and the last six years professionally, and no one has as yet fixed a match for us. We give our all when we're in the squared circle and ask no quarter. Mr. Jackson also mentions that in a heated exchange of blows during a match your opponent merely tags you with his forearm instead of really putting steam behind his blows—pulling his punches, so to speak. Mr. J.'s opponents probably took pity on the poor boy and did not want to mar the poor boy's statuesque features. We do not believe Mr. J. can wrestle and would like to meet that flip-dizzy bum anywhere, any time, any wager, in a so-called "shooting match."—*Enrico Marchi and Spike O'Brien.*

HAILS ANOTHER DOUGHNUT QUEEN

ELMIRA, ORE.—The thing that caused me to stand up on my hind legs and howl was a letter in November 14 Vox Pop headed How the Doughnut Queen of the A. E. F. Won the War. It cited as Doughnut Queen a certain Mrs. B. R. Stufflebeam and asserted that she was the author and finisher of doughnuts and inferred that she had made more doughnuts—with the assistance of another girl—than any other woman in France.

I sure hate to explode a pretty myth, but I happened to be "over there" myself and would humbly point out to the author of the letter in Vox Pop that fifteen hundred doughnuts per day, which Mrs. Stufflebeam sets as her maximum for one day, was outdone by several thousand per day by Dr. Lulu I. Waters, who was my lady assistant at Toul from the time the armistice was signed for many months thereafter.

I should be pleased to see this correction in an early issue.—*Rev. C. R. Fairfield.*

IT WAS FOUNDED ON DIVORCE!

YORK, PA.—Poor priest-ridden England! The English Church seems to have forgotten that it was founded on divorce. What hypocrisy!

The King in his farewell address completely backed off the map Abélard and Héloïse, Romeo and Juliet, and all the other lovers in history. He enthused every unfettered soul, and his words will be quoted long after the Archbishops of Canterbury are buried and forgotten. —*John Gilbert, M. D.*

HIS RENDEZVOUS WITH FEMALE HORMONES

DENVER, COLO.—Eternal Ponce writes courageously of his rendezvous with the female hormones (December 19 Vox Pop). We await with breathless interest the results of his sprightly escapade, and are gripped with this thought: Will there, alas, be a weakening of his virile masculinity? Will the mighty male hormones with which, by his confession, he was so permeated, flee their home, leaving a quivering mass of femininity where once was the noble Ponce?

Perish the thought!

It was not necessary for Ponce to cry his sex—no woman would approach a Steinach concoction save reverently. —*Corra Joyce.*

WOMEN APPLAUD THEMSELVES

BALTIMORE, MD.—Believe it or not, undress on stage and screen appeals more to women than it does to men, contrary to the usual belief.

Applause for a "scanty" show will always be greater from a feminine matinee audience than will be the case at night.

The fact is that every woman likes to imagine herself as the slim youthful artist who is parading and so unconsciously applauds herself.—*Samuel A. Sughar.*

NEW ZEALANDER ASKS: "HOW MANY SURVIVORS?"

WEST LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Your Legion of Lost Souls has been read by me with interest. I am one of the survivors of the first large load of New Zealand troops to land on that Sunday (April 25) nearly twenty-two years ago. I was on the Lutzow with Headquarters Section of the Signal Corps—Regiment No. 41,566.

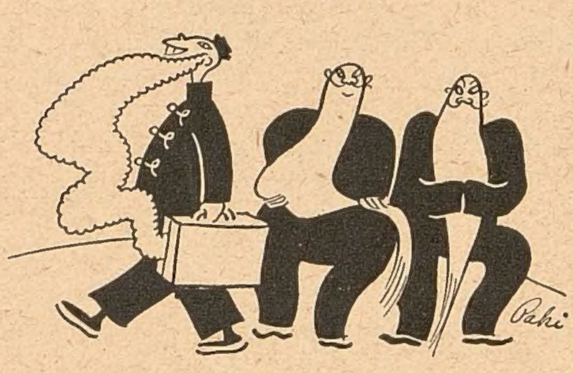
My reason for writing to you is to see if perhaps through the columns of Liberty it might be possible to find out how many survivors, both Aussie and New Zealand, of that first day are living in the United States, and perhaps form an organization of us.

I am writing this from my bed in Sawtelle Veterans' Hospital, where I am undergoing treatments for my war disability.—*Fred B. Mansfield.*

CHAMPION JAPANESE BEARDS

TOMS RIVER, N. J.—A picture that appeared in many Sunday rotogravure sections utterly disproves the theory advanced by C. Motl in December 19 Vox Pop that the Japanese do not have to shave for the simple reason that they do not have beards!

This picture shows a group of Japanese gentlemen assembled in Tokyo for the annual competition for prizes for the most impressive beards of the year! To quote from the paragraph under the picture, "The winner has a beard so long that he carries it around in a suitcase!" —*Virginia Watson Reeve.*



GARDEN OF ALLAH ERRORS

MANCHESTER, N. H.—Beverly Hills committed a grievous error in his criticism of The Garden of Allah when he said he didn't think Mr. Hichens originally had the couple married. Their marriage was an integral part of the story and he was right about the sin being much greater for Androvsky.

If he remembers the story at all, he must recall vividly the great storm outside the little stone church where the caravan waited, Father Roubier's misgivings at marrying the two, and the falling of the crucifix from the wall seeming to be an evil omen.

Also the Sand Diviner, it will be remembered, foretold the wedding.

His reference to this book as a "seven-day shocker" and "pretty hot stuff" is extremely crude.

I read the best modern literature and I consider The Garden of Allah as vital and as important as Anthony Adverse and Gone with the Wind.—*John Barrett Letendre.*

BOLONEY TO MOLONEY

NASHVILLE, TENN.—Boloney to Moloney of Blackfoot, Idaho (December 5 Vox Pop). I reckon they have something against him down in Jackson, Mississippi, and he thinks attributing to the natives an uncouth English is a backhanded lick that will burn them up. Well, it does burn me up. I was born and raised down there. It has always been a center of educated people. It is a rare exception to find a person —even among our Negroes—who uses such mistaken forms of English grammar as Boloney Moloney quoted.

But we didn't know anything about "rodeos" until some rodeoroysters came down to Jackson and showed us what one was. They were from Blackfoot, Idaho, and they brought something with them that they said was English but we never did believe them, because we just couldn't get it to take root and sow anywhere, not even in our rich soil—*Good an' Mad.*

"WHAT DO THE WORKERS REALLY WANT?"

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—I will tell you What Do the Workers Really Want? (December 19 Liberty editorial). They want all they can get, regardless—they always were so and always will be so.

There is but one way to avoid final ruin, and that is by *the elimination of the unfit.*

Why keep these unfit as a menace to the rest of the world? You might as well encourage the propagation of tuberculosis, typhoid, cancer, and diphtheria.

If the elimination of the unfit mental, moral, and physical were to be carried out, the survivors would have no worry as to their sustenance.—*C. S. Wasweyler, M. D.*

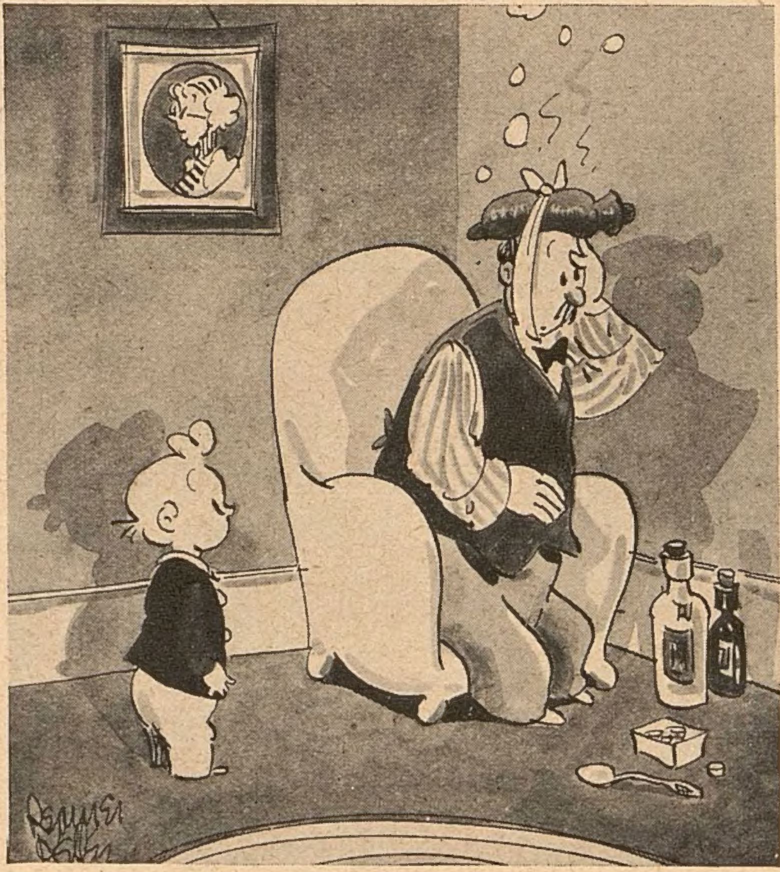
EAST PROVIDENCE, R. I.—What Do the Workers Really Want? is thought-provoking.

This correspondent agrees with everything in it. May I suggest how business can be made to make a proper division of its profits without government restriction?

Henry George held that the root cause of the world's economic distress is monopoly of ground values!

To increase wages and interest, tax ground rents into the government treasury, and land will be cheaper, wages and interest will rise, in accordance with the natural laws.—*John T. Giddings.*

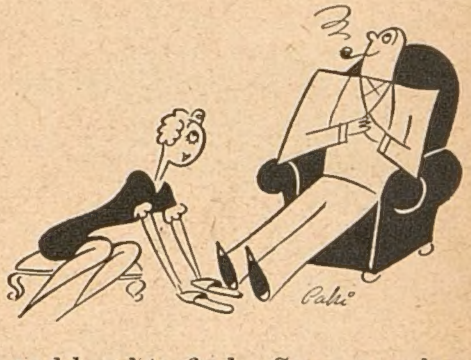
"HARDTACK"



"The doctor said you were headed for a nervous breakdown, pop—gosh, I didn't know you took my homework so to heart."

"I YAM WHAT I YAM"

DETROIT, MICH.—Sure, I agree with Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., as I also like my girl or women friends "sympathetic, ardent, and affectionate." But most girls like that are like flawless diamonds, rare and hard to find. Some people will think, "Oh! he's old-fashioned." But "I yam what I yam and that's all I yam." —*Bernard T. Quinn.*



DATU BEATS BARRYMORE

MANILA, P. I.—What a pity! Wasting your pages on the philanderings of Juan Barrymore.

We've persons in the Philippines who have ten, twenty, thirty wives at one time. One *datu* (chieftain) had more than a hundred wives, and we don't even think twice of him.—*Nicetas de la Peña.*

ISN'T THIS PROVOKING?

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Well, I see where Mr. Henry J. Dentzman slipped one over on you (December 19 Vox Pop).

He asked you the origin of the *word* "pro"—not of the abbreviation. We all know when you use "pro," the abbreviation, it means the professional at a golf club or a professional ballplayer or runner, etc. You know there is pro or con.

But he was referring to the word "pro" as used by railroads, like on their freight bills—like "pro number." It is the same as saying "file number so-and-so."

Now think over this again, Mr. Vox Pop, and let us have a more specific and intelligent answer.—*Ed W. Lambert.*

DR. HIGH EXPLAINS

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—May I inquire just what the estimable Dr. High means in his article on Roosevelt, in December 12 Liberty, by his expression "within the area of minimum honesty"? —*A. C. Fisher.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—When I spoke in my article about "within the area of minimum honesty," I merely meant that newspapers should be prevented from misrepresentation of news, which is journalism's commodity, in precisely the same way that manufacturers of other goods are penalized when they are guilty of misrepresentation.—*Stanley High.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

TYLER, TEX.—A brawny oil-field roustabout walked into a café, glared at the waiter, and demanded fried chicken.

"Sorry, but we have no chicken left," said the waiter.

Eying a bird cage, the roustabout sked, "How much for that canary?"

"Twenty-five dollars."

"Sold," said the customer. "Cook the canary and put in plenty of gravy."

He picked the tiny bird clean and stalked out.

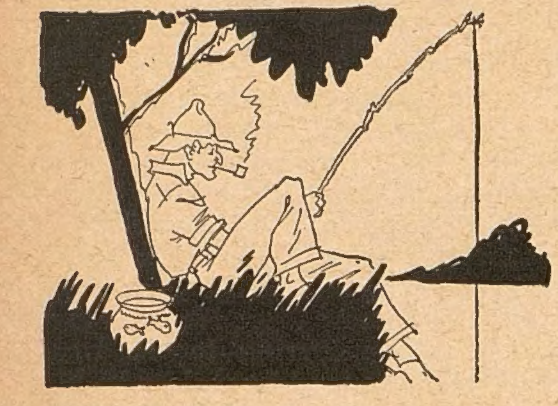
PARIS, FRANCE—Jean Blanc, Paris innkeeper, complained to the police that a circus elephant stole 300 francs from him.

He said the elephant stuck its trunk into his pocket and gently removed his wallet containing the money. The beast then swallowed the wallet.

The police commissioner regretted he could not arrest the elephant.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Ervie H. Miller pleaded in traffic court that he was speeding "because I was running out of gas and wanted to get home before the tank ran dry." He won an adjournment.

BOSTON, MASS.—Because her husband used three pet goldfish of hers for fishing bait, Mrs. Edith J. Longo is asking for a divorce.



GENEVA, N. Y.—A business man looked puzzled when a directory solicitor asked for his wife's first name. He scratched his head, blushed, and admitted he didn't remember. "You see," he explained, "we've been married a long time and I've always called her by a pet name." A telephone call solved the problem.

TOKYO, JAPAN—Maojiro Kato's beard, so long he has to be careful not to trip over it, won the national championship as the longest in Japan.

Kato is only five feet one inch tall. His beard is five feet six inches long, and it causes him plenty of bother.

When Kato goes walking, he stuffs the ends of his flowing white whiskers into a specially made handbag to keep them from dragging on the ground.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—"He insisted on his brother sleeping in the same bed with us," said Mrs. Joey Shelley when she was granted a divorce from Claude Shelley, an iceman.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—"There's a woman screaming in a house on West Island Avenue," phoned an excited voice to the police station. The police investigated. "Her husband's deaf," they reported. "She was just telling him supper was ready."

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY R. C. KAUFFMANN

CAN YOU STILL MAKE A MILLION TODAY?

Is it true that the age of opportunity in this country has gone? Are young men and women handicapped by facing a life which no longer contains the pioneering possibilities that founded the fortunes of the last century?

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., a man born to riches, but who has made his own way in life—a life that has permitted him unequaled opportunity to observe all classes of people, all forms of industry—utters an emphatic answer to the questions above.

Nor does he rely on emphasis alone. Reviewing the start of some of the fortunes of the past he describes similar cases existing today. And, in addition, he points dramatically to a dozen outstanding fields that are even now waiting for exploitation by some one with "elbow grease and a determination to make good." Don't miss these startling revelations in Liberty next Wednesday!

The Most Picturesque Young Man in the World Today!

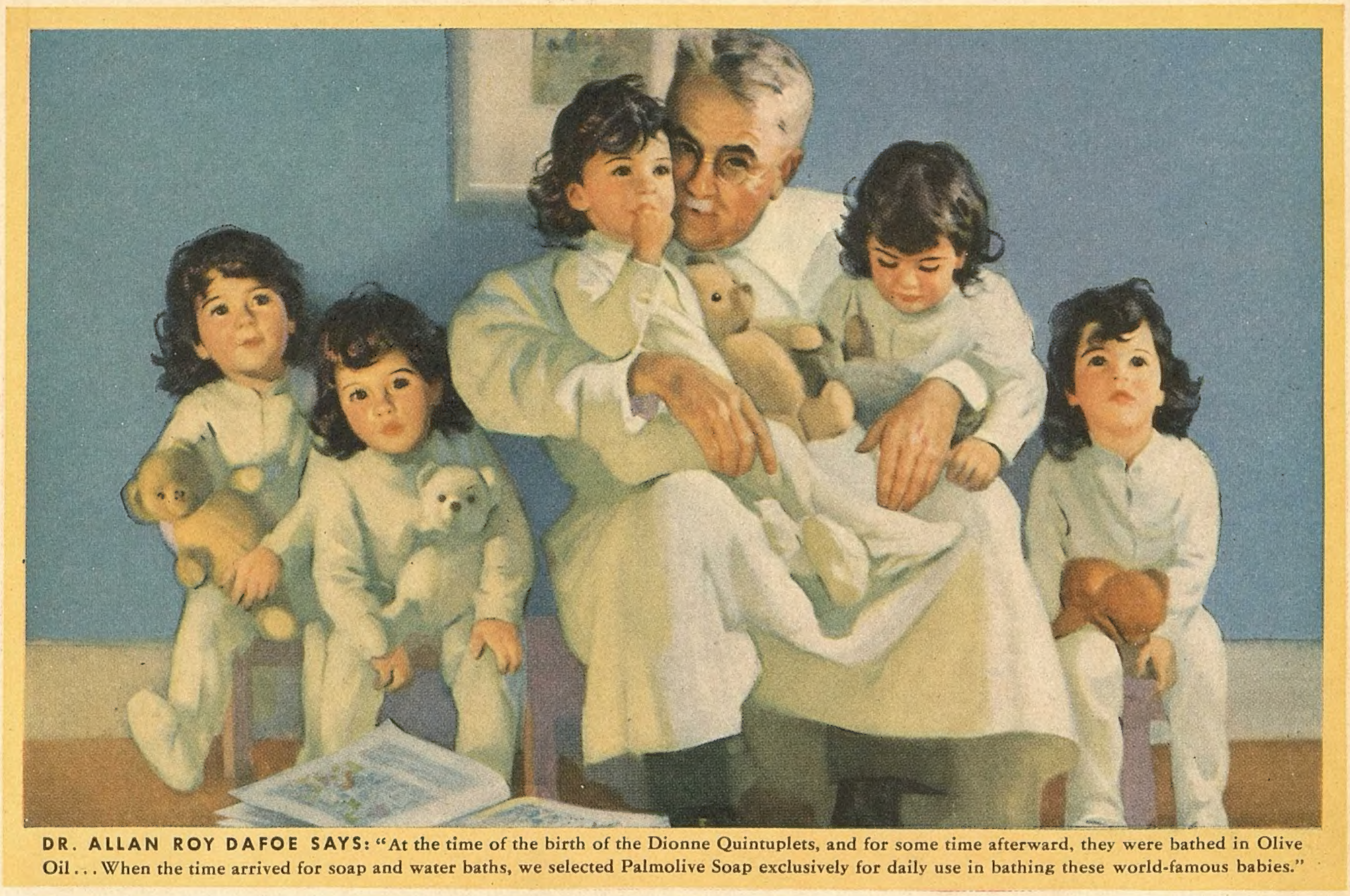
Handicapped by being born to riches, with every incentive to lead a life of ease and luxury, Howard Hughes quietly and efficiently went to work. Getting into the movies almost by accident, he amazed the world by becoming one of the foremost producers of screen successes—successes artistically and financially.

With the same quiet efficiency he turned his hand to airplanes. He learned to fly them; he learned to build them. Then he began annexing record after record. Unobtrusive, avoiding publicity as much as possible, Hughes's life still provides one of the most startling episodes in America today. Read the thrilling story of this up-to-the-minute young American go-getter. It starts in Liberty next week.

Also stories and articles by James Edward Grant, D. Thomas Curtin, Dr. Charles Burkett, Margaret E. Sangster, Bert Green, and others.

NEXT WEEK IN Liberty ON SALE JAN. 27

And now to bed . . . so sweet and clean!



DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE SAYS: "At the time of the birth of the Dionne Quintuplets, and for some time afterward, they were bathed in Olive Oil . . . When the time arrived for soap and water baths, we selected Palmolive Soap exclusively for daily use in bathing these world-famous babies."

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Guarded so carefully . . . the Dionne Quins use only PALMOLIVE

the soap made with Olive Oil!

FIVE little sleepy-heads . . . rosy-cheeked, so sweet and clean . . . fresh from their bath with gentle Palmolive Soap!

And if you could see the smooth, satiny skin of those lovely Dionne Quins . . . then you would realize how *wise* Dr. Dafoe was when he decided that Palmolive Soap, made with Olive Oil, should be used exclusively for bathing them.

WHY PALMOLIVE WAS CHOSEN!

Because the Quins were born prematurely, they have always had unusually sensitive skin. That is why, for sometime after their birth, they were bathed only with Olive Oil. Dr. Dafoe knew that nothing is so soothing for delicate skin as gentle Olive Oil.

Then, when the time came for soap and water baths, how important to choose a soap made from the gentlest, most soothing ingredients! And that is why Dr. Dafoe chose Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, exclusively for the Quins!

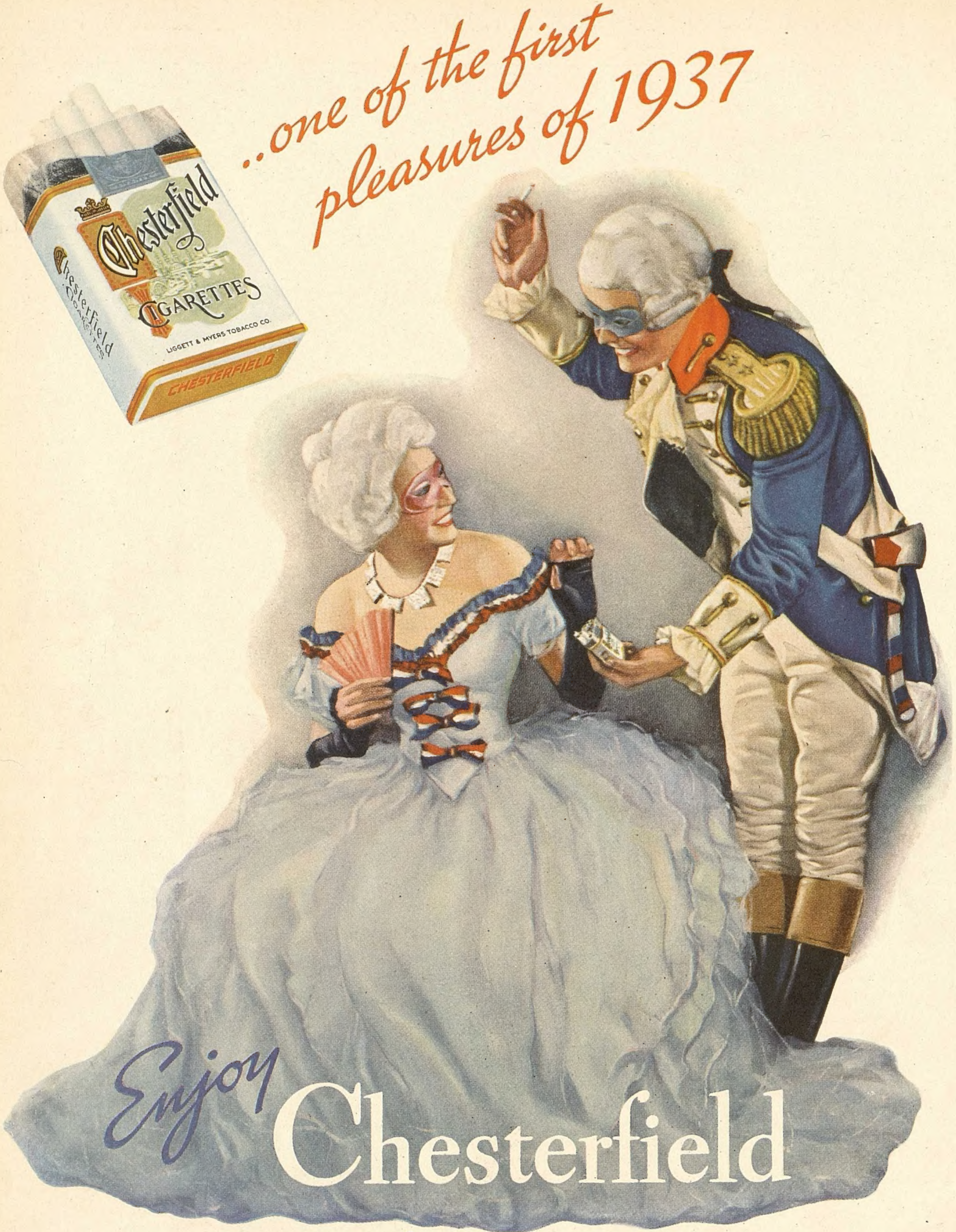
WHAT A LESSON FOR EVERY WOMAN!

So why risk bathing *your* precious baby, or any of your children, with any soap less gentle, less soothing than the one chosen for the little Dionnes?

And you too, Lovely Lady . . . why not give *your* skin the matchless beauty care that only Palmolive's secret blend of Olive and Palm Oils can give? Why not use this safe, gentle, pure Palmolive Soap for your own face and bath?

PALMOLIVE
ANDREW LOOMIS

TO KEEP YOUR OWN COMPLEXION ALWAYS LOVELY, USE THIS BEAUTY SOAP CHOSEN FOR THE QUINS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